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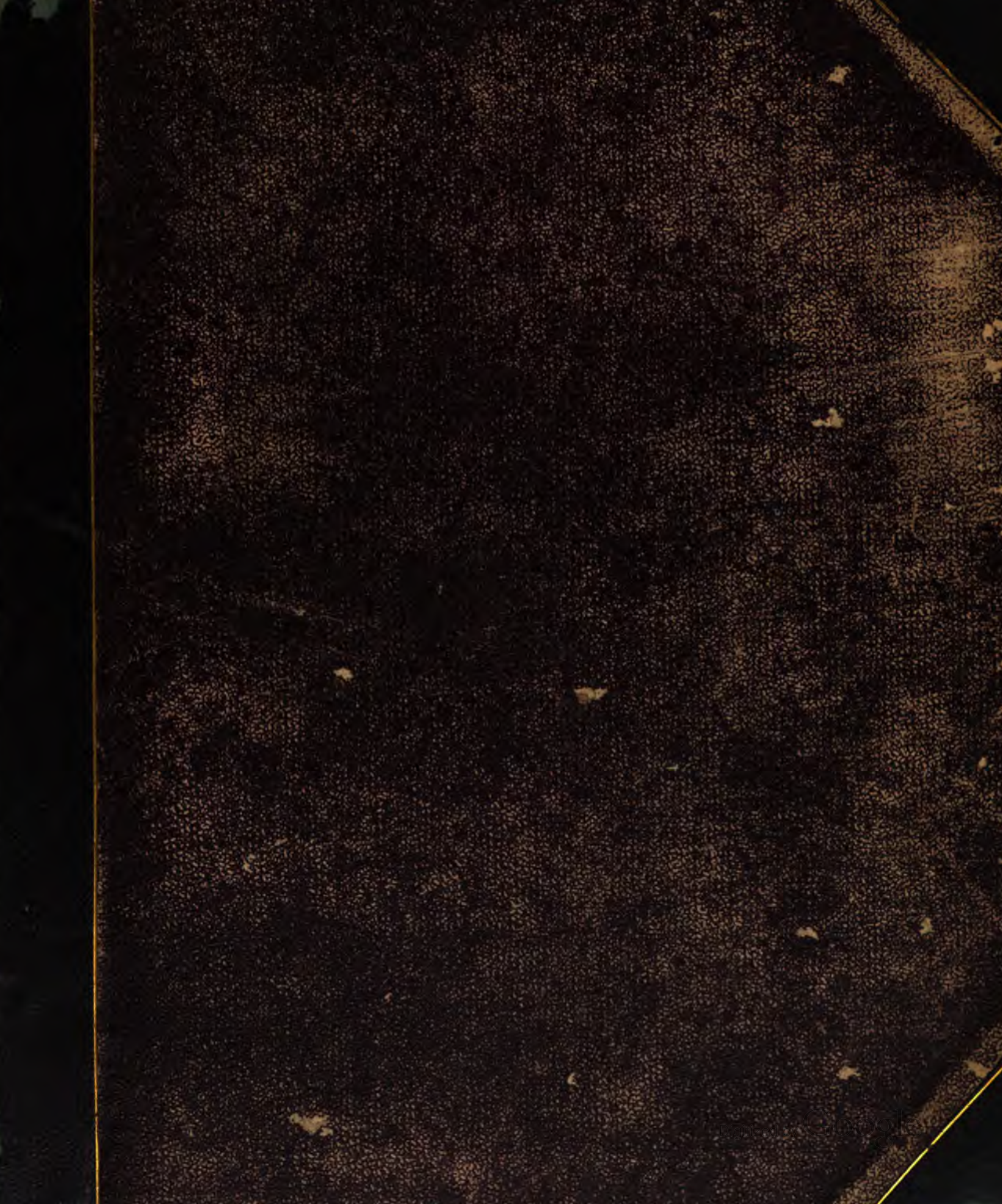
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PREFACE



MR. PUNCH being much under the influence of that excessive modesty which so commonly characterises great men, felt some difficulty in composing a suitable Preface to the First Volume of his immortal work. He felt that not to speak of it as the most remarkable literary production of the age would be to underrate it—that he would be liable to the charge of affectation if he did not frankly admit that even his lightest effusions have taken, deservedly, a permanent place in English literature, and that the cartoons with which his Peri-

odical has been embellished, are in many respects superior, (for example, as to humour) to those of Raffael. These truths Mr. Punch felt, but felt at the same time reluctant to utter, and it was therefore a relief to him when a number of distinguished statesmen and others crowded round him, and begged permission to immortalise themselves as the authors of the preface to his first volume. The applicants for this honor were unhappily far too numerous to be all gratified, but Mr. Punch determined to afford to as many aspirants as he reasonably could, the opportunity for distinguishing themselves, for which they so ardently longed. He has therefore selected from the multitude forwarded to him, the following six prefaces, disguising, for obvious reasons, the names of the authors:—

I.—BYW—LL—M N—CH—LS—N.



In undertaking the production of a work of this nature, the projector is somewhat oppressed by difficulties similar to those experienced by a man who undertakes to form a ministry without previously knowing where to look for his materials. It is a proof of great genius to succeed in either enterprise, although failure is no proof of the absence of genius. That Mr. Punch has been transcendently successful is now a truism, and it may be worth while to examine the course which led to his triumph. Perhaps if some statesmen had acted upon like principles the recent history of the colony would have been very different from that which has been recorded. Mr. Punch said to himself "This colony contains some three hundred thousand persons of all ranks and degrees of genius, education, and enterprise. I will not confine myself in selecting my coadjutors to the Legislative Council Chamber, but casting a searching glance through society.

I have capacity to discern, and resolution to choose, the men fit to be associated with me in my stupendous undertaking. This will I do—thus will I succeed—thus also will I demonstrate that previous failures have resulted from the fact that the projectors have deliberately cir-

circumscribed and limited their own field, and have refused the aid of any, except some score or two of notorious, and accredited muffs. From high place, from low place, or from no place, I will draw around me the best men that Victoria contains, and with their aid will I achieve results which to less penetrating and comprehensive minds have appeared impossible." The result of Mr. Punch's mode of operation appears in the accompanying volume. The volume itself sufficiently demonstrates that the colony contains abundance of men equal to the highest, most difficult, and most responsible duty, provided that independence, strength of purpose, and adequate genius combine in the selection.

No. II.—BY TH—M—S R—E.



Hero worship is the one reality of an age of shams. Devil's dust starching out illusory and eminently diabolic calico into the fictitious semblance of just and truthful shirt-stuff—Vast pasteboard sham hats ever with ominous creakings and diversely voiced discords dragged about on wheels—the true hat getting itself continually worse and worse the while—Speciously electro plated, artfully-constructed, soul-deluding sin spreading nuggets, making the gold broker hideous with deceit and abominations manifold—these and the like sad and unwottedly of destructive spectres and phantasms shriek and gibber about us, and characterise the age of shams. But 'the world is not all dead and demoniac—a charnel house with spectres'! Deep among the silencies and voiceless harmonies, hero-worship is a fact and a truth unperceived of Double Barrelled Game Preservers and Plugson of Undershot, and the howling wilderness of Dea Sea Apes that this sinful generation is cursed withal. Hence comes it to be a solid, deep-lying, though as yet but dimly perceived truth, amid the flaring lies that the latter-day worshippers of false fire bow before in semi-articulate idolatry—that *Punch*—the Hero, as Humourist—is natural King (*König* or *Canning*) of this British colony of ours, 'over-arched by zodiacs and by stars, and clasped by many-sounding seas.' Crowns and Kingships (of the modern lamentable sort), priestcrafts, governorships, and what else, are but as the tinsel and spangle kings, of questionable private life, of the stage—the tinsel and spangle kings being oftentimes the realest to my thinking. *Punch*, far otherwise, is of the eminently divine-human Cromwell-Mahomet-Luther-stamp. A genuine far seeing falsehood-hating-truth-and-goodness-loving true priest and patriot is this same *Punch* of ours. One to whom the silences, and the terrors, and the splendours come with low whisperings, and loud bellowings, and terrible flame, and many voiced echoings no way to be withstood. Before him the sham glaciings of outer seemings are stripped and scorched away, as I take it, and the true thing, loveable or hateable—stands as truth and nature would have it. A just genius-perceiving quality and genius-attracting affinity moreover be it spoken belong as it were to the inmost core and essence of his nature. Magnetically, mesmerically, or by whatsoever phrase it likes you to deck with false light the doubts and the darknesses, has he aggregated and agglomerated to him the true stars and fixed light giving orbs that shine steadfastly though but little regarded, amid the phantasmical will-o-the-wisps that lead the unhappy ones of this drossy age to death and worse. Greatly (abhorred of him is the scum that with corruption engend phosphorescence floats at the top of this weltering and seething cauldron of a society of ours;—while poor animalcule of small hope squeak out of the little hearts of them "Oh that I too were part of that phosphorescent scum floating so triumphantly at the top." *Punch* looks through the clothes of a man at the body and soul of him, and brooks no tailor-gods. A foul and fetid citizen poisoning tallow chandlery, mental or physical, is an abomination to him whatsoever gigs and respectabilities it may maintain. "It is a world to see."

III.—BY J—HN P—SC—E F—WKN—R.



I'm very willing to come forward and stand up for *Punch*, for I consider *Punch* to be the people's paper—yes, the *people's paper*—the PEOPLE'S PAPER. And I know the people—I do. I mix among 'em, I do, for I am one of the people myself and worked for eighteen years in a saw pit and perhaps it would be a good thing if some of the fine gentlemen had done the same thing, instead of merely drawing large salaries for doing nothing, and dividing all the land among themselves—plundering the people of their land—for it is the people's land, though I'm as loyal a subject to Queen Victoria as any body. Plundering the people of their land I say—sixty millions of acres of it—*sixty millions—SIXTY MILLIONS* all got by cheating and deceiving the Home Government and telling the lie that it wasn't worth the smallest coin of the realm per acre.

It's about time there was a people's paper started up, for the *Argus* that used to be a people's paper has been and sold itself to somebody, and now runs down the people's friends. Why it said something against me the other day—against me—against ME—that's stood up for the people through thick and thin, and have done what I could in my humble

way—for I don't pretend to be a fifty thousand pound man, or a hundred thousand pound man or a five hundred thousand pound man, like some of 'em, but perhaps it's better as it is for I've got enough to make me independant, and got it honestly by working hard for it), and have helped to put a stop to the swindle that put sixty millions of acres into the hands of the squatters—the men that said "Do you think we'll tax ourselves?"

As for the *Herald*, it is not a newspaper at all now—it's only full of lawyers quibbles, and *Aufidius*, who ever he was, and beastliness; and since O'Shanassy bought the *Age*, it don't do nothing except puff him up, and revolutionise, and never was much good before. So we wanted a people's paper, or the Press that we hear so much about—and that every body's so afraid of—and that we're all to bow and scrape to—the mighty we—was likely to turn out a curse instead of a blessing.

But *Punch* was just what the country wanted, I don't mean to say it's right in all respects—but in most respects it is—for in most respects it agrees with me.

No. IV.—BY W—LL— —M C. H— —N—S.



Those who wield considerable power are even liable to the slights and detractions of envious men, and even *Punch* has not escaped censure. *Punch* rose suddenly and unexpectedly to authority, and persons have been heard to say, that he has not in all respects been perfect. A more conclusive proof could not be given of the fact, that no amount of merit will suffice to avert calumny from the man of letters any more than from the ministers of state. Mr. *Punch* has voluntarily assumed the position of a responsible journalist, and though he was in a position to become an absolute dictator had he chosen, he willingly accepts the obligations which rest upon a constitutional ruler, and is prepared to explain and justify his conduct in all respects.

As to financial matters, he has adopted a system of simple and direct taxation, and by the exercise of as rigid an economy in expenditure as was compatible with the maintenance of every department in the highest state of efficiency he has been enabled to reduce the cost to the public of the priceless boon of his publication to the ridiculously low sum of six shillings per quarter. The payment of this sum secures to any one, native or foreign, and independant of all other property qualification, the full rights of a subscriber to *Punch*, while the system of registration which has been adopted is so easy and simple, that no one fit to possess the high privileges of a freeman and a subscriber, has any excuse for being without them. He has only to go to 66 Collins-street, four doors below the place, where the *Argus* is demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and on tendering the trifling fee above mentioned he will be immediately enrolled. With reference to his conduct on all questions of public policy, Mr. *Punch's* patriotism and disinterestedness will speak sufficiently for themselves, and it only remains for him to say that the responsibility he avows is not due merely to the present generation, but rather to the whole future population of Australia, who will naturally look to Mr. *Punch* to transmit to them intact their birth-rights and their freedom. Consequently, Mr. *Punch* will be compelled to interpret responsibility for himself, and must himself be sole judge of when to yield and when not to yield to the wishes of the public. In short, he will follow the example of an eminent constitutional and responsible minister of Victoria, and will bow implicitly before public opinion, when public opinion happens to agree precisely with his own, and not otherwise.

No. V.—BY W—LL— —M K—RR.



It is a lie to say that *Punch* is not perfect in all respects. Those who say so are liars, and know that they are lying when they speak; and there is an "auld tyke" to be found near the Town-Hall, who has still got an ugly growl, and a set of strong teeth about him that'll not care a bawbee about telling them they are liars either. There are just about two really great men in Victoria—the rest are all liars and auld fish-wives. One is Mr. *Punch*, and the other is Town Clerk, till he sets out upon "higher flights." Ilka dog has his day, and the auld tyke will gar them skelp yet. The papers may laugh, but the papers are all liars, and auld Clotie wunt have his own till he gets a' the editorial cattle into his byre. Let them take that truth into their wames along with all the lies that stuff them out like a haggis.

Now for one piece of advice—Let every man, woman, and child in Victoria buy *Punch*, and whoever says he or she doesn't get his or her money's worth and more, tells a willful, deliberate, and bare-faced lie, and deserves to go where I shant go myself, but where they'll meet the great majority of my acquaintance.

No. VI.—BY EDW—RD GR—M—S.



Hey diddle diddle, I'll give you a riddle, so tell if you can why woman or man, who doesn't take *Punch* resembles a bunch with a skeleton key—do you see, he ! he ! he ! The price of *Punch* is six-pence, and thirteen six-pences make a crown, and as there are fifty-three weeks in a year there are eleven in a quarter, so that a regular subscriber at six shillings gets each number for fourpence half-penny. This is no more than the price of an ounce of tobacco at six shillings a pound, and therefore it shows that there is the same reduction on taking a quantity as a man gets who buys a gallon of beer for twelve shillings that he would have to give six pence a half-pint for. In buying the present volume, the purchaser has upwards of 200 pages for one pound, being at the rate of exactly three pence per page, or four shillings per dozen. Now as each page is worth intrinsically at least ten and six-pence, and as the clear gain to the buyer is the difference between what he gives for it and what it is worth, he makes precisely eleven shillings and two pence upon each transaction. This proves conclusively (as six times nine is a hundred and eight, and as fifty-three weeks divided by four give twenty-three) that a man who subscribes to *Punch* for twelve months (and in leap year he gets a month in) makes a clear profit of thirty-nine pounds eight shillings and four pence. Thus if every one in Victoria subscribed to *Punch* the national gain would be if take the population at three hundred thousand, exactly seven millions two hundred and thirty thousand four hundred and ninety pounds; no inconsiderable sum when we remember that the entire product of the gold-fields estimated at three millions of ounces per annum, at an average price of four pounds nine and elevenpence per ounce, would only be about five millions of pounds sterling. These figures speak sufficiently for themselves; and it is thus as apparent that *Punch* is worth at least twenty millions a year to the community as that nine times nine make seventy-two.



Active Measures of Corporation .. 106	Observations .. 29	French Ball .. 25	Literary Intelligence .. 36
Actor—The Minor .. 198	Colifore Commission .. 81	Garrick Prologue .. 81	Lytic Drama .. 105
Address to a certain Governor .. 25	Collection of wise Whys .. 25	Geelong Earthquake .. 18	Maiming a Member .. 164
Addresses to the Council .. 139	Collingwood Destitution .. 21, 25	— Sentiments .. 25	Markets .. 86
Advertisement—Haines .. 193	Colonial Consolidation .. 101	— own Correspondent .. 171	Mama from Diggings .. 20, 20
— Editors and Others .. 78	Comical Manifesto .. 118, 50	— of Cutting .. 158	— for Census .. 26
— Puffblasts and Others .. 12	Commercial Intelligence .. 28	— from HERALD .. 145	Measures, not Men .. 21
Advice to Actors .. 73	Compliments to Coppin .. 57	— of Genius .. 161	Melbourne Herald .. 94
— to Colonial Officers—The Colonial Secretary .. 42	Complimentary but superfluous .. 121	General Orders .. 93	Mere Error of Press .. 177
— to The Governor .. 21	Compte de Chabrilon, Letter to .. 121	Geography of Australia .. 157	Meteors .. 197
— to The Auditor-General .. 58	Condition Balls .. 11, 17, 33, 33, 209	Governor, a .. 20	Midshipman's Best .. 93
— to Immigrants .. 85	Cons .. 46	— last Dyeing Speech .. 107	Military Criticism .. 14
— to Lodging-house Keepers .. 197	Conscience Money .. 25	— Doubt .. 8	— Precedence .. 20
— to Reporters .. 66	Consummation, a .. 128	— Intelligence .. 40	— Intelligences .. 53
Age, The—Epigram .. 18	Contributions to Bazaar .. 68	— Moral .. 145, 181	— Rumour .. 177
Age and Inkstand .. 76	Correspondence, see Answers .. 133	— Miners' Right .. 46	— Friends .. 75
Almanac Pasch's .. 269	Court Circular .. 41	— Mint Sense .. 153	— Mount Alexander Road .. 20
— Prospects .. 170	Court of Review .. 105	— Moral Reflection .. 194	— Mother's Effort .. 25
Amende Honorable .. 12	Crabbed Age and Truth .. 155	— Motto for Executive .. 9	— Mount Alexander Road .. 20
Analysis of Governor's Speech .. 140	Croons, Memoir of .. 161	— Murphy's Buildings .. 283	— Murphy's Testimonial .. 98
Another Blockship .. 194	Crown Grant .. 127	— New Garryones .. 100	— Crushing Power .. 61
Another Ministerial Crisis .. 160	Curiosities of Melbourne .. 36	— Order of Merit .. 56	— Words to Old Tune .. 77
Another Voice from the Pantry .. 110	Curiosities of Melbourne .. 36	— Imposit on .. 92	— Patents .. 97, 130, 137
Answers to Correspondents, 2, 30, 60, 70, 80, 92, 124, 138, 156, 167, 193, 206	Curiosities of Melbourne .. 36	— Patents .. 97, 130, 137	— Version of Old Rhyme .. 108
Appropriate Arrangement .. 193	Definition .. 17-197	— Conul .. 141	— Appointments .. 206
Arrival of Mr. Fanchia in Australia .. 1	Demonsrative Herald .. 194	— Squatting Question .. 12	— Houses of Parliament .. 178
Arithmetical .. 60	Departure from Gravesend .. 1	— News from Flemington .. 1: 4	— Nicholson's Card .. 193
Assyrian Belles at Creswick's Creek .. 98	Derwiler Panacea .. 13	— Nine Distinctions .. 178	— No Consideration .. 201
Atrocious Cannibalism .. 102	Descent of Tootal .. 92	— Note for Blair .. 88	— Notes and Queries .. 181
Attic Venom .. 210	Dialogue, Old and New Chum .. 50	— Not out of Harness .. 27	— Nothing off .. 37
Auld Lang Syne (diggings version) .. 67	— Electors .. 117	— Notice to Correspondents .. 195	— of Patriots .. 8
Australian Burns .. 10	Dieu et la Bayadere .. 209	— of Motion .. 8	— O'Brien's Card .. 25
auktion Mart .. 34	Difficulty .. 109	— Obituary .. 20	— Ode to Hines .. 190
Australian Geography and History .. 38	Diggings, our own Correspondent .. 46	— Odorous Herald .. 189	— Official Intelligence .. 164
Australian Press .. 34	Diplomats .. 181	— Appointments .. 150	— Correspondence .. 62
Australasian Legion .. 34	Directions to Scientific Associations .. 76	— Oh! Weep for the Hour .. 61	— Old Colonists in England .. 26
Author of Paradise Lost .. 168	Discoveries by Layard .. 77	— Ominous .. 94	— On Dits .. 8, 29, 50, 60, 132
Bad Time Coming .. 73	Dissolution of Partnership .. 77	— One Shilling .. 201	— Opening of Session, our Ecstatic Reporter .. 132
Bakers' Testimonial .. 138	Dispersion of Jews .. 49	— Oppressed Nationality .. 52	— Policeman X .. 141
Ball Practice .. 12	Disgusting Levy .. 74	— O'Shanassy's Card .. 186	— Out of Harness .. 18
Balmy Sleep .. 8	Dishonoured Bill of Costs .. 193	— Partial Improvement .. 181	— Pastoral Mind .. 86
Bank Robbery .. 173	Disinterested, to the .. 125	— Secretiveness .. 204	— Patents—New .. 87, 130, 137
Barry and Kane .. 208	Diverting History of Jno. Foster .. 125	— Festival .. 49	— Patriotic Fund .. 21, 40
Battle of Banks .. 161	Drunks' List .. 8	— Peeler's Ride .. 7, 94	— Palmerston Letters .. 7, 94
Bazaar Post Office .. 122	Dust, ho! .. 58	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129	— Peeler's Ride .. 7, 94
Ben Bolt—new version .. 13	Earthquake .. 61	— Improved on Byron .. 102	— Peeler's Ride .. 7, 94
Bendigo Mac .. 30	Early Closing Movement, 177, 202, 209	— Important, if true .. 26, 50	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Blanche Amory to Laura Bell .. 64-129	Easy Lessons in Political science .. 154	— Announcement .. 76	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Blighted Policeman .. 49	Editors and Others, to .. 72	— to Sheep Stealers .. 188	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Blockship, Another .. 194	Education at Antipodes .. 140	— to the S. P. Stealers .. 188	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Blowing his Own Trumpet .. 194	Elegy written in Coppin's Olympic .. 149	— to Fashionable Young Man .. 203	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Blundersome Correspondence, 4, 11, 19, 27, 35, 43, 57, 69, 67, 75, 85, 91, 99, 107, 115, 123, 131, 147, 155, 163, 171, 179	Electioneering Meetings .. 109	— to Orators .. 100	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Books on Our Table .. 26	Election Catechising .. 113	— Crushing Power .. 61	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Brother Jonathan's Opinion of Melbourne Corporation .. 53	Election Intelligence .. 8-25	— Words to Old Tune .. 77	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Broken Bottle Nuisance .. 116	Embling's New Christmas Book .. 169	— Order of Merit .. 56	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Bullock Driver, Model .. 174	Emerald Hill Rates .. 57	— Imposit on .. 92	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Burns, Australian .. 174	Emerald's Song .. 124	— Patents .. 97, 130, 137	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Bush Lyrics .. 8, 175	English Mail .. 28	— Version of Old Rhyme .. 108	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Bushrangers' Song .. 31	Enigma .. 68	— Appointments .. 206	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Cad and Council Member .. 157	Epigram, The Age .. 8	— Squatting Question .. 12	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Calm and Classical .. 108	Epigram, Theatre Royal .. 8	— Houses of Parliament .. 178	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Card, G. Hotham .. 129	— G. V. B. .. 36	— News from Flemington .. 1: 4	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
— O'Shanassy and Co. .. 184	— to forestal the malicious .. 149	— Nine Distinctions .. 178	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
— P. O'Brien .. 149	Emeralds .. 121	— Note for Blair .. 88	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
— W. Nicholson .. 193	Estate in Tail .. 28	— Notes and Queries .. 181	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Catching an Heiress .. 44	Etiymological .. 101	— Not out of Harness .. 27	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Chalking .. 135	Expected Bmsah .. 145	— Nothing off .. 37	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Chapman, lie down .. 135	Exquisite .. 17	— Notice to Correspondents .. 195	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Character for Fancy Ball .. 85	Facts Worth Knowing .. 124	— of Patriots .. 8	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Childs Hotham .. 84	Fate of great Potentates .. 85	— O'Brien's Card .. 25	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
City Election .. 89	Fancy Dress Ball Characters .. 85	— Obituary .. 20	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Clairvoyance .. 181	Fall of Aristocracy .. 49	— Odorous Herald .. 189	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Cloves for shame .. 196	Familiar Aphorisms .. 44	— Official Intelligence .. 164	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
Coachmen's Dialogue .. 28	Fashionable Intelligence .. 91	— Appointments .. 150	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
	Fanny Cathcart .. 206	— Oh! Weep for the Hour .. 62	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
	Festivities of the Season .. 170	— Old Colonists in England .. 26	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
	Floury Con .. 85	— Ominous .. 94	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
	Floating Dovecote .. 46	— On Dits .. 8, 29, 50, 60, 132	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
	Foster's Wanderings .. 57	— One Shilling .. 201	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Opening of Session, our Ecstatic Reporter .. 132	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Oppressed Nationality .. 52	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— O'Shanassy's Card .. 186	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Out of Harness .. 18	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Partial Improvement .. 181	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Pastoral Mind .. 86	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Secretiveness .. 204	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Patents—New .. 87, 130, 137	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Patriotic Fund .. 21, 40	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Peeler's Ride .. 7, 94	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Peeler's Ride .. 7, 94	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129
		— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129	— Perpetual Mayor, a Biography .. 129

Placard	158	Public Rejoicings, reasons for ..	164	Shipping Intelligence	7	Two old crusted Jokes	45
Poetry of a Schedule	83	Queries	30, 36, 35, 35	Shut Resame	68	Typographical Specimen	106
Poets Narritur	18	Quinn, A. M., a Biography	39	Sic a Wife as Willie had	53	Unity is Strength	174
Poetical Waif	198	Rank Notarise	45	Smilla Smillibis Curantur	116	University, the	25
Poetry in Australia	8	Rapid Passage	120	Sikes' Hydrometer	140	----- Catechism	17
Police Intelligence	59, 44, 201	Rae's Principles	114	Sir John Thomas	116	Uncertainty of aw	45
Political Science, Lessons in	154	Regal Condescension	84	Soliloquy	154, 157	Unemployed	53
----- Manifesto	158	Recipe for Herald Leader	174	Something Uncommon	202	Unlock the Lands	91
----- Intelligence	57	----- Christmas Pudding	116	----- of Importance	127	Uses of Public Library	169
Policeman X. - Opening of Council ..	141	Reasons for Public Rejoicings ..	194	Song of Bushranger	21	Vacated Seat	86
----- Cad and Council Member ..	141	Red Letter Days	198	----- Emerald	21	Very roundabout	12
----- Le Dieu et la Bayadere ..	141	Retrenchment	20	Sport Ball	114	Viceregal Benevolence	8
Popa'ar Biography - Miss A. M. Quinn	19	Representative Men, Actor	193	Sporting	12, 26, 30	Victoria, by Munchausen Jones ..	204
----- Perpetual Mayor	129	----- Bullock Driver	187	Squeak from Government Office ..	25	Virtuous, to	185
----- Croons	161	----- Walter	203	Squatters' Fund	93	Voice from Pantry	30
----- Premier Designate	173	----- Young Member	187	----- Petition	124	----- Banks	49
Posthumous Calumny	97	Review, Handbook of Melbourne ..	120	S'amp Duties	53	Waiter, the	208
Postmaster-General, to the	155	----- Willie on Water Works	101	Swift on Education	198	Wanted a Testimonial	123
Precepts for Young Men	196	----- Jackson on Hydrocephalus ..	101	Tenders wanted	100, 106	----- an Editor	73
Prefix	1	----- Munchausen Jones' Victoria ..	204	Tenant hath a longish Furse	52	Want of Lawyers	197
Premier Designate, a Biography ..	129	----- Lyric Drama	105	----- Right	49	Waste Paper	202
Press, the	173	Resignation of the Mayor	169	Theatre Royal, St. Patrick's	190	Warning Government Offices ..	203
Prize Essays	3	Reporters, Advice to	66	Theatrical Criticism	128, 145, 157	Weal dr Wo	101
Progress of Intemperance	137	Rhyme of New Policeman	20	----- Misnomers	117	Welkey's New Way to pay Old Debts	189
Prophetic Almanac	184	Rights of Squatters	206	Theory of Poetical Composition ..	181	Welcome to Croke	9
Prorogation of Tasmanian Council ..	152	Rules for Volunteers	23	Things not generally known	178	What to eat, drink, and avoid ..	65
Provisional Escape	170	Scene at Union	98	Three months' later News	69	Who is Also?	198
Proverbs of Hotham	153	Schoolmaster Abroad	146	Those horrid Flies	203	Willie on Waterworks	101
Proof of Mesmerism	78	Sebastopol Fete	201	Times, the	164	Winner of North Bourke Stakes ..	54
Pugilists and Others, to	73	Seeing Service	68	To oblige Benson	146	Wright and Wrong	209
Funs Wanted	84	Severe Regulation	52	Town Lights	182	Wrongs of Ireland	55
		Schedule D	140	Treason in Council	84	Ye Councillors and Aldermen ..	118
		Shaksperian	29	Turning the Tables	129		

Illustrations.

Aborigines of Australia, (2 cuts) ..	9	----- Incidents (3 cuts)	17	Historical Picture	92	Newchamp Green, Adventures of, 26, 31, 54	66, 86 102, 110.
Affair of Honour	121	Dieu et la Bayadere	109	Horticulture at Prahran	74, 118	New Illustration of the Right Man, &c.	201
Appalling Dream	159	Dog Registration	89	Hotham Rocket	67	Nicholson's Pictur' Card	176
Arrival of Punch	1	Domestic Bikes in Australia	98	Joe in Melbourne	198	North Bourke Candidate's Address ..	46
Assyrian Relics	98	----- Comforts of a Home	98	Incident in Life of Teetotaler	12	Old and New Chum	50
Australian Mendicant	88	----- Gossamer Tent	105	Infant Prodigy	12	Old English Sports	183
Battle of Banks,	103	----- Orderly Premises	106	Infant Year	183	O'Shanassy's Rint	166
Bazaar Post Office	132	Editor's Room	69	Initial Letters, 29, 36, 41, 43, 50, 53, 56, 5	60 97 109, 116, 121, 123, 154, 167, 161, 164, 173, 178, 181, 187	Othello	149
Black Forest	21	Engraver, Appearance of Our (2 cuts)	161	Iron Stewpot, Use and Abuse of (3 cuts)	170	Perfectly Satisfactory	43
Black Monday	130	Electioneering among Celestials ..	137	James Baines, Attack on	145	Phenomenon of Extraordinary Age ..	162
Boy Wright	47	Extraordinary Change of Ministry ..	151	Jumping to a Conclusion	67	Philosophy of Clothes	121
Brother Harry's return from Australia	38	Example better than Precept	210	Just Compliment	283	Phrenology Refuted	108
CARTOONS -		Fashions	73	Just Confidence	505	Playground of St. Patrick	169
The Right Man in the Right Place ..	2	Financial Difficulty	114	Keep off the Grass	185	Prudent Caution	169
Conjuror Grimes' Finance Trick ..	15	Fortune Favours the Brave	73	King Kerr and the Burgesses	61	Punch's Puperis	172
Let it Burn	23	French Fall	24	Latest Intelligence	13	----- Overcome	3
Perseus and Andromeda	31	Gas in Melbourne	98	Line of Beauty and Grace	91	----- Visits to the Diggings	30
Most Haste Worse Speed	29	Grief that Passeth Show	209	Love's Young Dream	47	----- Court	45
The Boy Wright	47	Grimes Searching for the Bonds ..	103	Lunzing a vicious Mare	79	----- and the Governor	58
Start for N. Bourke Stakes	75	Henry and Wolsey Preparing for the Ball	112	Melbourne in Geelong	65	Recreations in Natural History ..	124
Kerr and the Emerald Burgesses ..	68	Returning from	118	Military Spectacle at Geelong	188	Respectable Mates	61
Next Shock of Earthquake	71					Right Man in Right Place	140
Lunging a Victious Mare	79					Rival Jesus	199
Hotham Rocket	87					Scene from recent Pantomime	191
Ulysses and the Suitors of Penelope	95					----- Romeo and Juliet	118
Grimes Reaching for the Bonds	103					Schedule D	143
Deformed Transformed	111					Sketches in the Streets -	
Triumphant Guy	119					----- To be continued	25
Unfair Advantage	127					----- Kerr-sory View	37
Black Monday	13					----- Turn again, Whittington	49
Schedule D	143					----- Milton's Paradise Lost	52
Extraordinary Change of Ministry ..	151					----- Three Merry Men	62
Playground of St. Patrick	159					----- Justice sold here	68
Too Hot to be Pleasant	167					----- I know a Bank	77
Nicholson's Pictur' Card	176					----- Unsafe Shipbuilding	95
Infant Year	183					Sketch on Yarra - Expert Navigation	141
Scene from Recent Pantomime	191					Sketches in the House - Sketch in the	
Rival Jesus	199					----- "Ouse	175
Constitutional Governor	207					----- Customs	202
Cad and Council Member	157					Sketches at the Hospital Bazaar (6 cuts)	142
Catastrophe	161					Slave to Beauty	148
Cattle Show	122					Smith Monument	78
Case, A	156					Specimen	59
Celestial Leticacy	76					Start for North Bourke stakes	55
----- Happiness	44					St. Kilda Omnibus	130
Christmas Pudding	174					Suggestion for Improvement of Streets	82
Conjuror Grimes' Finance Trick ..	15					----- for Hospital Ball	154
Considerate Partner	118					Substantial Man in Difficulties ..	29
Constitutional Monarch	207					----- Superior Attraction	41
Cooperation and Thistles	186					----- Too Hot to be Pleasant	167
Coronation of Smith	196					----- Triumphant Guy	119
Corroboree	192					----- True Patriotism	190
Court Circular	41					----- Ulysses and the Suitors of Penelope ..	75
Decency must be respected	153					----- Undisturbed Happiness	204
Delightful place for boating	149					----- Unfair Advantage	127
Delightful Climate of Australia (4 cuts)	126					----- United Happy Family	101
Deformed Transformed	111					----- Warrior of Victoria	84
Departure of Punch from Gravesend	1					----- Young Australia	22, 194, 180
Diggings Post Office (3 cuts)	192						



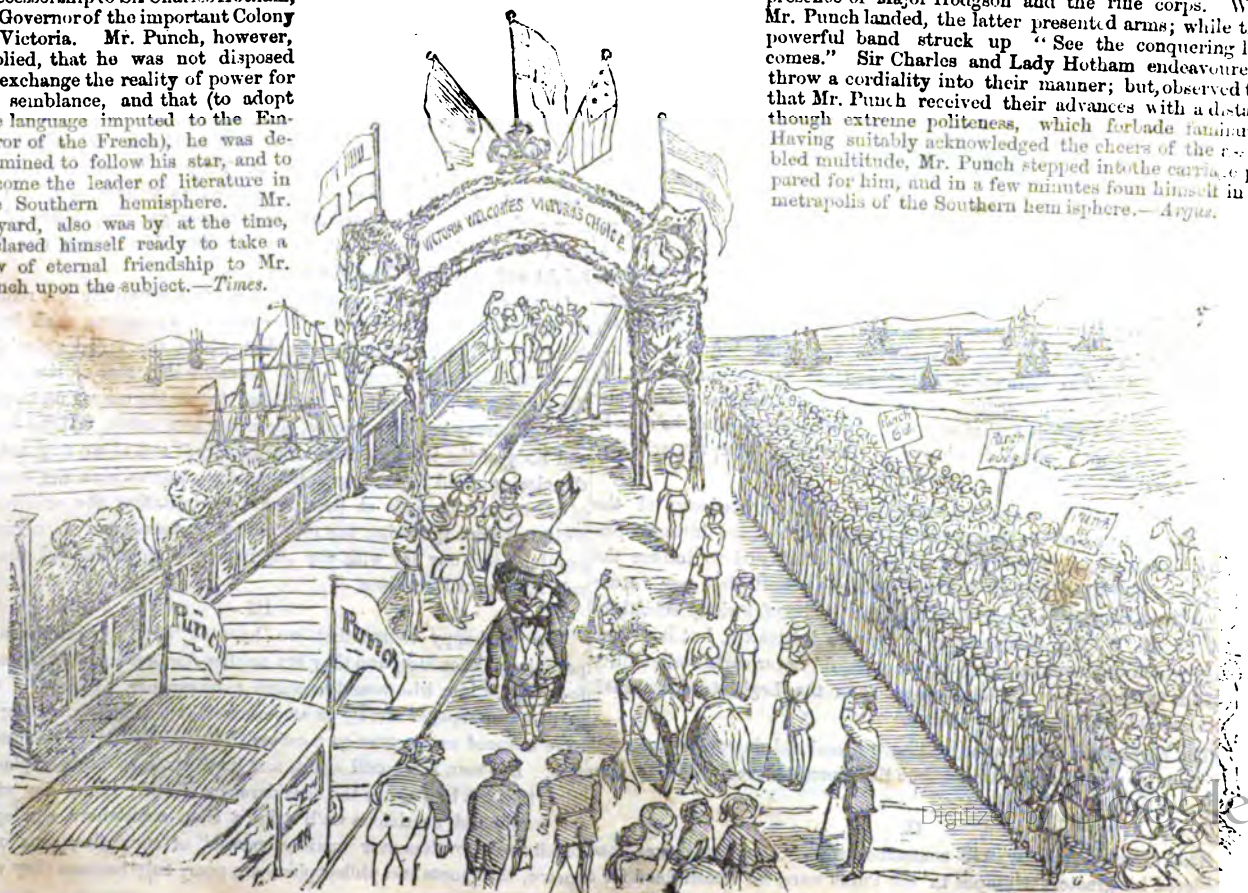


Departure of Mr. Punch from Gravesend.

Among the passengers by the clipper ship, Marco Polo (Wild, commander) which sailed for Melbourne from Gravesend yesterday, was Melbourne Punch, Esq., son of the celebrated Mr. Punch of Fleetstreet. Mr. Punch, Jun. was loudly cheered upon his embarkation. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, Brougham, Shaftesbury, Derby and Newcastle, Sir Geo. Grey, Sir Wm. Molesworth, Mr. Layard, Colonel Sibthorpe, and a number of other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen accompanied Mr. Punch to Gravesend. Having shaken him cordially by the hand and wished him all success in his noble and important career they withdrew with the utmost delicacy while he took an effecting farewell of his family. We are informed that Mr. M. Punch, having hinted at the Colonial Office, that he had resolved upon proceeding to Australia, was offered the successorship to Sir Charles Hotham, as Governor of the important Colony of Victoria. Mr. Punch, however, replied, that he was not disposed to exchange the reality of power for its semblance, and that (to adopt the language imputed to the Emperor of the French), he was determined to follow his star, and to become the leader of literature in the Southern hemisphere. Mr. Layard, also was by at the time, declared himself ready to take a vow of eternal friendship to Mr. Punch upon the subject.—Times.

Arrival of Mr. Punch in Australia.

THE electric telegraph having notified the arrival of the Marco Polo at the Heads, with Mr. Punch on board, preparations were made to receive him suitably at Sandridge. A triumphal arch, with a novel and appropriate inscription, attributed to the poetic genius of Mr Kerr, was rapidly erected over the railway pier. Mr. Nicholson, having squeezed himself into the identical white waistcoat and dress coat, in which he distinguished himself, when he gave the conclusive shove to the refractory train, on the opening day of the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway, was early on the spot to give a due welcome to the illustrious stranger; for whom, a special train adorned with banners and garlands, had been prepared. Sir Charles and Lady Hotham, and the principal Members of the Executive and Legislative Council hurried down to pay their respects. The effect was greatly heightened by the presence of Major Hodgson and the rifle corps. When Mr. Punch landed, the latter presented arms; while their powerful band struck up "See the conquering hero comes." Sir Charles and Lady Hotham endeavoured to throw a cordiality into their manner; but, observed that that Mr. Punch received their advances with a distance though extreme politeness, which forbade familiarity. Having suitably acknowledged the cheers of the assembled multitude, Mr. Punch stepped into the carriage prepared for him, and in a few minutes found himself in the metropolis of the Southern hemisphere.—Argus.



Mr. PUNCH, JUN., being altogether free from those petty jealousies, that are so apt to disfigure the characters of literary men, determined that his brother journalists of Melbourne—(Mr. Punch never disowns poor relations,) should have occasion to rejoice over the birth of the present periodical. Accordingly he offered

A Reward of One Thousand Pounds,

and a certificate of merit, for the best prefatory address that should be forwarded to him. Having rejected a considerable number, Mr. Punch was at a loss to which of three competitors to assign the palm. In a case of so much difficulty, Mr. Punch at length determined that it would be unfair and invidious to give the thousand pounds to any one of the three and he therefore withholds that portion of the reward altogether. A certificate of merit, will however, be presented on application, to each of the writers, who severally forwarded the following three addresses:—

I.

The Press is a wondrous engine everywhere, but most of all in a place where the vigorous development of resources of a new country and the absence of the baneful and shakling influences of newspaper stamp and advertisement duties, enable the young giant to stride forward with swift and mighty footsteps. We have already seen how the Leviathan marvel of English journalism has been hard pressed by a youthful Colonial rival, barely in it's teens; and we have no hesitation in predicting a success, equally marvellous, for the present publication. Our object will be to promote the moral, social, intellectual and commercial prosperity of this great and rising Colony. We stand in a position which will enable us to do this, as from a vantage ground. Let the reader ponder it well. Power has nothing to offer which we would accept, nor can it's frowns alarm us or turn us from our fixed and settled purpose. On the other hand, we stand above the dread of popular clamour, or the necessity for popular applause. We are in the place where we are demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and therefore, on all occasions the truth we mean to speak, impugn it whoso list.

The only difficulty, that has as yet at all daunted us, in inaugurating this important enterprise, has been the impossibility of obtaining adequate machinery, to provide for our enormous circulation. The present population of Victoria is estimated at about three hundred thousand Europeans, exclusive of Chinese and Aborigines. Among the latter, indeed, we look for no great and immediate support. Our present machine cannot well furnish a circulation of more than two hundred and fifty thousand, and thus, there will be at least, fifty thousand persons disappointed weekly, to say nothing of subscribers at a distance, and of the large number that will be required for posting to Europe, and other places. We expect shortly to be in possession of three new American "Lightning" machines, and of two others of a novel character, which the ingenious and indefatigable Mr. Applegarth is now inventing to our order. Till these extra appliances reach us; we must crave the patience of such of our readers, as may be disappointed in obtaining our periodical. On the arrival of our new machinery, we shall be able to overcome all mechanical deficiencies. In every other respect, this journal will be found *perfect from the first*.

As we do not consider it consistent with the discharge of the important duties of the independent journalist to have intimate private relations with men in power, we are compelled to inform the Governor and the Members of the Executive Council, that our future acquaintance must be confined within the limits of strictly official intercourse. We feel this sacrifice of private intimacies, but it is one from which the conscientious journalist should never shrink when duty enjoins it upon him. To deputations from the Legislature, we shall be accessible at all seasonable hours.

The Mayor and Corporation will have occasional interviews granted to them by special appointment, but these persons are desired to ring the area bell.

II.

The Classical scholar will remember that when Artaxerxes had secured his greatest triumphs in the Punic wars, he determined for a

time to fling aside the cares of command, and to relax his mighty mind and frame amid the luxurious splendours of the Court of Queen Boadicea. But this anecdote is little to our present purpose.

We have long been persuaded that a Journal of the present character was a necessity in a community like this. Laughter is the peculiarity and privilege of mankind. The inferior animals know it not, and man may be emphatically and originally designated as the "laughing animal." Laughter is healthy alike for mind and body. It expands the diaphragm, and gives an agreeable expression to the countenance. We know no more pleasing spectacle than that of the strong man relaxing after his labours of law, or commerce, or hard bodily work, and smiling over the gambols of his innocent children: But public laughter needs direction, and it is necessary that that direction should be confided to trustworthy hands.

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

It too often happens that the temple of mirth, which should be pure as that of Diana,

"Chaste Diana with the silver bow"

is disfigured by offerings more worthy of the altar of Cloacina. Nor do the disciples of that unprepossessing divinity confine themselves within due limits but fling their ungraceful gifts, redolent with her peculiar odour of sanctity broad-cast among mankind. We shall rather adopt the principle of Sir Lucies O. Trigger, "Let your wit be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword." Others may seek for stray jewels of humour among garbage, heaps of filth, and in the sanitary cart, but we will rather draw down our flashes bright and sparkling from the empyrean.

Our pages too shall be as a court of general appeal for the redress of all social ills—a court that like the court of Areopagus, shall be confined by no dull methodic laws, but where the broad principles of common justice will prevail with a harmony like that of the music of the spheres. We propose "to hold as 't were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure;" and if we may not rival the glories of old Homer, or impregnate our satires with the pungency of a Juvenal, we shall at least aspire to imitating the excellence of Swift, without incurring the reproach of grossness and to narrate the events of this our day with the playfulness of Socrates and the accurate fidelity of Herodotus.

III.

We are happy to say that we have at length overcome all the pecuniary difficulties, and they are neither few nor small, that beset the footsteps of him who would establish a newspaper. Indeed if we regarded a newspaper merely as a commercial speculation, nothing would have induced us to enter on a career so thankless and so unremunerative. But man is a moral agent, and instincts have been implanted in him, that lift him above the consideration of self. Some day when we get sordid and avaricious we'll take a shop somewhere and speedily teach the "loveless ever anxious crowd" of struggling sons of commerce, that poets and philosophers are poor, only because they will not

take the pains to be rich. They find their better reward in the lofty joys of the intellect and the imagination, and in the consciousness that they are not living in vain, but are blessing and blessed among their fellow men.

It is to such rewards that we aspire in commencing the present undertaking. The elder journals of Melbourne are, doubtless, in many respects excellent; and as we have a special aversion to newspaper personalities, and see not why the amenities of life should be excluded from editorial intercourse, we would willingly avoid even the slightest tinge of harshness in speaking of our brethren of the press. But we have felt that the periodical literature of Melbourne is deficient in loftiness of purpose, in the manifestation of a christian spirit, and in literary excellence of a high order. Seeing the gap that thus remained in the ranks of literature, we felt that a moral responsibility lay before us, from which it would be wrong to shrink, and we have therefore stepped into the vacant place. Our object will be to provide all that existing newspapers afford to the man of business and of the world; but at the same time to supply some suitable food for the higher intellectual and moral appetites; and above all, to promote so far as in us lies, the benign cause of christian love and christian charity.

We know well, however, that in this age and generation, the meekest and least warlike are sometimes compelled to take up arms in self defence, and if others *should* drive us to use the harder weapons of newspaper controversy, we trust we know how to wield them. We already observe in some quarters a disposition to be personal; and we warn the contemptible fellows who would thus degrade the press, that if they force us to hit, we hit hard. We are not *afraid* of any man, or number of men, that avarice and a common bad cause, can link together in a career of baseness, craft, and duplicity. But we tell these wretched out-casts from the pale of virtue, to beware! Let them all come on to the attack if they will—let them form themselves into a corporation to crush us by their united wealth, and to exhibit their petty jealousy now, and the lying spirit of their previous professions. Let the Red Ruffian lead the ranks, and bring with him all the miserable and degraded creatures, that are content to scribble and scrawl to his dastardly dictation. Let him bring the poor tool who, confessed in open court to the authorship of that compound of "mut-ton chops" and scurrility that it seems he wrote of his own free will—with Rufus standing by to guide his hiring pen. Let him bring with him the heavy battery of the "dull man," who, if he could make as many breaches in a fortification, as he does in grammar, would be worth

at Sebastopol the weight in gold of one of his own ponderous articles. Let him in short bring the whole corps from the equestrian to the junior sub-devil. We know them of old. The wretched, lying, lick spittle sycophantic crew—the outcast scum of Melbourne—humane garbage—bought body and soul to do the dirty work, in which their mean natures revel. We know them well—we speak from experience.

Let him bring with him his allies too—the man who gets off murderers for money—and his slave, big Buggins to boot, with all his kith and kin * * * * * Strong in the christian's armour of a good conscience and a lofty purpose, we dare them one and all.

Let the base governor too, and all the toadies that crawl about the purlieus of office, beware. They may kiss the feet of vice-royalty at Toorak, and show how one "may smile and smile and be a villain," as they drink their allowance of Toorak beer. They say one unctuous officer sleeked his hair and smiled at my lady, while to ingratiate himself, he swallowed down consecutive tumblers full. He erred. He roused more anger by wasting the beer, than he could allay by the lie that he liked it; and bitterly did my lady reflect as she took her eggs to market in the morning * * * * * But a new eye is fixed upon them now, and a new hand grasps the sword, and we will smite them hip and thigh, till we have purged the land of the foulness that is in it.

* Mr. Punch was here, and on one occasion further on induced to strike out a few words, as the honest indignation of the writer seemed to carry him to the verge of personalities, into which we have his assurance he never desires to enter.



LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

NOTICES OF MOTION.—On an early day next session, Mr. O'SHANASSY to move for a return of the number of accidents, fatal and otherwise that have occurred since the 1st of January, 1855, to persons tumbling down the hole in the western footpath at the south end of Prince's Bridge. Also, the number of persons, who, during the above period, have scrambled under the railings at the above spot, by way of making a short cut to Emerald Hill or Sandridge. Also, to ask the Surveyor General, whether there be sufficient engineering talent in the colony to fill up the above named hole; to put up a small gate, and construct a footpath down the embankment, at the spot before mentioned; the cost of such a work, and the probable number of months that would be occupied in completing it, under the superintendence of government or corporation engineers.

Mr. CHAPMAN—to move for returns of the number of persons fined for disobeying the Town Council order to walk their vehicles over Prince's Bridge, and to introduce a bill, for the benefit of the revenue and the omnibus horses, extending the same rule to the whole of the road, between Melbourne and St. Kilda.

Mr. FURLONGE—to move that it be a standing order, that no member shall be allowed the use of the exclamation "Ho! Ho!" more than twelve times in the course of any one debate, and that the phrase, "save his bacon," be considered unparliamentary.

Mr. HARRISON—to move that the Governor live at Geelong, and the Legislative Council meet there.

Mr. STRACHAN—to move that the Town of Melbourne be henceforth called and known as Little Geelong; and that Dr. Bayley take precedence of Mr. Smith.

Mr. SMITH—to move that, Melbourne being a City, and its dignities to some extent without recognition, the Mayor thereof be henceforth known by the style and title of the Lord Mayor, to contradicting his Worship from the Chief Magistrate of such municipalities, as Emerald Hill, Geelong, and Collingwood.

[A BUSH LYRIC.

"Poor swain," the kindly lady said,
Her face, her sympathy bespoke;
"What is the cause of all thy grief,"
"Why marm, my pipe has been and broke."

She answered, "simple shepherd lad,
I sorrow o'er the broken reed;
No more it's rude but tuneful note,
Will spread it's sweetness o'er the mead."

"That ain't the wust"—"I grieve to hear,
What other woes disturb thy rest;
The shepherd's sorrows, needs are few,
Say what afflicts thy gentle breast."

"What can I do to heal thy pain,
Poor swain of tuneful reed bereft"—
"Why marm," the shepherd lad replied,
"I harnt no ———." bacca left."

* A blot in the manuscript, renders this word illegible; the first two letters appear to be b, l, from which the Editor concludes the word to have been "blessed;" but certain characters looking like n in the middle and y at the end, militate against this explanation.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER No. I.

GEO. CHISLEHURST, Esq., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY IN ENGLAND.
Melbourne, 185

DEAR HARRY,

That skilful master mariner, Captain John Chockles, having very nearly bumped us ashore at Cape Otway, has succeeded in anchoring the Blunderbore in Hobson's Bay, after a passage of one hundred days. By some art of calculation, peculiar to sea captains, he makes out I believe, that so far as the credit of ship and commander are concerned, this is the fastest passage ever accomplished; inasmuch as if we hadn't lost so many days in such and such an unnatural calm, and a fore topmast off the Cape, and so on, the run would indisputably have been completed in sixty-four days.

The voyage wasn't a disagreeable one I believe as voyages go; the grub held out pretty well, and as one centres one's affections wonderfully upon victuals when at sea; that was of course the grand point. Chockles wasn't a bad fellow either at bottom—snormously fat, consequently and touchy to be sure—excessively anxious to be a gentleman, without at all knowing how to set about it, and proportionably uneasy and raw. Whenever he could do a good natured thing however, without compromising that dignity of his—which I fancy must, without his knowing it, have in his life a burden to him ever since he got the command of a ship—he seemed glad to do it. We had of course, a fair allowance of scandal and quarrelling. It is wonderful at sea, upon what a very insignificant basis a strong and stable quarrel can be built; I didn't do much in the quarrelling way, but I had two fights, or rather a fight and a half to my share, which was considered above the average. The first was a magnificent battle. I flatter my knuckles, that in the days of our innocent youth, I have taught you duly to respect my pugilism. Respect that of my adversary, when I tell you, he was on the high road to victory, when Chockles interfered most inexcusably with the liberty of the subject, and I we found it would be necessary before proceeding, to polish off that eminent navigator, two mates, and an enormous ship's carpenter from Yorkshire; so we desisted. Subsequently, my foe and I have become firm friends, and we are going to the fittings together.

In the second instance, the fighting was all on my side, for the enemy made no resistance while I held him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him—an act which I shall never regret; but there is no necessity for reviving scandal, so I shall not say why. He is a black-haired snob, with a good deal of the Jew-shop boy style of beauty about him, that did some execution, says scandal again, among the female emigrants on board. He is going out in some trading capacity to take people in if he can—brags much of his money, but is the stingiest, dirtiest, little brute in money matters that can be conceived. In fact he is a compound of me clothes, hair oil, rings, meanness, and the animal propensities. The kicking I gave him produced a "coolness between us" for some time, but he at length began making advances towards reconciliation, of which I found out the purpose, when he had joggled me into an exchange of watches, that it seems has added a pound or two to his dirty guineas. His name is Slagge; however, I must say no more about our ship absurdities, for I have scarcely left myself time to give you my first impressions on landing.

I landed in a dirty little steamer, at a place called Sandridge, that looked excessively Colonial, and delighted me therefore, for I drank in with joy, the sensation of being really in Australia, and finding that it was not a mere literary figment, but solid and actual as the streets in London. The streets of Sandridge, I must allow, however, were by no means as solid as the streets of London, but pretty nearly up to one's knees in dust and sand; the sun was broiling down, and the wooden and iron and canvas buildings of which Sandridge chiefly consists, were shining in the heat. But what looked most new and Australian to my eyes, were the bullock drays; some were standing at the doors of stores, discharging or taking in their cargoes; the long strings of bullocks standing or lying about, chewing the cud, which in their case must be largely compounded of bitter fancy, I fear. Others were being driven along with loud execrations and loudly cracking whips. An auction bell was ringing; omnibus and spring cart fellows were shouting out, "Melbun, now for Mel—bun; here you are for Mel—bun," at the top of their voices; and in fact I was quite dazzled and giddy with the rush of new sights and sounds, after so many months of ship's monotony; I felt in a most dreamy, but highly pleasurable state, as some of our passengers and I, were rattled along the Melbourne road, in one of the spring carts aforesaid.

I confess I expected to be treated with more consideration than I received from the driver. He did not seem to regard people just landed from a voyage half round the world as more interesting than other specimens of humanity, and growled out the shortest and surliest answers to the questions with which we plied him. Half way up to Melbourne we met a cart returning. "If you don't look—quick

Jem, you'll be too late for another load of the—new chums." Thus did our scurrilous and profane charioteer allude to the goodly company of passengers by the Blunderbore.

By the way I must make a remark upon the extraordinary instinct that enables old residents here to discover what they call a new chum. The faculty is not confined apparently to the regular old colonist tribe, but follows that I can't tell in the least from common place cocknies, can tell that I'm a new chum in a moment. I went into a hair-dressers to have my hair cut yesterday. The first question was the invariable one—"will you ave much air taken hoff air?" The next related to the weather, but I'll be hanged if the third was n't "ave you lately come hout to this Colony sir?" If he had found the receipt for my passage money curled up in my hair he could n't have spoken more confidently. Indeed he said when I asked him how he came by his information that there was "a somethink about the hair and manner of gentlemen when they fust come." The thing is still a mystery to me, but I suppose in time I shall acquire the sixth sense.

I see I have been spinning on at random, so that I shall not be able to describe Melbourne to you in this letter after all. But I am told that though the mail by the Eagle is advertised to close to-morrow, this is like the "last appearance" of an actor. If I have an opportunity I will write again before the Eagle goes.

Yours, &c.
GEORGE

LETTER No. II.

MISS AMELIA SMITH TO HER SISTER MARTHA IN LONDON.
DERE MARTHA,

Heer I ham, thank hevins, witch is a blessing not to be hopped for after hour terrible voige. We was won unlered dais on the hoshun, wareby we loat a top mark, and was nere racked two. i was hawful frytend, but Mister Huggins as was chief oficer ware a veri kynd man and jeered me hup. There was severil veri nice gentlemen hals, and won in partiklar witch is name ware Slagge, with beautiful blak wiskers and moostash, as riters the most lovely points and it to mak yer dy of larin at tymes with his jox. He ave give me a hamne thist broach, and wot he ave pronnist i woud not reveal. Is farther is inormusly ritch, wareby he must git is consent fust, witch he wanted im to wedd a hurls dorter and he woud dye rather, so he mus wait till he dyes, if so be he can not make it hup with im. But wot showed a gidly gerl no of marridge. i ave got a place at 30 lb a year witch is good wajes to England, but nothink to wot I ope to be sein he ave bound himself with a both, but i mis my english cumfurts let alon bein hawful vot in Novambar witch is quite un natsural and makes me feel this is no kuntry for a crischun to liv in. Wishing, u ad my luk I ham ewer afeskshinit sister Amelie Smith.

LETTER No. III.

JOHN SLAGGE, Esq., TO ROBT. POPPE, Esq., LONDON.

DEAR BOB,

Here I am in Melbourne, and I mean to say it was n't a bad stroke for me when the governor cut up rough about the "lovely maid of Putny" affair. The good boys don't get half so much out of the governors as your and my sort. If I'd kept smooth with the old man I'd just have had my room in the paternal house, with him and the old woman always nagging at me, and my beggarly three pound a week as his confounded clerk. But when he blew up and put me in such a funk and told me to make my own way in the world where I could. I must say he came the perfect gentleman and downed with the dust handsome. I wish I could break with a governor once a week on the same terms. The family shine makes a man feel unpleasant for the moment, but it's no consideration beside the ready that the blow up ends with.

I had my fang in London after that, and a stunning affair in Plymouth, that I shan't tell you about; but I managed pretty well too, and I was n't a much worse man when I went on board the Blunderbore, than when I'd cashed the old gentleman's cheque. I believe you my boy, I'm up to a thing or two. Well, I turned the money into things, I've done pretty well with up to now; and when I saw that a thing was going wrong, I've generally speaking managed to put it into somebody or another. I thought the passage money pretty high, but I can tell you a man that knows what he's about can have his pleasure on the voyage, and make it pay too. My maxim is, have your pleasure, but turn a penny all the time. I shan't tell you all my dodges, but there's a good many things you can make something of at sea. Now, at card playing alone, though I ain't a man up to what you'd call making money at cards, I cleared two and twenty pound, and every little helps. Then I'd got a small lot of soda water on board, on spec. Well, a fellow let me in to the wrinkle, that people make their own soda water here, and I was quite down about it; but I found out that there was n't a drop of soda water in the ship, but mine; and when we got into the hot weather, there was an awful cry for soda water. So I let out I'd got some, and then for a day or two, it was "Slagge, you



“ THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.”

little beggar, get up your soda water, and you'll make your fortune of it;" and "Slagge, I'll give you a hundred per cent. on a bottle, and a drop of brandy to mix with a glass for yourself too," and so on. Well, I said, I couldn't—that it was under all manner of things, in the hold, and that. But, when next the hold was broke up, there was a general cry for my soda water, and the Captain had it got up, and me under no obligation neither; and I made a thing out of that soda water, Sir, that would astonish you. That way, I made about my worst speculation, my best; and I did something pretty near as good with one or two other matters.

Well, Sir, forward among the beauteous, I was all the go. I came down fair and liberal in presents and that; for you can't have your pleasure without paying for it; but in the way of promise and expectations, to say nothing of poetry, I launched out quite wonderful. I assure you it did equal honour to my head and heart. Bless your soul Bob, you and I know what the credulity of some of 'em is, but at sea they beat it out and out. If you was to promise to marry 'em all round, they'd believe you. If I was to carry out all I promised, I'd be transported for no end of bigamies. But all's fair you know in love and war. But to cut a long story short, I made my passage—ah! more than twice over—and led a better life of it than any man on board too. There was some unpleasantness to be sure. Fellows chaffed me quite disagreeable about my bargains, as if I did n't come out to make money; and one young man by the name of Chislehurst was particularly impertinent. But, I paid him out for it a little afterwards, and mean to pay him out for it more yet, before I've done with him.

Well Bob, when I got ashore, I did pretty nigh as well as I did at sea. Most of what I brought with me was well chosen, and hit the market—and a devilish ticklish kind of market to hit it is, I can tell you. But there are lots of fellows here, who think themselves all there for a bargain, and if you once make 'em believe you think you can't take 'em in, you can turn 'em round your finger. I believe you, a few of 'em have been cursing me since, and too proud to own it. I can't write more now, but if you're the boy I take you for, your best dodge is to pick a good time for having a regular break with your governor, and come out with the proceeds. I shan't cut my own throat by telling you what to bring, for I've already written for no end of things, before sitting down to bestow my affection on you. But I'll tell you, as a general rule, not to bring what's quoted high in the price currents when they reach home, because most likely others will be before hand with you, and you'll find 'em low when you get out here. But give your mind to finding out what's been sent lately, and bring out odds and ends of things, [that other people haven't thought of, and you'll turn a pretty penny.

So no more from yours,
JOHN SLAGGE.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

THE GONDOLA CLIPPER STEAMER.

We have been much gratified by a visit to this noble steamer—the largest that has ever been laid alongside the wharf above Prince's Bridge. Her model is in every respect that of a clipper, the garboard streak being particularly sharp in the entrance and fine in the run. Her breadth of beam is enormous, being nearly seven feet, giving her both power and buoyancy in the water. Her extreme length is forty-four feet—fore rake two feet—fire shovel three feet six inches. Her shear is considerable, but it is sheer nonsense to say that beauty has been sacrificed to speed or strength. She has rudders at both ends, which gives her an immense advantage in the stowage of cargo. The keel is laid in board, coming sharp round the funnel, which gives her great power on a wind. The knees are close together, which makes her what is technically called knock-kneed. Forward of all, the taff rail rises with a flare, and the main-mast is stepped into the rudder case—which is not usually the case with the rudders of clipper ships. She has a flat floor. The shareholders are also flat, and have been a good deal taken in about the breeching; and though this has to some extent deprived them of buoyancy, experience has proved the advantages of the arrangement. Her masts, spars and rigging are so admirably proportioned as to attract no notice from the unprofessional spectator. The paddle-wheels are immensely thick, particularly towards the Fellowes, where some persons contend a considerable sum of money has been absolutely thrown away. The cabin arrangements are admirable though plain—planned deal in fact, and good deal may be said in favor of such judicious economy. Her engines are both powerful and compact, enabling her to go over three miles an hour in still water. The furnaces are contrived on the *multum in parvo* principle; and her Captain has undertaken, for a wager, to run up to the Richmond Punt and cook a mutton chop at the same time in twenty minutes. Altogether she is a magnificent specimen of naval architecture.

LETTER FROM LORD PALMERSTON.

Mr. PUNCH, jun., has received the following, from his friend, Lord Palmerston. The letter is private, but Mr. Punch determines that the public shall be made acquainted with the true sentiments of Her Majesty's Ministers—not that he loves Palmerston less, but Victoria more.

TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ.

Downing-street, April, 1855.

MY DEAR MELBOURNE,

I had the pleasure of meeting your father at the Queen's yesterday evening, where indeed we all missed you very much. I told Her Majesty that I was going to write to you, and she desired to be very kindly remembered. We agreed that it would be better for you to have as little as possible to do with Hotham, as it is likely that he will be very shortly recalled, so that he can be of no service to you; and I fear he is too head-strong and stupid to enable you to do him much good. His conduct both before and after the Balaarat business seems to have been execrable. I never, however, expected any better from him. I remember meeting him once when he was a middy on board some ship or other, and even then he was overbearing, blundering and conceited. I wish we could have persuaded you to remain in England until the next governor is appointed; but perhaps you were right in saying that the place you have gone to fill in Colonial society, is more important and useful than that of any governor; and it justified our opinion of your heart and understanding, that you preferred your chosen sphere of action, to that in which we could have wished to see you.

I had a private note from Russell, before he came back from Vienna. To tell you the truth, I fear the little man was scarcely up to his work. He bored me with little accounts of little successes in diplomacy, but I don't think forwarded the real object of his mission one bit. He would not hear by the way of giving up the Colonial Office, and said, perhaps with truth, that it would be a relief to you to have no Colonial minister for a time. A proposal of the Constitution, he said Australia could well afford to wait—that as for being injured, colonists were like eels, and used to it. The fact is, he can't bring himself to sympathise with a parcel of colonists at all, and to own the truth, no more can I. Molesworth and a few more, make such a row about them in the House, that we have to coach up their grievances occasionally, but for my part, though we must keep the British Colonial empire together; I don't care a straw for the colonists. However I know you belong to the "new light" in this matter;—believe in poor Buller, and the Wakefield theory, and so forth—and talk as if colonists had "organs, senses, dimensions, like ourselves."

By the way, I wish you would send Russell a brief sketch of Australia, showing the political divisions, boundaries of colonies, and so forth; I know of a deputation that came to see Newcastle from Port Philip, and by way of being agreeable, he complimented them about the success of the Burra mines. He swore he was right in calling Melbourne the capital of South Australia too, and justified himself by showing on the map, that Melbourne was south of Adelaide. When he found out his error, he asked, who was to know that you had such a d—d stupid way of naming your places. Now, Newcastle is better coached up about these things than Russell; and I'm so afraid of his committing himself, that if I didn't want him in the house, he might have stopped away as long as he pleased, for aught any of us care about the Colonies. I got Merrivale to tell me something about your constitution the other day. At first he said he did n't know where it was, but it turned up accidentally while he was emptying an old waste paper basket to put some Newfoundland petitions in. I don't think we can ever consent to give up Downing-street patronage—as for the rest, you may fight it out amongst yourselves, and welcome, but the prime use that I've always seen in Australia has been that it's a capital place for sending useless and idle fellows to, that one must do something for. However, enough of Colonies—hang them.

I wanted to persuade your father to take office with me, but he said the office in Fleet-street was enough for him, and he wouldn't divide his attention by taking any inferior place such as the Home Secretaryship or Foreign affairs. Like father like son. The Prince has never got over your departure, and poor Brougham cried like a child when you were gone.

I've no time to write more now, but will take the first opportunity of sending you another epistle. When you write don't bother me about rubbishy Colonial politics, but tell me if you can what has become of A.—and B.—and C.— They were sad young scamps, but of good family, and I'm afraid have quite thrown themselves away in going among such a parcel of old convicts and raggamuffins as you too have wasted yourself among.

Yours faithfully,
PALMERSTON.

VICE REGAL BENEVOLENCE AND ECONOMY.

The Secretary of the committee of management of the recent ball got up by the Rifle corps in aid of the patriotic fund has received the following letter.

Government Offices, Melbourne, July 29, 1855.

Sir.

I am directed by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to forward to you the enclosed cheque for one hundred pounds, being the sum (approximately) saved by His Excellency by the substitution of the beer brewed by a distinguished legislator of this colony for champagne of foreign production, His Excellency has observed that his intentions in this substitution have been entirely misunderstood by the public and by a ribald press. He regrets also that his example was not followed by your committee in the management of the recent ball. Had your supper been based on the economical principles manifested in his, His Excellency is persuaded that a larger sum would have eventuated in support of the Patriotic Fund. His Excellency wishes that you may get in due course the hundred pounds saved by him in the manner described, and

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
J. H. KAY, Private Secretary.

POETRY IN AUSTRALIA.

As all poetical images are drawn from surrounding nature, we fear that the native poets of Australia, will for some time find it rather difficult to express their feelings, in language which will be at once appreciated by European readers, and suitable to surrounding circumstances.

From what we know of native youths at present, they have not hitherto much distressed themselves on this account. Mr. Wills, M.L.C., has indeed confided to a friend, that he has prepared a little volume of lyrics, to be called—we quote the hon. gentleman's own words, "Appy'omes and opeful arts," but we have not yet seen them. We have, however, in the two following songs (and "sweetly pretty," dear Mary says they are) endeavoured to show how susceptible of poetical use are Australian images and incidents:—

OH! NOT MORE GAY.

Oh! not more gay
At break of day,
The laughing jackass hails the dawn;
Than thou my dear,
With music clear,
Go'st singing forth at early morn.
The plumage on
The raven swan,
Is dull beside thy shining hair;
More sweetly coy,
Is my soul's joy,
Than even the little native bear.
Then, oh! be he mine,
No more decline;
Or, I for grief myself will shoot;
For wanting thee,
Alas! I'd be,
More wretched than the bandicoot.

To R. ———

I.

December's sun is blazing down,
December's dust along is blown,
December's fiery northern blast,
Even as I write is rushing past.

II.

At murderer's flat, the teeming mine,
Yields nuggets coarse, and gold dust fine;
And Peg Leg Gully's shining veins,
With wealth repay the digger's pains.

III.

Through varying seasons still as now,
The leaves adorn the forest bough;
When July winds are biting keen,
The changeless woodland still is green.

IV.

Yet, hot December winds are cold,
And worthless Peg Leg gully gold;
And changeful is the leafy tree,
Beside my constant love for thee.

MOETU FOR PUBLIC BALLS.—Humani nihil alienum a me Pato—
Any body's Hat will do for me. |

ON DITS.

It is said that the English Government having heard of the Auditor-General's fame as a mathematician and accountant, have written to him offering him the editorship of the Nautical Almanack. An objection was in England raised to the appointment, on the score that the consequent residence of Mr. Grimes at Greenwich observatory, would render the Thames liable to be destroyed by fire, but this objection has been waived on the understanding that the honorable gentleman is to give an undertaking not to go near the noble river with a lighted candle.

The squatters having become persuaded of the injustice of their present claims have resolved to devote the five thousand pounds subscribed for legal purposes to the patriotic fund.

Mr. Wilson, Mr. Michie, and Mr. Blair are said to have entered into partnership for the purpose of establishing a fourth Melbourne daily newspaper.

We are glad to be informed that another set of amateur theatricals is to be got up for charitable purposes. Mr. Justice Barry has kindly consented to dance the sailor's hornpipe in character on the occasion.

The Gondola Steamboat Company have recently declared a dividend of one hundred per cent.

The Melbourne bar have held a meeting to express their satisfaction at the expected return of Mr. Croke the Solicitor-General to this colony. It is understood that this expression of professional feeling will be followed up by a public testimonial.

We regret to learn that the Right Reverend the Dean and the Hon. the Attorney-General in attempting to evangelise the Chinese have themselves been converted to a belief in the doctrines of Confucius.

The weekly wages of the compositors on the "Age" establishment were paid on Saturday last.

AN EPIGRAM.

AN EPIGRAM—slightly altered from an old distich, called the rule of the road:—

The rule of the gold fields is singular quite,
For as you drive diggers along,
You'll be left in the wrong, if you stick to old Wright;
If you stick to old Wright, you'll go wrong.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS.—The *Government Gazette*, contains notices of the following recent official appointments:—Mr. J. Murphy, M.L.C., to be head of the Uncivil Commissariat, vice Mr. Moody, to be Auditor General, vice Mr. Grimes to be poet laureate. Mr. Aspinall, barrister-at-law, to be Private Secretary to his Excellency, vice Capt. Kay, R.N., to be Judge of the Insolvent Court at Geelong. Mr. Mercer, the present Commissioner of Insolvency at Geelong, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Sir William A'Beckett having, in consideration of his recent work on *harness*, been appointed to the vacant post of Stud Master; Mr. Fawkner, M.L.C., to be Professor of Classics to the Melbourne University. Major Hodgson, M.L.C., to be Commander-in-Chief, vice Col. Macarthur, who has accepted an appointment in the (senior) Ladies' Visiting Society. Messrs. Josephs and Hayes (of Ballarat), have been respectively appointed to the new offices of Government Inspector of the *White Star* line of packet ships and Warden of Tipperary miners. Mr. Chapman, junior, to be Colonial Secretary, vice Mr. Haines, retired. Mr. Stawell, to be Governor, vice Sir Charles Hotham, recalled. Mr. A'Beckett, late of the Rifle Corps, to be Aide-Camp, vice Mr. Hotham, retired. The Rev. David Blair, Esq., M.L.C., to be Chaplain to the Forces. The Rev. Ebenezer Syme, to be minister of the Chapel of Ease. Mr. Shaw to be Bailiff of the County Court. Jeremiah Harnett, Esq., to be a Magistrate for the City, and Mr. Cavenagh to be Editor of the *Gazette*.

BALMY SLEEP.—A person signing himself Democritus, (whose future communications will be all declined) writes to state that sleep is called *balmy*, because after a sufficient quantity of it, one must *rise*.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Dunnup's address to the electors of Catcharat, has given much satisfaction; but his determination not to take office under the present government, is generally regretted. It is feared that the governor will avail himself of the opportunity, and offer him an appointment.

MILITARY DOUBT.—An eminent ex-mayor, and present M. L. C., and distinguished officer in a volunteer corps, objects to the newspapers constant use of the expression of a *miner's right*. He says it implies that a "majors' wrong."

HEIR LOOMS.—*Learned Council to Court*.—In this case, the heir loom is the chose in action, and on that ground. *Intelligent agriculturist listening*. I dunno what the lyar means by that, but master might 'ave 'ad that ere loam off the ground if he chose.



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES, AS THEY APPEARED AT THE TIME "WHEN WILD IN WOODS, THE NOBLE SAVAGE RAN."

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES, AS THEY APPEAR AFTER A COURSE OF CIVILIZING ASSOCIATION WITH EUROPEAN RACES.

A NEW BARRY-TONE.

CONSIDERING the lectures which Mr. Justice Barry is constantly delivering to the Bar, on the proprieties of speech, and the impropriety of using such a word as "Diggings" for "Gold Fields," &c., we really think the following dialogue ought not to have occurred in the Supreme Court on Monday. A witness in a case of cattle stealing, was under cross-examination when the Court interposed—

Witness—Soelpme, the facts is just as I put em.

Judge Barry—You'd better keep your weather eye open my tulip, or you'll find yourself in the stone jug in a brace of shakes; you let that red rag in your potatoe trap wag rather too fast.

Witness—Soelpme.

Judge Barry—Shut up my cok-ey—none of your cheek; I aintan off-side soojee new chum to stow your gammon; just have the goodness to give your evidence on the O, K, square, or into quad you pop.

Witness—Blowed if he didnt give me the orse—

Judge Barry—I'd go a bob to a brown, you prigged the prad; there aint no flies about me, what I says I mean, and what I means I says, and no two ways about it.

Witness—The orse was a dark bay, with—

Judge Barry—Stash that! the Court knows how many blue beans make five. I looks to you for nuggets of fact—if you don't find me in 'em, and that in two twos, I'll commit you for a shicer.

Witness—The orse is mine soelpme.

Judge Barry—You know my covey, that your mate hooked it like one o'clock, and you told the crusher.

Witness—Crushers ain't no ways to be depended on.

Judge Barry—I take crushers as I find 'em, and the evidence before the beak was, that the prosecutor gave twenty notes for the prad at auction, and that your soojee mate, (and be blowed to him) stuck him up, rapped him on the cocoon nut with a waddy and took the prad while he was ramfoozlicated with the whack. Now I'd go nobblers round, you thought your soft sawder would flummox the court like grease. But I'm down to the cut of the jib of coves of your kidney, so mind your eye.

After this caution the witness proceeded with his evidence, and the result of the case will be found recorded in the daily papers. But we think some of the expressions of the learned judge scarcely accordant with the dignity of the judicial bench.

A Welcome Prepared for Solicitor-General Croke, on his Return from England:

Molesworth must leave us, well a day!

His loss will be no joke,

The law was often laid down ill;

But now it's going to Croke.

MOTTO FOR THE EXECUTIVE.—Let (Sta) well alone

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PRIVATE.—We were not aware that you were at Waterloo and would have been a general under the French system.

A DEFENDANT.—Juries are often wrong; as you observe an individual is frequently mistaken—what then is the danger when you multiply him by twelve.

RIFLEMAN.—If you are a gentlemen, you should of course resent the impertinence of your officer, if you were drunk, so doubtless has he often been; but you were wrong to kick him.

ENQUIRER.—Major Hodgson served under Wellington for many years, the Iron Duke attributed many of his successes to the Major's co-operation and advice.

THESPIS.—Madame Vestris's present age is 85.

MR. WARBURTON CARR, who performed at the amateur theatricals was never we believe, engaged to the present Empress of the French. He knew her in Siberia.

TEMPLE.—Mr. Ireland was a judge at the Cape of Good Hope at the age of 20, and could not therefore have been engaged as you suppose. He is the grandfather of Mr. Keogh, M. P. a very talented member of Lord Aberdeen's government, of the Mormon persuasion.

ECCLESIASTIC.—The Archbishop of Canterbury certainly married an actress, but he was only a D.D. at the time. She was a widow, aged 15.

NAUTICUS.—Sir Charles Hotham's naval exploits have not yet been published. Apply to Blundell & Co. in Collins Street. As regards the *Plate* he did not take it feloniously. His performances were of a diplomatic character.

LEGALIS.—Judge Barry never was in Ireland; we cannot, we confess, account for his partiality for short Saxon words.

KERR.—C. u. r. certainly is the ordinary orthography; but give a dog a bad name and so on.

O. J.—Lempriere's dictionaries are scarce in the colony. There is one, we believe, to be found at the *Herald* office; but we fear it is in constant use. The Editor might be able to spare it on a Saturday.

ATTORNEY.—Imprisonment for debt would be desirable if there were more prisons, at present debtors must be either hanged, or at liberty, and creditors are weak enough to say *Pi*, as well as *Fa*, when one suggests the former description of "execution." But let one be gibbeted and it will be a case, eh?

F.—Yes. The Caffrarian clergy quarrelled with Mr. Newton in consequence of his refusing to eat a baked child, alleged erroneously to be the offspring of a missionary. The mother certainly was colored. The County Court of Bourke is in Little Collins Street.

PLORERS.—The orderly whom you saw at the *Argus* office sleeps at the *Argus* hotel; he gets 8s. 6d. a week from Government, but makes far more by communicating Cabinet secrets to the papers. His wife keeps a cigar shop at Brighton, but unfortunately is out of tobacco. Sir Charles Hotham de ervodly places much confidence in them both.

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Gardiner's Creek Road, Prahran and Windsor—Mr. E. H. Smith, Lower Dandenong Road.

St. Kilda—Mr. Arnott, opposite the Junction Hotel, and Mr. Hick, corner of the Junction.

Brighton—Mr. Armstrong, Church-street.

Emerald Hill—Mr. H. A. Clarke, Clarendon-street.

North Melbourne and Flemington—Mr. Peter Kelly, Beehive Store, Blackwood-street.]

Collingwood—Mr. M. H. Turner, Brunswick-street, and Messrs. Barrowclough and Brown, Brunswick-street.

Richmond and Hawthorne—Mr. Griffith, 28, Richmond Road.

Geelong—Mr. Thos. Brown, Moorabool-street; Mr. W. Vale, Moorabool-street.; and Messrs. Franks & Brewer, Moorabool-street.

Agents at the Gold Fields:

Beechworth—Mr. J. S. Clarke.

Ballaarat—Mr. Rogers, Store-keeper

Castlemaine—Mr. P. Macfarlane

Creswick's Creek—Mr. John Roycroft

Gisborne—Mr. W. Hurst, Store-keeper

Kyneton—Mr. S. Attwood

Maryborough—Mr. G. Chamberlain

Mount Blackwood—Mr. F. R. Evans

Sandhurst—Mr. James Henderson, at the Stores of Messrs. Parker and Macond.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER No. IV.

W. HOOPHORNS, ESQ., TO T. SHEEPHANKS, ESQ.

DEAR TOM,

I write in a sadly depressed frame of mind. I have only been back a fortnight, but I shall sell my stations, and cut the place as fast as I can. Of course, they tell one that everything is wonderfully improved; but it isn't what it was, and never will be again, and it makes me melancholy to look at it. You remember the jolly night we had at the "Royal" before you went, when we all got so gloriously mellow. Well, they've pulled the old Royal down, and stuck up a—Yankee gin shop, called the Criterion; all stucco without, and exhortation within. Of course they give you better things there than one used to get; and small thanks to them for it. But give me the old place, with a ball of brandy, and a good black pipe; and hang your ice and regalias and fricassee rubbish. When I was here before, I knew every gentleman I met from one end of Collins-street to another. Now, I might as well be in heaven, as to meeting people I know.

Old La Trobe has got into such a flurry with the infernal papers—Buggins has given up the *Herald*, and it's grown to be a more black-guard paper than the *Argus*—and one thing and another, that he has taken up with all kinds of democratic atheistic notions, and you can't trust him a bit. People have so humbugged him with talk about "unlocking the lands," and one rubbishy kind of stuff and another, that he's afraid to do right, and give the squatters their leases, and send the impudent radical mob to the right about. He quibbles out of the Orders in Council, till I think he'll try to quibble out of the ten commandments next. We've still got a good hold in Council; but you can't trust men as you used. Murphy has got a place under government to macadamise roads for the diggers—as if what was good enough for a gentleman's tandem for years, wasn't good enough for dirty diggers now. Griffith is in much the same boat, and both vacillate with the government. Stawell is as good as gone. Do you remember young Goodman? He has got into Council for the Loddon, and sticks to his side like a trump; but he's such a rash lad, that he does three times as much harm as good. Splatt and Campbell are going home, having made mints of money out of the ruffianly diggers. Splatt is something of a loss, but as for Campbell I don't care—he was never any great good either for man or beast. However, he never voted wrong, so he's a loss after all, and we don't know who may come in now-a-days for the safest places. Then among the government offices, poor old Hoddle, that never hurt any man's run, is gone; and a sharp young man in the engineers, called Clarke, has come in as Surveyor-General. He goes in for popularity, and unlocking the lands. Then there's a fat prig named Childers in office, too—well educated they say—a Cambridge man, and clever, too, in his way I think; but as full of airs as a mandarin, and as deceitful as a cat. In fact, the good old cause, and the good old colony, are going to the ———.

I went up to the Muddlerowie station the other day, and found it utterly spoilt. You'll remember where the old wool shed stood at the Five-Mile Creek, where you and I rode down the emu; well, Clarke has cut that place up into a — township; and a little lower down the Creek are the new diggings. There had just been what they call a "rush" when I got there, and the place looked like Bartholemew Fair, with a population of well sinkers. Smith made oceans of money out of it, I own, and got off a good part of his scabby sheep at eighteen pence a pound in feeding the fellows; but a man's not to be compensated in that way, for being crowded up with diggers, and townships, and one nonsense and another. Wool was, is, and always must be the staple of the place, in spite of all the gold they can get; and if they injure the wool growing interest, that has made Port Philip what it is, it can never be fit for a gentleman to live in. A comfort is, that one certainly has an opportunity of getting out of it to advantage. I've had offers for my runs at five times the price I could have got for them before the confounded diggings sprung up near them and spoilt them; and I was offered five thousand pounds yesterday for a bit of land in Lonsdale street, that I bought years and years ago of Jemmy Jones for seventeen pounds, one night when I was slewed. Jemmy thought he did a heavy trick; too and I was well chaffed about it at the time. The five thousand pound offer was in writing, and hangs over till Tuesday. I think I shall take it.

Sheep are growing scabbier and scabbier, and they don't clean the wool as they used to do. In fact, what's the use of talking of the prosperity of a colony, where shepherds get seventy-five pounds a year and their rations. It stands to reason, that the thing can't last, and that the colony can't thrive. Give me a good well grassed, well watered run, that'll carry from thirty to forty thousand sheep; a good

home station, and plenty of men begging for work at twenty pounds a year—as it used to be—with no land sales, and poor old Hoddle and La Trobe for ever; and I could be content to live here as I used to do. But as it is, I shall sell out as I said, and be content to bring away my seventy or eighty thousand pounds out of this wreck of a place. I don't complain so much, of course—I'm not a man given to grumbling—seeing that I hadn't fifty pounds in the world twelve years ago. But I shall never forget that I made my property in the good old times; although, of course, what I sell out at now, is owing to the fictitious value things have got to.

It's late now, and the candles are nearly done, and you daren't say your soul's your own among servants now, so I shall hold hard.

Your's truly,

W. HOOPHORNS.

LETTER No. V.

DEAR HARRY,

GEORGE CHISLEHUNT, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY IN ENGLAND.

I can't say I saw Melbourne when I first entered it; all I saw and felt, was dust and wind, and such dust and wind as you never encountered. As we turned across Princes-bridge and up Swanston-street, it was right in our teeth. I had often heard and read about hot winds, but the sensation was perfectly novel. If you were to stand close to leeward of a brick-kiln, in particularly full action, and had half-a-dozen fellows throwing hot sand in your face all the time, you might get an idea of it; not else. I shut my eyes, but it was no use; and when I tried to rub some of the dust out, I only let more in. The dust gritted between my teeth, and lay in strata upon the folds of my coat and trousers; it clogged in my hair and formed mud on my hot face and hands. The heavier particles rolled along the road with a *st-at-ting* noise, like ripple on a beach. The lighter particles drifted in huge clouds through which one could see nothing while one was in them, and which actually cast a shadow on the road, when they passed aside. How the driver or horses passed it, I don't know; but when we had gone a little way up Swanston-street, we took a sharp turn along a broad half-made sort of street, and pulled up among a host of similar vehicles at the door of a large noisy public-house, called the "Bull and Mouth."

I had no luggage with me, but a small carpet bag, and elbowed my way into a dark hot room behind the bar; about a dozen fellows were drinking and smoking as hard as they could, and in the bar, a drunken man was trying to sing "Billy Barlow," amidst uproarious applause. I called to a man who seemed to be a waiter, but he paid no attention for a long time. His occupation was that of incessantly bringing in trays full of all sorts of drink. "One sherry spider, and a nobbler of brandy"—"pot of shandy gaff"—"bottle o' sparklin' ok"—"pint of English ale," and similar cries were incessantly being uttered and responded to. At length the waiter came to me and stood balancing for a moment, as if his lip depended on getting at my particular vanity, in the single second while he turned on his heel. "Can I have a room here to-night," I began, and in an instant he was gone. At last I caught some Bull and Mouth official in a corner of the passage, and forced him into attention. All the beds were full, but I could have a "shake down" in the long room; so I bargained for a shake down, and asked where I could have a wash. The man at once detected that I was a new chum, but fortunately his contempt took the form of patronage, and as a piece of special personal kindness, he made interest for me to get the use of a bed-room for five minutes. There, having got rid of some of the dust, I descended, and followed the sound of a bell into where dinner was being served up. A table was closely crowded with men in all sorts of dresses and degrees of dirtiness; everything was as hot as the weather; hot waiters brought in great vessels-ful of hot soup, that the hot guests devoured in hot haste. Some of the guests dined in their hats, came in smoking and laid down their short black pipes by the side of their plates. There was a perfect Babel of tongues; every man formed one of a group, and each group, while consuming the eatables like fury, discussed it's own particular interests. One group was that of some Mount Alexander storekeepers, eager about the price of gold and goods, and bargaining as they ate. Elsewhere, some cattle salesmen debated about sheep and cattle, with their mouths full of reeking mutton and beef. A couple of "lucky diggers," who were drinking champagne and brandy in irregular succession, were alternately treating their neighbours and d—g their eyes. These two gentlemen, indeed seemed to have but two alternatives before them—either to pay for every body's liquor, or to fight everybody. Our group consisted of four; Brown, my intended diggings' partner, two other Blunderbere passengers, and myself and of course we came in for both classes of attention. "You call yourself a — gentleman I suppose, don't you?" said one to me; "Jem, give that — new chum a bottle of champagne." I declined, as I thought with due politeness, but my benevolent friend,

was incensed directly. "You're too — stuck up, are you, you — to drink with me!—You call yourself a — gentleman, can you show as much — money as that?" and he pulled a handful of notes and gold out of his pocket; some of the latter fell and rolled about the floor, but the waiter picked the sovereigns up, and returned them with commendable honesty. I own'd I couldn't, and this humility softened him completely. One of my companions, however, sat upright, and would make no reply; so he was challenged to fight on the spot for a "shout all round." The waiters, however, acted as a peace society, and restored quiet. Then the two had an ethical discussion about some person not present. "He said so-and-so," said one; "Then he's a — liar," said the other; "I don't mind a — rogue, for I know a — rogue when I sees him, but I ates a — liar from my art."

After dinner I found that the wind had gone down, and I walked about the town for a while. Everything was tremendously bustling and active, and there were abundant evidences of my being in a good producing country. Every other shop in Elizabeth-street had some such placard as the following stuck up in the window, on long board outside, "A cwt. of gold wanted this day—the highest price given." "Gold bought for cash; price this day £ s. d.;" "Ten thousand ounces of gold wanted immediately," &c., &c., &c. The outfitting shops were tremendously numerous, and many of them had pictures of stalwart diggers in red shirts, and enormous boots and beards, holding large bags of gold in their hands, and supposed to be investing in clothes. I called at the Post Office to ask whether there were any letters for me, for several ships had outstripped the *Bluuderbore*. I could scarcely get near the window for the crowd, and was told there was nothing for me; but I understand this answer is very generally given to save the trouble of looking. The town presented a queer irregular *impromptu* sort of appearance—some houses and shops being well built, but great gaps of unoccupied land lying between, diversified with others piled up with heterogenous iron and wooden and canvass structures. The general effect upon my mind was decidedly exhilarating—everything came up so closely to my previous conception; and to me it is unspeakably pleasant to find myself in the very thick of a sort of life that I had often read about and fancied, but never thought to be among, or to find really existing as I had conceived it.

When I got to the Bull and Mouth, tea was going on, which closely resembled my dinner in all respects. After it was over, Brown and I went together to a canvass-covered circus, where some very tolerable horsemanship was going on, and where people sat smoking short pipes in the dress circle. We saw old Chockles there; and when he saw us he tried to keep up the old dignity, and to do the purely parental towards a highly dressed young lady, on whom I am very much afraid he had bestowed his transitory affections. The second mate was in the pit, but his enjoyment was quite unalloyed by the responsibilities that weighed upon Chockles, and he seemed to take up the creed of Burns's Jolly Beggar—

"Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose!"

The greatest trial however of my "first day in Melbourne" awaited me at the Bull and Mouth when I got back. In the "long room" fellows were snoring on tables, on sofas, on chairs, and on the floor. I was on the floor, and fresh arrivals incessantly accumulated. The "two" of the dinner table were among the last comers, and they wanted to "stand nobblers round." They didn't seem at all to understand how people could feel annoyed at being awakened to drink brandy and water, and—though told by several, to go to a place hotter than Melbourne in November, addressed every man in succession, and argued the point with him. When they had accomplished their various rebuffs and successes, they went to bed in their clothes, and sung songs for about half an hour. Then, to the great relief of all they went to sleep; and so did I, in spite of the choral snoring of about twenty pairs of lungs.

So ended my first day in Melbourne, and so shall end my second letter. We are now actively engaged in preparing for the diggings, and I will let you know all about our proceedings in my next. In the meantime give my love to all at home, and believe me

Your affectionate brother,
GEO. CHISLEHUNT.

THE DRUNKARD'S LIST.—The Governor has directed the whole of magistracy to treat with severity offences committed under the influence of Murphy's beer. Dr. Milton had an interview with His Excellency yesterday on the subject.

VERY ROUNDABOUT.—Why should coach proprietors abstain from buying young horses for their vehicles! Because *Colts* are apt to be *revolvers*.



Charming and Astute Professor.—I ASSURE YOU, MRS. LUKYDYGAR, YOUR DELIGHTFUL LITTLE DAUGHTER IS A PERFECT PRODIGY.

Mrs. Lukydygar.—I DUNNO WHAT YOU MEAN BY A "PRODIGY," MR. GAMUT. THE ONLY ONE AS EVER I SEE, WAS KEF IN A BOTTLE O' SPERRITS AT A SHOW. BUT SHE DO PLAY BEAUTIFUL TO BE SURE.

THE "AMENDE HONORABLE."

We are informed that the report, which we published last week of a conversation between Mr. Justice Barry and a prevaricating witness in the Supreme Court, was not strictly correct. We therefore hasten to supply the true version:—

Mr. Justice Barry.—I regret witness to observe that the deipnosophic influences of a theophilanthropic fatalism have tempted you to the substitution of casuistry for veracity. The acuminate subtleties of alchemical empiricism cease to be innocuous, when suffered to pervert the acroatic simplicity of truth—for them the exoteric prevarications of a *priori* imagination are apt to predominate over the more determinate conclusions of ocular and auricular demonstration. Regarding inductive predestination in an *posteriori* light indeed, I would not predicate that syllogistic inferences are unworthy of a candidly elaborated analysis. But while I would eliminate this exceptional case, it must not be precipitately assumed that I in any event sanction abnormal deviation from the equatorial line of individual observation. The uncertainties of intellectual speculation must be discriminated from the semi-conscious effects of an abortive volition—otherwise the wish may become the male parent of an illegitimate conclusion. Do you apprehend me?

Witness. blown if I know a bit what your honour's been a sayin of. *His Honor* leaned back with a sigh of commiseration, and the trial went on.

A NEW SQUATTING QUESTION.—Will any gold fields representative minus the property qualification, be allowed to take his seat.

BALL PRACTICE.—Stealing hats.

A New Version of Ben Bolt.

Oh, don't you remember La Trobe, Ben Bolt,
 Poor La Trobe whom we all so assailed;
 He wept with delight at the smallest success,
 And trembled with fear when he failed.
 In the "ancien regime" of the ill-managed past,
 With little respect we must own;
 We have buried the memory of poor old La Trobe,
 And henceforth we should let him alone.

II.

Oh, don't you remember old Melbourne, Ben Bolt,
 When gold diggings first were found out,
 When we'd five feet of mud in the wharves and the streets
 And each night stickers-up roamed about.
 Ah, those were the days, I believe you, Ben Bolt!
 When money could quickly be made;
 We might buy what we liked in both market and store,
 For we couldn't go wrong in a trade.

III.

Oh, don't you perceive Sir Charles Hotham, Ben Bolt,
 And the change that has since taken place:
 There are lots of us now, I am sadly afraid,
 Who've been left much behind in the race.
 We may trade, we may speak, we may write, we may work,
 But it's not as it once "used to were,"
 For wages and profits alike have gone down,
 And we don't go-a-head I declare.

IV.

Oh, don't you believe it, my own Ben Bolt,
 That we won't forge ahead once again;
 There's a glorious future in store for us yet,
 In spite of our trouble and pain.
 Charles Hotham can't thwart us for long, Ben Bolt,
 Though his eggs and his pork be sold dear,
 If he take himself off in good time old boy,
 We need not rejoice o'er his bier.



LATEST INTELLIGENCE.
 SHOWING THE CAREFUL MANNER IN WHICH MELBOURNE NEWSPAPERS
 ARE DELIVERED TO THEIR SUBSCRIBERS ON WET MORNINGS.

Sporting.

It is not generally known, that Mr. Fellowes, the eminent barrister, was a distinguished member of the Jockey Club in England; and is even more skilful at cross country work, than at cross-examination; and though at the bar of the Supreme Court! he may sometimes take advantage of small loop holes in his opponent's case to creep through; in the hunting field, he prefers flying over five bars at a time, to availing himself of any opening whatever. In 1851, he rode the celebrated *Hullabaloo* (by *Hawk*, out of *Handsaw*) beating *Derrish*, *Jack-o'-Lantern*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Dusty Bob*, *Amelia* and *California*, [at the] Reckless-killen Steeple Chase. The only member of the Melbourne bar, whose equestrian fame at all approaches that of Mr. Fellowes, is Mr. Smythe, whose performances with the county hounds, he riding his own *Brogue* (by *Ignorance*, out of *Natural Stupidity*), are well known. A match between these two gentlemen, is to come off shortly on the Convincing Ground.

We are informed, that Judge Barry, has undertaken the arduous feat of picking up with his teeth, a hundred stones, a yard apart, and depositing them one by one in a basket. His hands are to be tied behind him, and he is to wear his wig. He will then repeat the Inaugural Address of the Melbourne University, with his mouth full of hot potatoes.

Mr. Pain, the well-known frequenter of the "Auction marts," has undertaken for a very considerable wager, to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.—The "Auction Mart" is an invaluable periodical, but we pity the land purchaser who finds himself an *Auction Martyr*.

What is the best proof of Coppin's success in his new speculation That till lately he had only a Cat (h) cart, but now he has also a *Brougham* on the establishment.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION.—What do you understand by the word diggings?

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Little change has taken place in the state of the market during the past week. A few buyers have been active, and have gone off rapidly for England and the neighbouring colonies, and have in consequence been a good deal enquired after, but the proverbial uncertainty of the Melbourne market has been illustrated in their cases. A scheme is on foot for connecting this colony with Timbuctoo, by means of a submarine atmospheric railway. It is proposed to dispose of the shares on a principle derived from experience in government debentures, Mrs. Chisholm's land ticket scheme, the Freehold Home Society and the Gondola Company. As yet there has been no great demand for shares, but the success of all the above institutions justifies the most sanguine anticipations. All those who are interested in the development of the resources of this rising colony will be glad to learn that the Chamber of Commerce have appointed a committee to consider and report upon the administration of customs laws in New Guinea. The enlightened adaptation of the mercantile usages among established communities is certain to be highly beneficial to our adopted country. Mr. Childers states that he has a copy of the Papuan tariff in his possession which he has kindly promised to place at the disposal of the committee.

Throughout the week pancakes have been unusually flat—holders of pens are stationary, and the same remark may be applied to paper and ink. According to the *Herald* there has been little disposition to rise above previous quotations, and the usual dulness prevails in most articles.

THE "DERNIER PANACEA."

"When public men, with brazen face,
 Seem but to glory in disgrace,
 Nor shame nor fame avails to bend them,
 What can the people do to mend them?
 "Why since off home we cannot bunch them,
 Or a steam quartz-crusher crunch them,
 The next best thing will be to *Punch* them.

MILITARY CRITICISM.

(FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF OUR CLAIRVOYANT REPORTER).

HAVING learned the other day that the celebrated address, written by Mr. Warburton Carr, for the recent garrison theatricals, had been submitted to a jury of taste, composed of the officers of the twelfth regiment in Melbourne, and pronounced by those competent critics to be "d—lish good." Mr. Punch immediately instructed his clairvoyant reporter to furnish a full account of what took place on the occasion. The following is the result of that gentleman's labours:—

Chorus of Officers.—Now, then, old boy, wet your whistle, and spit out the poetry.

Mr. Carr.—'Pon my sowl, now, it's jist a thrife. There thin, jist the last taste in life o' the crathur, and I'll give ye the pome:

My brethren in dramatic art

Have sent me here to play a favor'd part.

Now ye'll understand that "me" and "favor'd" 's in italics.

Captain A.—Now, don't talk shop—what's italics?

Ensign B.—I never heard 'em called by that name before (Roars of laughter).

Mr. Carr.—It's jist to make 'em emphatic.

Lieut. C.—What the doose for!

Mr. Carr.—A—a—a be asy thin, cantahy,

"And take advantage of a momentary pause,
To beg your kind approval and applause."

Lieut. D.—Now I mean to say that's doosid good. It's what you'd call all right about the dactyls and spondee's, you know. "Momentary" is a slap-up word for poetry, and jist the right length there.

Capt. E.—That's where you literary beggars have the pull of us; you know such d—d long words. Another man would have said "moment's pause," and spoilt it.

Lieut. D.—Ah, but the poetry wouldn't run that—

"And take advantage of a moment's pause,
To beg your kind approval and applause."

wouldn't have sounded so smooth you see.

Ensign F.—Oh, that's all my eye about the longs and shorta. What I like is

"To beg your kind approval and applause,"

It's so blessed original. I can't think how ever you invented that, Carr.

Mr. Carr.—Howld yher row, thin, while I go on.

"To-night, the laughter-loving muse we've woo'd."

Captain E.—Why, you old muff, it aint to be an equestrian spectacle. What d'ye want to talk about the mews for? Knock that out.

Lieut. E.—Oh, don't you mind him. "Muse" is no end of a classical allusion. Go on.

Mr. Carr.—"And hope to find you in a laughing mood."

Ensign F.—Never you fear.—You find the liquor, and I'll find the laugh.

Mr. Carr.—

"Let gentle mercy with your judgment blend;
Forgive our errors if you can't commend."

Ye see, Captain, there's more italics there, and they jist make up the point of a pome.

Captain A.—Ah! but you mustn't put it that way. If you don't stick up for yourself, nobody will for you. Besides, it's all d—lish good.

Several voices.—Go on Carr.

Mr. Carr.—

"In pleasing you, we please ourselves the most;
You are our welcome guests: we, the honoured host."

Ensign F.—That's the way: there's nothing like pitching it polite.

Capt. E.—Mind and teach the cad that's to say it, to take a good run at that last line, so as to make it sound the same length as the rest.

Mr. Carr.—

"Hard is the task to win the critic's praise;
But, you gentle ladies, can our drooping spirits raise."

Ensign L.—Isn't that last line a little too long! Of course the sentiment's good and original; but if you were to knock out three syllables, and say:—

"But you fair ladies, can our spirits raise;"

or something of that sort, wouldn't the line dress up better!

Lieut. H.—Not a bit; it's much better as it stands. It's d—d hard if you're to be tied down to syllables that way in garrison theatricals. Go it Carr.

Mr. Carr.—

"Draw the rank poison from the critic's sting,
And on our faults, your gentle mercies fling."

Ensign F.—Good again. Give it to the newspaper beggars.

Mr. Carr.—

"Ye learned professors, who in solemn judgment sit."

Ensign L.—That's rather long, isn't it, still?

Lieut. H.—It's doosed good. That's what it is. And plucky, too. I wouldn't have ventured within a mile of 'em.

Mr. Carr.—

"Ye mighty critics, who patronise the pit."

Lieut. H.—There, I told you so! The line about the professors was to match the line about the critics. They're not meant to be the same length as the rest.

Mr. Carr.—

"Have at ye all: We care not if you chide,
Provided we've the ladies on our side."

Capt. E.—What the blazes does "Have at ye all," mean.

Lieut. D.—Shut up E.—He doesn't mean anything. That's only what literary fellows call a touch out of the "elder dramatists."

Capt. J.—Besides, that way he brings up the ladies again. I like the ladies if it's only because you can always drink to 'em. Here goes.

Mr. Carr.—

"By hearts not laws we will be tried;
As men have none, why the ladies must decide."

Ensign L.—Men have no, what!

Lieut. D.—Laws, you muff, to be sure. Those two lines are particularly d—lish good. They're what mathematicians call a good average length. If one's too long, t'other's too short; and so they make up the right length between 'em. Go it.

Mr. Carr.—

"And Ireland himself in vain might try,
To catch our jury with his coaxing eye."

Capt. E.—Who's our jury?

Lieut. D.—The ladies to be sure.

Capt. E.—Well, but it's jist them that men can catch with a coaxing eye. Who else does he use a "coaxing eye to!"

Lieut. D.—Ah, but he puts *our* in italics, and makes it all right that way, don't you see. Besides Ireland's a cousin of his, and that makes the allusion in such deuced good taste.

Mr. Carr.—

"If our play be 'dull' our acting 'vile.'"

Ensign F.—I don't see you've any call to talk about the play being dull; you didn't write it. Still it's a good smooth line, so go a-head.

Mr. Carr.—

"We've won at least, that jury's smile."

Lieut. H.—There you see again, that line matches with "Ye learned professors, who in solemn judgment sit;" if one line isn't the same length as the one that comes next to it, you'll find another somewhere else to balance it.

Mr. Carr.—

"They never shrink to take the weaker cause,
Nor deal to merit only, their applause."

Ensign D.—In prose you'd have to say, "Never shrink from taking —"

Lieut. H.—Ah, but that's the beauty of poetry, you needn't be so particular. If it wasn't for the rhymes I should be a stunner at poetry myself.

Mr. Carr.—

"Thanks to an audience who with generous soul possessed,
Gives us a bumper to succour the distressed."

Capt. J.—I'm distressed, so succour me with a bumper.

Lieut. H.—There you have, the lines again as smooth as glass. I can't write poetry and be grammatical at the same time, like Carr—"An audience who gives us a bumper," is a regular fluke at grammar.

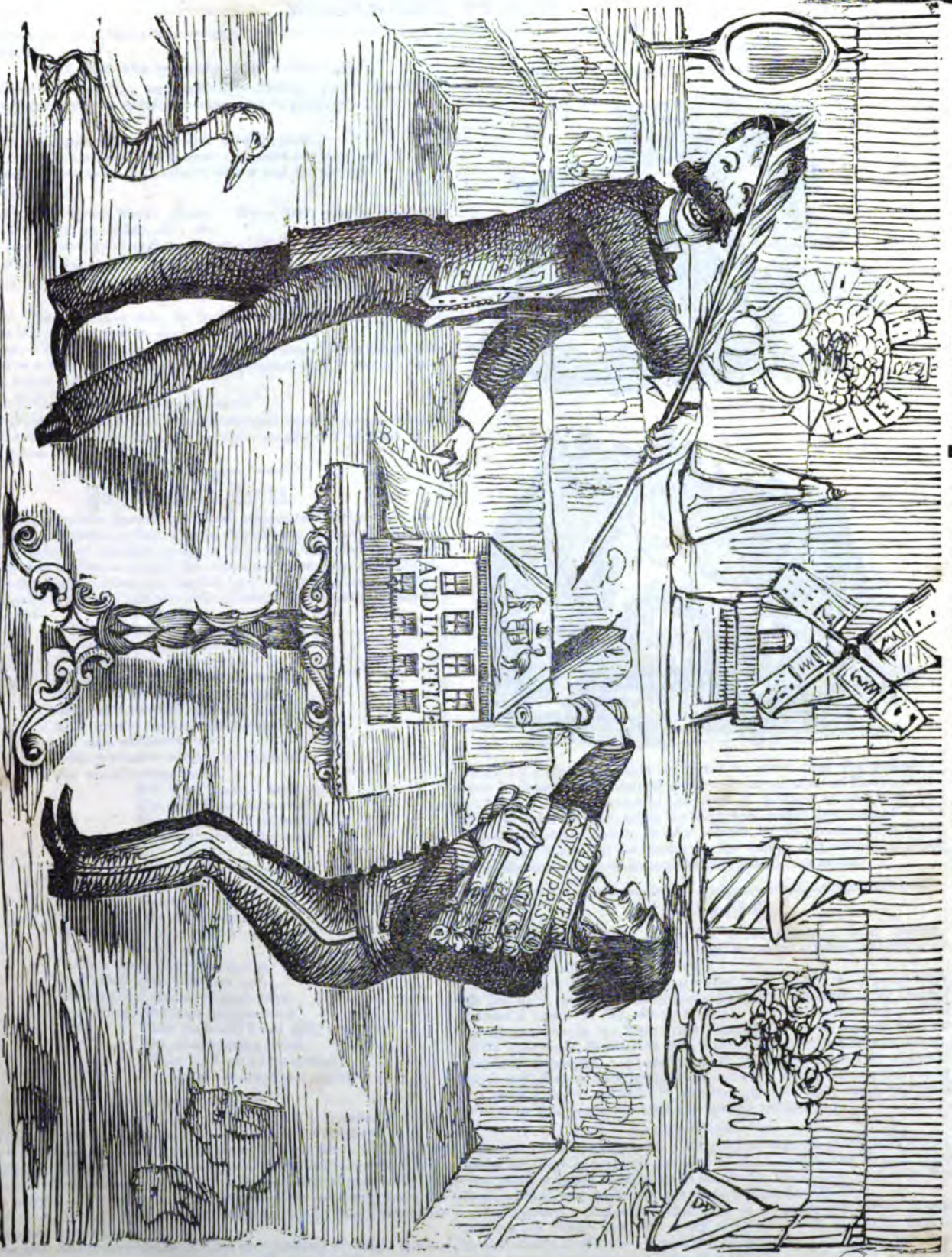
Mr. Carr.—

"In coming here to night, a noble impulse you disclose,
You help the victims of our country's foes."

Ensign L.—Wouldn't it be nearer the mark as to length, to say—"A noble impulse you to-night disclose."

Lieut. H.—Ah, it's d—d easy for you to talk that way; if you'd had to find the rhymes too, I should like to know where you'd have been.

CONJUROR GRIMESS'S GREAT FINANCE TRICK.



Conjurer Grimess.—Now Ladies and Gentlemen, you shall see my wonderful trick of producing a Public Balance Sheet out of Unadjusted Imprests and sums Unaccounted for. Spiritually, bring me some Unadjusted Imprests and sums Unaccounted for.

Sprightly, (Mr. Simms).—Here You Are, Sir—Plenty of 'em.

Conjurer Grimess.—Now Observe, I place these under a funnel of woolen-wool, (and in our mixture you'll see the Accounts Balance to a Penny. HAY, PHEASANT, &c., &c. (Public Balance Sheet produced.)

Mr. Carr.—

"And filled with sympathy in the soldier's cause."

Lieut. H.—(to Ensign L., reproachfully)—Perhaps you'd have had him make "sympathy" a syllable shorter, just to please you.

Mr. Carr.—

"Crown our poor efforts with your kind applause,
While thus in harmless mirth, some moments are beguiled,—
You shield from want the soldier's widow and his child."

Finis—Gentlemen.

Various voices.—Hear! Hear! Hear! Bravo Carr, you're another Byron. D—lish good, &c., &c., &c.

Ensign L.—I know it's doosid good, but what's it all about.

Lieut. H.—Why you muff, that's the very beauty of that kind of composition; to be long and stunningly pretty like that, and to say nothing.

Capt. E.—What puzzles me, is to understand how you literary fellahs can hit upon such d—d clever things.

Mr. Carr.—Well, thin, I'm puzzled tu; but ye see, if ye've got poetic genius, ye've sometimes got moments of inspiration, and it was in one o' thim, I knocked it off.

Omnes—Well any way it's "d—lish good."

At this point, our clairvoyant reporter declares that he got *en rapport* with a subaltern under the table, and can give no account of what farther took place.

In Australian Burns.

THE following exquisite stanzas, have been transmitted to us from the country. It is delightful to find, that in this distant part of the world, the true old spirit of Scottish poesy is still alive, and though some Scotchmen may profess to miss in the subjoined verses, the aptitude of expression that distinguished the "bard of Ayr," we believe less hypercritical southern readers will perceive little difference between the works of the two poets—

While brechan cozies crank the woo,
An' wawble touns spaul swankie coo,
I thumpit thro' the sna';
When waukit ingles wab the wame,
An' kintra coosers gawk the dame,
An' reekit hurdies thraw;
The crowdie pawkit frae the reek,
An unco wabster loona
Scrimp reamin' midden by the keek,
An' muckle sican tunes.

Still bleak there, I keek there,
The callow mawkins creel;
Nor blaw then, I scaw then
The blather cawdron beil.

II.

Aboon the clarkit buskie awn,
The weel broo'd cavies chap the bawn,
Craw crabbit airts are lang;
The creepie-chair an' bonnie rig,
May shoother shoon and kirn the big,
But a' 's a keckle clang.
To fyle the bonny wawkit rigs,
Auld Bauldrons trigs her loof,
Forfaughten muckle grunzie bigs,
And cleugh the hein shunned coof.

Then quat still I wot still,
The ratton haggis pyles,
While lug brae I hug scraigh,
To raught the slaps and styles.

Why should Miss Cathcart's salary be increased? Because, she has got Heir (higher) in her profession, since she went to Sydney.

UNIVERSITY IMPROVEMENT OF THE CHURCH CATECHISM.—What was the appellation which the individuals, who officiated in the spiritual relationship of God-papas and God-mamas, on the occasion of your initiation into the Anglican Ecclesiastical Establishment then conferred upon the juvenile academician, to whom this enquiry, is, by his Chancellor, graciously and benevolently addressed?

Correct and Satisfactory Answer.—The exertions of Anglo Saxon, and occasionally Hibernian operatives in auriferous localities.

CONUMDRUM.—How many *Hothams* would it take to make a rebellious

DIGGING INCIDENTS.

LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT WHILE BOTTOMING A HOLE.



N.B.—We are particularly requested to state, that the moleskin^s above depicted, were obtained at the well-known mart of Messrs. Moore and Aaron. Their wonderful strength of texture alone saved the life of the wearer: who, when the hook had caught him, instead of the bucket, was safely drawn to the surface by his unsuspecting mate. We congratulate the gentleman on his escape and, society on being spared the loss of one of its most distinguished ornaments.

EXQUISITE.

A correspondent, who dates his communication from Toorak, enquires "why the *hot ham*, at the Governor's table, should be so incompatible with the Colonial *weal*?"

This is the seventeenth correspondent; who, within the present week has hit upon the exquisitely humorous idea of dividing Sir Charles Hotham's name in the above manner. We only print the present communication, in the hope, that—though seventeen persons have no doubt convulsed themselves over this fatuous pun, while each (in unconscious depravity) supposed himself to be it's parent and author—the *British Empire* does not contain a wretch, who (to quote the words of Cobbet's ghost) would be "base enough and brute beast enough" to send us this pun *again* after the present publication.

LIGHT AND FANTASTIC.—A distinguished member of the Rifle Corps, whose language now always partakes of the technicalities of Ball practice, says, that the feast given to La Trobe, commonly known as the Cup and Ball, was good, but not a *patch upon the Rifle Ball*.

DEFINITIONS:—A *Leader*—that part of a newspaper which people read last; A *Poem*—that part of any periodical which the public decline to read at all; A *Murder*—a civilized excitement. *Public Opinion*—the most recent imposition; a *Colonial Secretary*—a Governor's Clerk; an *Auditor-General*—a negligent student of accounts; a *Punch*—the safe guard of the Colony.



SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

Juliet.—"GO GET THEE HENCE, FOR I WILL NOT AWAY."

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO ACTORS.

Don't underrate your capabilities. If the Manager cast you for Rosencrantz, instead of Hamlet, you are justified in assuming that a miserable feeling of jealousy has been instrumental in thrusting you into the background.

Adopt an eccentricity of manner, and a mysteriousness of speech in private society. They are the characteristics of genius, and every actor is necessarily a born genius.

On the stage, above all things, avoid everything that may appear natural in gesture, tone, attitude, and by-play. Shakspeare said something about holding a looking glass up to nature; but Shakspeare was an old fogey, and slow—decidedly slow.

Wherever an "Aude" occurs, advance to the footlights and deliver the passage, *ore rotundo*, to the orchestra. A little grimace is also a desirable accompaniment.

If the reception of a letter forms part of your "business," start and cry "Ha!" the moment it is placed in your hands. You are supposed to have an intuitive knowledge of its contents, without perusing it. Hold the document out at arm's length, and smite your forehead audibly. People never do so off the stage, which is a sufficient justification of the action, *on* it.

If (and this applies more particularly to the ladies) you possess a fine set of teeth; follow Mr. Carker's example, and keep them always bare. An unalterable grin is the most appropriate expression of countenance under all circumstances, and in every possible phase of passion.

Drop your aspirates. The letter "h" is a nuisance and a superfluity. For example:—

"My 'art's in the 'ighland, my 'art is not ere," should be sung or spoken as we have written it, all the authorities to the contrary notwithstanding. But you must invariably asperate the "h" before the words "honor" and "honest." It was a practice obtained at the Queen's Theatre; and as that temple of the drama is the property of the Mayor, and as the Mayor is King of Melbourne, and as the King can do no wrong, the aforesaid aspirates are necessarily right. *Punch's* logic is as authoritative as his advice.

In sustaining the character of a lover, do not scruple to display the utmost awkwardness. Lovers are naturally aykward, and why should you be otherwise?

The imperfect acquirement of your part is an advantage rather than otherwise. It compels you to "gag," and your own language and deas are sure to be preferable to those of the dramatist.

Anachronisms of costume may be entirely disregarded. Select the dress which sets off your face and figure to the best advantage, without reference to the date of the drama or the rank of the character.

Should it be your untoward lot to make your appearance as a footman, lay your hand upon your heart and offer an oriental salaam, as often as you receive the commands of your superiors. The powdered "Chawleesa" of Belgravia always do so, upon like occasions.

Subscribe to *Melbourne Punch*: Treasure up his maxims and adhere to his advice. Your names will then become

"Great in mouths of wisest censure."

THE AGE.

The "Age" is a wonderful journal—but ah!

That "ah" is a blot on it's page;

For R when appended to "Age" 'twill be seen,

Results in but little but Rage.

POETA NASCITUR NON FIT.—An ignorant individual wishes to know whether since Adam there ever was anybody of whom the same observation might not be correctly made. We must confess that to the literally minded, Eve is the only exception.

HERALDRY.—A correspondent informs us that the coat of arms of Mr. Childers, consists of a jerquer chained *sable*, opposed an importer rampant *gules*, motto "Customs more honoured in the breach than the observance."

HOW-QUA-FO-LA-A-TCHA. — The author of "glances at the gold fields," tell us that at the Bendigo place of Chinese worship, he saw on the altar, a quantity of mutton chops and some brass candlesticks. We look upon this as a hopeful sign for those who propose to evangelise the Chinese. Much change will be necessary in their ecclesiastical system; and the mutton chops on the altar were no doubt laid in with a view to such *alter-rations*.

JUDEX DAMNATUR OUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.—The contrary we believe is the case at our criminal trials. The judge is invariably d—d by the prisoner, when there is a conviction.

GEELONG SENTIMENT.—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

OUT OF HARNESS.—We understand that explanations have been sought of the Chief Justice by the other judges with respect to the above title of his recent work. It is too suggestive.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. III.—LETTER VI.

GEO. CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HARRY IN ENGLAND.

DEAR HARRY,

Since I wrote to you last, I have spent a day in delivering letters of introduction. You will remember how I went about collecting these precious documents, and what faith I pinned to them. I lost so much waste paper in delivering them. I do not indeed say that if I were coming again I would decline letters of introduction. They may be of use, and can do no harm. I, am told that in other colonies, and at other times, they have laid the foundation of at least agreeable acquaintanceships. Here, they have not even been productive of ordinary conventional civilities. The first man I called upon was a wealthy merchant, who had been an intimate friend of the——'s from his sixth year, until he left England for this place, about eight or ten years back. Now I having made up my mind to dig—had laid myself out to resist all kinds of friendly importunities, and had a notion that I should make a great impression of my disinterestedness—should show that I, at least was not a letter-delivering bore—by saying that I was very glad to make his acquaintance, had often heard him spoken of, and so forth, and by disclaiming the want of any assistance. I hadn't the least chance offered me however of manifesting my good qualities. I waited for about half-an-hour before I could see my merchant prince; and when I went in to him, he was just opening my letter of introduction. He asked me how the——'s were—told me he was afraid I should find Melbourne very uncomfortable—said he should be very glad to be of service to me, in a tone that meant he hoped never to see me again, and—bowed me out.

I felt a little awkward, I confess: and did not acquit myself with as much dignity as I could have wished. And Clifford, a shipmate of mine, who had brought introductions to the same man, put me to shame altogether by his superior presence of mind. He was patronised, as I had been, the great man concluding with "Well Mr. Clifford, and what would you wish me to do for you?" "Thank you." Said the audacious new chum most imperturbably. "you can give me a good weed and a decent glass of sherry, I suppose!"—The merchant prince was on the point of fainting.

My next consignee was in the government service—a rising man I am told. As in almost every other case, his first efforts was to disarm me, and assert the impossibility of rendering me any assistance. Every ruffian among them seemed to take it for granted that I wanted to sponge upon him for help. Well, Master Red Tape threw off at once with a whole history about the numbers of persons crowding into the government service, and about the long lists of applicants which Mr. La Trobe had to deal with. He—my new friend Sealing Wax I mean—would be glad to mention my name, but he feared it would be of no use. When I said that I had made arrangements to go to the diggings next Monday, he said he was so sorry—that it would have given Mrs. —— so much pleasure, if I could have joined a little party they were giving on Tuesday week. As it was, he wished me all success, and—bowed me out.

My next venture was with a gentleman who some years ago was gardener to George's father. This—I have no doubt—excellent man, received me with much condescension and considerable parsimony as to his A's. For the sake of old acquaintance, if a matter of five pound would be of use to me, he should be most 'appy and so forth. He wished he could ask me to dinner, but Mrs. —— had been so put about with servants, that they hadn't seen no company this long time. I didn't draw upon him for the five pounds, at which he seemed relieved, and left him. However, I won't trouble you with the details of the long investigation which I made into the virtues of letters of introduction. The utmost aid I received came in the shape of regrets, that it could not be rendered—the utmost hospitality, in a neuter sense, that none could be offered to me.

Fortunately, I asked and needed none of either, but I have been impressed with a firm and settled conviction, that this is the most inhospitable and unfriendly spot upon the face of the earth. It may be all very well to take ——'s theory, that hospitality is a "savage virtue," and in a great measure, I grant this; but the very circumstances, that make inhospitality a savage vice operate here. If a hungry traveller arrives at a Bedouin tent it would be and would be considered—a real vice to "bow him out." I have already met many poor fellows, who have been counting without their host, on meeting with some sort of cordiality from their friends' friends here, and who feel completely turned adrift into the desert, as the wall of cold civility has

risen between them and their hopes of a kindly greeting. If I were inclined to misanthropy, the way in which old residents treat newcomers—the sort of Bumble and Oliver Twist relation, almost universally sought, to be established—would admirably cherish my humour.

Let me be candid however. I feel the unholy influence of the place; I was all agoz for diggings news and diggings information, and being introduced, unexpectedly, to a man that I thought, was an experienced gold fields' resident; I felt a certain revulsion of feeling, and a persuasion, that he was a nuisance and a bore, when I found, that he was only a new-chum like myself, seeking information and advice. I suppose I only want the established den to be as great a bear as the rest of them.

Having got through the letters of introduction; Brown, I, and our two mates, began seriously to set about the diggings campaign. We resolved upon the purchase of all necessaries in Melbourne, and of two horses and a cart to convey us to the scene of action. By this time, you will have learned from multitudinous sources, all about the tin dishes, cradles and long boots, with which one sets about such an undertaking. You can have little idea of the swindles we have had to encounter, in the way of horse-flesh bargains, or of the suasive eloquence of Austral-Hebrew out-fitters. We have, of course, been cheated right and left. We are now prepared to meet all casualties—or think we are, which comes to much the same thing, and mean "let what come what may," to start on Monday next, as first agreed upon. I shall take an early opportunity of giving you an account of our progress; and in the meantime, remain,

Your affectionate brother,

GEO. CHISLEHURST.

LETTER VII.

JOHN SLAGGE, ESQ., MELBOURNE—TO ROBT. POPPE, ESQ., LONDON.

DEAR BOB,—

Since I wrote to you last, I've took a stunning place in Collins-street, and have opened business as no end of a swell. You should hear me talk about expected consignments and agents at home, and that kind of thing. It all goes down like mother's milk, and if I wanted to do the local houses, I just about could. But that aint my game. I mean to do it all square, and be the real mercantile cheese. I'm the agent for a lot of firms that have deputed me to see what business can be established here, and I've taken precious good care to send home a few little lots of gold to the people I talk about, by way of making the connection *bona fide*. Then I draw against the gold, and do my paper at the bank, and work about the same money, again and again.

The first thing by way of filling my store, was to take in the boxes of the Blunderbore chaps, on rent. Though the beggars never seemed to believe in me much, they liked better to leave their boxes with me, than with men they didn't know at all. I charge 'em a box a box a week each; and when you come to have four or five hundred boxes in your place, it helps to pay expenses. Then I can see every now and then, the dodge is to have a sale of unclaimed boxes; and when the owners turn up again they've got nothing to depend on, and you can make it all right with 'em for a trifle. Gold buying pays too, if you set about it the right way. If you offer three-pence an ounce more than other people, your scales may work a little stiff, and no harm done. I give you my word the money keeps turning in.

I bought a lot of land at a Government sale the other day, and had it cut up into a township, it was no more fit for a township, than Putney-bridge is; but a surveying fellow made a grand plan of it, with lots of parrots and shells about the corners; and there was a champagne lunch, and a band of music at the sale; and I sold the lots for about five times what they cost me, before I'd paid the balance of the purchase-money. One or two buyers, said, they'd been imposed upon, but I referred them to my solicitor; the parties was too poor to prosecute, and all came out right. I'm going into that dodge more extensively; I've started a public house too, in Melbourne, and besides that, I've got one or two sly-grog selling chap on the diggings, who get their liquor from me on tick—and I know how to make my money out of them. Everything goes on flying with me, and I don't like to calculate, how much a year I'm making. So much for business. Then in the way of pleasure; I've cut all the Blunderbore gals, that I'd got over and over again tired of on the voyage; and I've made it all right with a lovely creature, such as you never see at all the Casinos. I've a little crib at Richmond, that it would do you good to set your eyes on; there aint many that I let come to see me there, but such games as we carry on, would about open your weak eyes. All sorts of swells come to see me, and pretend to be shocked at first, and yet go in for it all thoroughly now that I've got the name of making lots of money. It does my heart good to see the way poor fellows, who don't know the art of putting themselves right with

the world, toil and slave away and take miserable berths, and go up digging and one thing and another, while I live like a fighting cock, and make my way and pay it too. I met that beggar Chislehurst a few days ago, and told him how I was doing, and he said he'd starve to death rather than do the same. I suppose he fancied it was all outside show; but my bank book can show the contrary. Now, the poor devil has gone up to dig; while I, just because I've got more of a managing turn, stop down in Melbourne, and live like a fighting cock. Those that grumble about the Colony, don't know how to turn the Colony to account. I'm just on the fair road to be a top sawyer here, and when I get back, with my thousands a year, I shall know how to chaff your three pound a week men. Curse the Colony, of course; but I mean to make a good thing out of it before I leave it. I've the ins and outs of it. If you don't bother your head about politics and principle, and that kind of rot, and just do by others as others do by you, you can make it answer right well. I haven't had a baulk since I came except about a stupid little girl, called Amelia Smith, that was foo, enough to believe all I told her on the passage, for want of something better to do.

She keeps bothering me a little; but, if she bothers me much more I shall just set the police at her, and teach her what it is to keep troubling respectable people. Fun's fun on the voyage out; but there must be an end of it, when you set up steadily in business. I expect to see you out shortly; but I shall be a long way ahead of you by the time you come, so don't expect too much from

Your affectionate friend,
JOHN SLAGGE.

The Rhyme of the New Policeman.

It is a lounging citizen,
And he stops a man in blue;
"By thy trim moustache and thy curly beard,
Why, am I stopp'd by you?"

"'Tis a dire offence, against the law,
To obstruct the New Police,
Upon our beat in William-street,
I prithee, go in peace."

But still he holds the man in blue,
"There's something up," quoth he;
"Nay, that's another matter quite,
Explain it all to me."

"I can't explain! I want to know,
What all these red-coats mean,
And why, before the Trea-sury,
This double guard is seen!"

Then to him, Joseph makes reply,
"How jolly green you are;
To-day, we all expect, d'ye see,
A dreadful civil war."

"For Mooney and the Mayor are gone
To Toorak for the key,
To unlock all the land that lie
'Twixt Murray and the sea."

"And as Sir Charles is firm resolved
The boon to still withhold;
He thinks the starveling mob will make
A rush to grab the gold."

"To grab the gold!" the stranger cried,
And stared in wild amaze;
"Sir Charles is mad, and ought to end
At Yarra Bend his days."

"No plund'ring mob, no robber-creed,
These sturdy sons of toil,
They only wish for leave to till
The waste and desert soil,"

The man in blue, strode up the street,
The questioner strode down,
Condemning, as he went along,
The viceroy of the Crown.

That night the needless guard withdrew—
Their watch had been in vain;
And, having march'd to William-street,
They all march'd back again.

A VOICE FROM THE PANTRY.

TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, Esq.

(Private and Confidential.)

HONNERD SIR,

Ow you was introjuiced to our pantry, goodness nose. "Syruptiasueuly of coarse," sez I to Tummas; but Tummas only shoed his teeth, and pinto to the pictor You no what I mean—Sir Chawles and my laddie, and the cash box and the heggs.

Such a dust as that pickter kikt up you never sor. Lunshing was jest over, when the papers was brort in, and Sir Chawles first of all give a look at the irritatin *Age*, an orrid lo paper, which has no respect for the haricstockrisy, nor for genlun in livry. Sir Chawles makes a pint of readin it fust, wich puts him out of temper for the rest of the day, and makes him cuss and sware dredful. As to the *Argus*, he takes it the last thing at nite, like a composin draft, bekos it makes him sleep, for which I have found it also yewful.

"What's this?" said his Eggsellingsy, when I handed him the new peerodikle on the wayter.

"*Melbourne Punch*, Sir Chawles," sez I.

"Oh!" sez he, quite calm and kolleekted like.

So he puts his glasses on his knows, wile I pores the bier as was not drunk, into a bottle for next day's lunshing, and carries off the imitation stiltin, which dekerates the table. When I came back, Sir Chawles was walkin up and down the rheum like mad.

"Mootiny and rebellion," sez he.

"Blasfeny and sedishun," sez my lady.

"Wus than that," sez Sir Chawles, "To karikatoor me, the Government of Victoria, is treasing to the throan."

Then his Eggsellingsy walks up to the looking glass, (for Sir Chawles is a little vane of his pursing,) and a pullin up the corners of his cholier and a pushin up his air to cover his bawidness, and a standing as uprite as a ramrod, "Is that pickter like me, lady H.—?" says His Eggsellingsy.

"My dear Sir Chawles," sez she, a soothin on him.

"If I had the artist aboard ship, I'd try him by court marshall, I'd flog him within an inch of his life, and then hang him at the yard-arm. Wilkins, leave the rheum."

Wat moor insood, this little suckumstans forbids to menshun. Sir Charles's own genlman ashhoors me that his Eggsellingsy's couduct towards him was pufficky unbareable. Furst, the boot-jack floo at his hed, then Sir Charles used egspreshins which are unmenashinable to years perlite; then he kickt the cat throo the drawrin rheum winder; then he tolled the valley to go to the whats-ismame, and the valley came to my pantry and unpard his confidings.

Honnerd Sir, The peas of eye familys is not to be revolushunized by the base arts of insendarys, and domestixs as is used to good society, swear at, and boot-jackt, in consekence of inflamatary pickters. If you take his Eggsellingsy off again, Tummas and me, and Sir Chawles's own genlmen will be panefully obligated to take ourselves off too.

Your's, &c.,

JOSEPH WILKINS.

MEMS. FROM THE DIGGINGS.—The local courts, exclude all lawyers; but we would suggest to them, that it is not necessary to their consistency, that they should also dispense with all law.

BENDIGO MAC.—This eminent magistrate, has just been presented with a testimonial, by most of the unconvicted inhabitants of Sandhurst. Much regret was expressed on this pleasing occasion, that the number of subscribers should be so small; a melancholy result of his worship's energetic use of the powers of summary conviction.

THE GOVERNOR.—In England, a jocular synonyme for a parent; in a Colony, an appropriate description of a Czar.

JUDICIAL PLEASANTRY.—Mr. Justice Barry, the other day, sentenced a turnpike man, to three years on the roads. One would have thought that sending coals to Newcastle, had by this time, gone out of fashion.

COMPLETION OF THE MOUNT ALEXANDER ROAD.—We are glad to be able to inform our country readers, that Judge Barry, the Attorney-General, the President of the Road Board, and the Colonial Secretary, have been up to Castlemaine this week. It is a matter of personal congratulation and public regret, that no serious accident occurred to any of these distinguished Government Officers, on the way.

THE KING OVER THE WATER.—A curious instance of the adaptation of English allusions to Colonial affairs is found in the toast now constantly in use in official circles—We mean, "The Governor—over the beer."



Scene—THE BLACK FOREST.
Air—"STILL SO GENTLY O'ER ME STEALING,"

NO CONSIDERATION.

THE following paragraph is from the *Herald*, of Monday last; a similar statement was also given in the *Argus*:—

CRUELTY TO GOATS.—A lad about twelve years of age, named William Buckham, was brought up on Saturday, at the District Court, charged with cruelty to two goats. It appeared, that the boy had harnessed the two goats to a cart, and was driving them along the road, when he was apprehended for the offence; he had been previously cautioned for similar conduct. Mr. Noel, in consideration of his youth, and of his being locked up all night—ordered him to be imprisoned for an hour.

On first reading this paragraph, we were much puzzled. Wm. Buckham was, it seemed, imprisoned for putting a couple of goats in harness; the police and police-magistracy being so tender hearted, that this is in their eyes a piece of cruelty, deserving to be visited with heavy penalties. But why is the harnessing of goats more culpable than the harnessing of horses or bullocks? Goat carts have been always in our mind associated with youthful innocence, Kensington Gardens and that kind of thing. Had the boy been caught harnessing donkeys, we could have explained the proceedings of the bench, by referring it to family favouritism; although we observe, that donkeys are generally not much cared for by the magistracy and police, probably from fear of charges of nepotism. But as it is not alleged that the boy maltreated the goats we were puzzled at first to account for his punishment. On closer perusal we find, however, that it was not for cruelty that Buckham was imprisoned for an hour, but for the double offence of youth, and of having been locked up all night. The young vagabond—it served him right. What business had he to be locked up all night—and be only twelve years old too. Reporters should, however, be more careful about the construction of their paragraphs as, at the first glance, it appears as if Buckham had been imprisoned for cruelty to goats.

MEASURES NOT MEN.—If the Hon. Mr. Childers takes his seat in the Legislative Council by virtue of his office as Collector of *Customs*, why cannot Mr. Aaron, the eminent Israelite outfitter, claim an equal privilege as a Collector of *Habits*!

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—We have been requested to announce the following entertainments, in aid of the Patriotic Fund—*The Cock and Bottle*: Ball at, in a few days: Music by the celebrated German band. N. B.—No smoking in the ladies' cloak room. *The Sailors' Arms Concert.*—No improper characters admitted. The Committee cannot (after the Rifle ball) guarantee the security of gentlemen's hats. Parties are recommended to wear wide-a-wakes.

COLLINGWOOD DESTITUTION.—An ingenious correspondent suggests that, whereas the eagles are discoverable where the carcass is to be found. Collingwood Destitution may have heard of the Collingwood Collection. He is contradicted by Philanthropos, who states that, whilst the poverty of the district is very clear, it's charity is very Hayesy.

The Song of the Bushranger.

AIR—*The Chough and Crow.*

Stawell and Haines to roost are gone,
Hotham is up the tree;†
Disbanded clerks look sad and wan,
And blame economy.

The scant police no more we ken,
They havn't got their pay;
Uprouse ye then my merry men,
It is our opening day.

II.

Both beak and peeler are asleep,
They've lost their wanted power;
Baffled Sir Charles dares scarcely peep,
From out his Toorak tower.

The Diggings roads are open then,
And none shall stop our way;
Uprouse ye then my merry men,
It is our opening day.

Punch's Advice to Colonial Officials.

No. 1.

THE GOVERNOR.

THERE is one fundamental truth, which you must ever bear in mind, and which will save you a world of blundering and indecision. Colonies are for Governors—not Governors for Colonies. You will, however, in all probability, have thoroughly mastered this truth, before you leave England. It may be taken for granted, that you are of good family and connections; and you will have had the fact impressed upon your mind a thousand times, in the domestic circle, that you are making a tremendous sacrifice, in giving up Grouse-shooting, the Opera, Rotten-row, &c., &c.,—to go among a parcel of savages, convicts and adventurers. You will perfectly understand, that you are not an adventurer yourself. Your elder brother has been attached to the *Weinichtwo* embassy, the second, is permanent under secretary in the Penwiper Office; so that the family interest being well nigh exhausted, there is nothing for poor Charles, but banishment and a Colony.

When you apply for your appointment in Downing-street, you will not be expected to know anything of the place you are to govern, and of course, you must not trouble yourself to enquire. Make the most of the London season, while you remain, and amid the condolences of your friends, take comfort from the thoughts of your salary, and your subsequent return to civilized life. The only enquiries, as to the colony, which you should make, relate to the "allowances" you are to receive, and the sort of government-house, you are to get. The Colony is for you,—not you for the colony.

When you arrive at the seat of your government, you should try and make yourself popular for a little while. Your subjects will probably be in such spirits at having got rid of your predecessor, that they will be inclined to receive you with open arms. Of course you will not care about their opinions, but there are pecuniary reasons for getting a good name to begin with. In accordance with the levelling tendencies of the present day, the Legislative Council of your province will probably have considerable control over the public purse, and you must kindle their enthusiasm with fine speeches until they have passed an act doubling your salary. Then you need occupy your mind no longer with colonial affairs, but set about the real business you came to accomplish.

To this end you should have a good rupture with your people at once, and have done with it. If you try to remain moderately popular, you will always be like Mahomet's coffin, in suspense. You must in such case, at least remain true to a party, and that is sheer waste of labour and anxiety, seeing that you get paid just the same for being true to nobody but yourself. If you can manage it, get up a rebellion somewhere, and then put it down. A few people will be killed, but that is no affair of yours. Write home an alarming account of the turbulence of the population, and the necessity for prompt and vigorous

action on your part. Express your deep regret at the loss of life that has ensued, and your firm conviction that it would have been much greater if the troops had reserved their fire. If you like, you can head a subscription for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who have been killed in the riot: But this course would be unusual. Sir Charles Hotham did nothing of the kind in the case of the Ballarat business. No doubt he was actuated by the worthiest motives, and feared to encourage people in getting up a rebellion, in order to provide for their families by being shot.

When you have fairly quarrelled with your people, snubbed your best officers, and extracted as much from your council as you can in the shape of salary, allowances, and improvements of government house, you must just sit down and weather out your five or six years as you best can. Very likely government house will have a good domain about it, which, by careful cultivation, can be made to yield a handsome revenue. There is nothing inconsistent in being a governor and a market gardener at the same time. Then you can save labourers wages in many ways, and so gain a point upon other market gardeners. Men sent by government contractors or the public works department, to effect improvements in the buildings, can be made to work half their time trenching, planting, &c. You can also develop a talent taste for horticulture in your sentries when off duty. A dairy pays well, especially if your wife is a good manager. You can not only supply your household with milk, butter, eggs, pork, &c., but you can effect beneficial exchanges with your neighbours, for beer and butchers' meat. Thus, when you kill a pig, send an orderly about to dispose of the legs and griskins. Some people say this is undignified, but it is not so. It only sets a good example of contempt for conventionalities.

You will occasionally be expected to show a little hospitality to your subjects. A Government House, Ball, on the Queen's birth day, is at all events regarded almost as a public right in every portion of Her Majesty's Colonial empire. A world of advice might be given to you, on your conduct upon such occasions; but, Sir Chas. Hotham has set so admirable and perfect an example in this respect, that it will suffice merely to refer you for a model ball, to one which has distinguished his brilliant and useful reign as Governor of Victoria. If you regulate your entertainments in like manner, you will not only set a praiseworthy example of economy; but you will in two ways promote your great object of making as much as you can for yourself during the brief period of your reign. In the first place, there is the downright saving—and it takes a good many dozen of eggs to make up a dozen of champagne. And secondly, you will get heartily abused for the management of your first ball, that you may very properly take a huff and declare that it'll be a long time before you give another to such a parcel of scurrilous barbarians.

Thus you come well out of the obligation to entertain them, and this will make a difference of a good thousand a year to you. In the course of six years, what with compound interest and so on, you will have added seven or eight thousand pounds to your stock by this one kind of saving alone. As a general rule, however, if you manage your pigs, poultry, potatoes, and allowances of one kind and another well, you may save your whole salary—but to effect so much, you must be a man with a real turn for that kind of thing, and must give your whole thoughts to it.

In writing dispatches home—ever bearing in mind your first fundamental principle—you should keep impressing upon the Colonial Minister, that the one thing needful for the welfare of the Colony, is extra power invested in yourself. You should begin writing in this way from the beginning—while you are still going on about the "rights of the people" in your speeches. It will be probably some months before the Colonists see the dispatches, and by that time you ought to have made it all right about your money, and needn't care for the disclosure of what will most likely be called your "treachery." There are many other pieces of advice which might profit you, such as—on the choice and management of your toadies—on your speeches to the legislature—on your treatment of men of science—on the sort of language and grammar to be used in official correspondence—on the art of snubbing, &c., &c., &c. But, to a man of intelligence, all these things come easily enough, when he has mastered the primary principles. Follow out these rigidly, and after a few years you will be able to return to your native country, hated and despised indeed, by those who know you best; but carrying away a goodly fortune, with which, and your excellent connection, you will secure the esteem of a large circle of friends. To them, you will be able to tell the tale of your adventures, your exertions for the good of the people, and their base ingratitude. Your friends and you will agree in the conclusion, that Colonists must be a despicable set of savages to have thus treated so excellent a Governor.

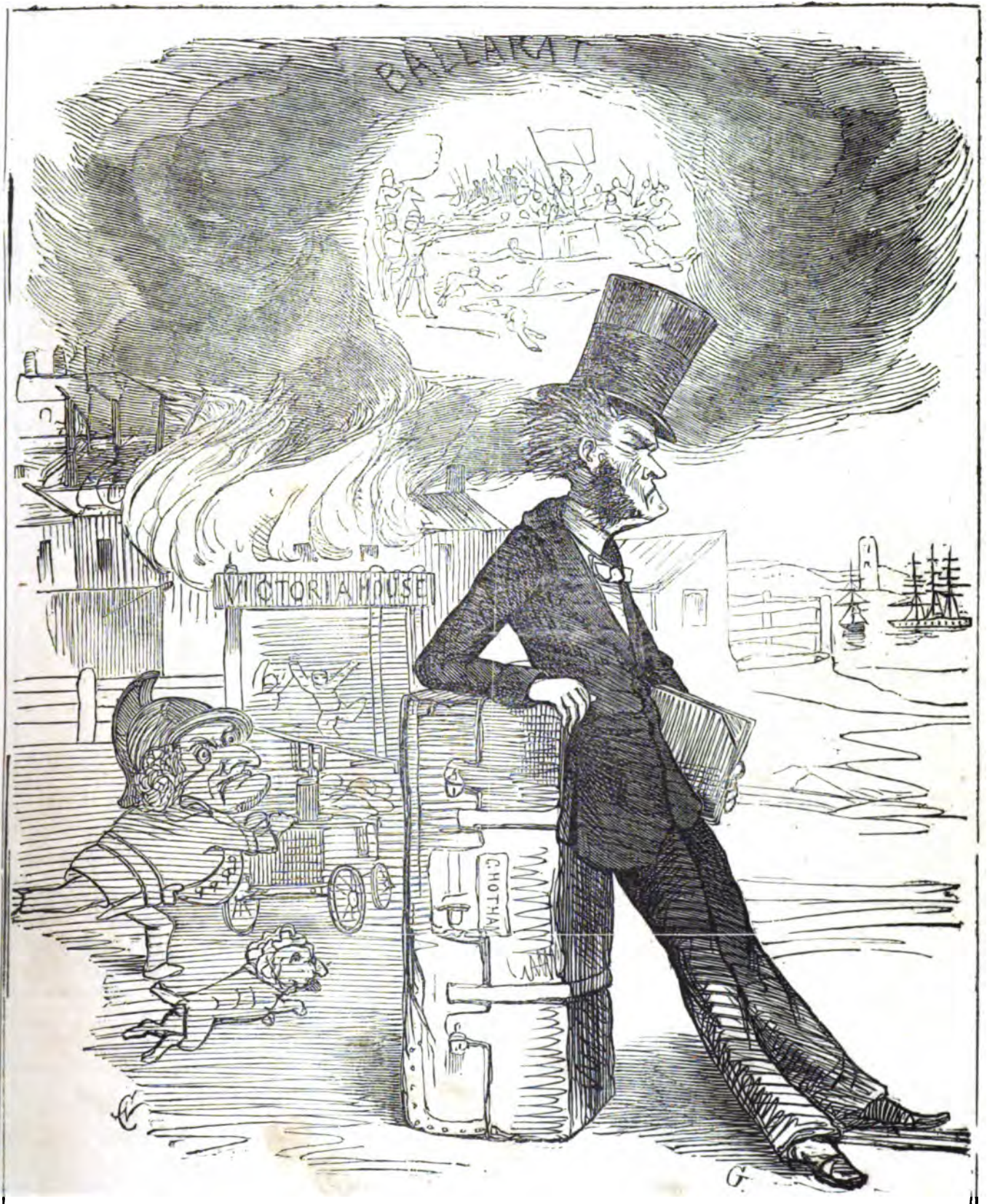


YOUNG AUSTRALIA COMMERCIAL OPERATIONS.

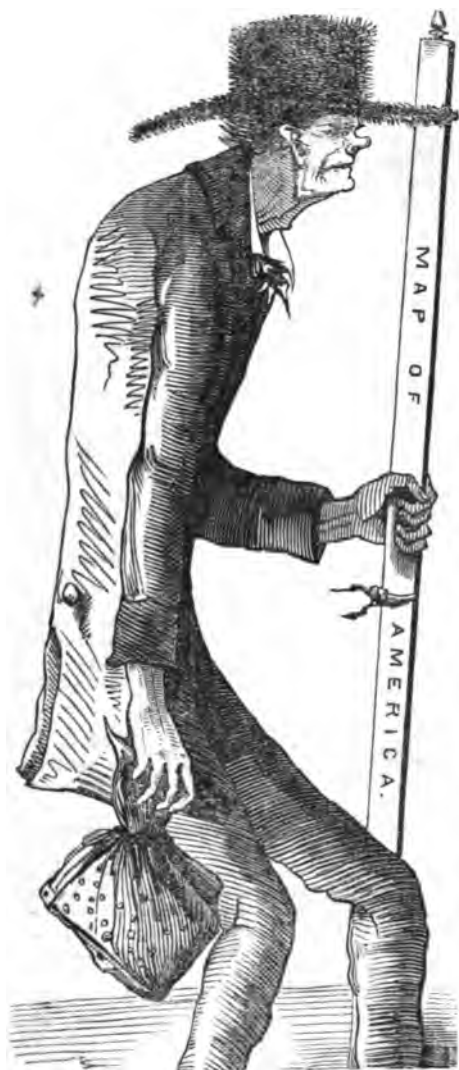
Fruit Merchant.—HERE, JEN, I'LL TRADE WITH YOU FOR SOME OF THEM PUNCHES FOR DATES. I AINT GOT NO CASH JUST NOW.
News Agent.—CAN'T SELL FOR NOTHING BUT CASH (RUNNING OFF). HERE YOU ARE, MELBOURNE PUNCH, ONLY SIXPENCE.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- SCRUTATOR.**—We have been rather bored with your letters, we confess they are too long, too minute, too assuming, and too devoid of interest; but there would be no impropriety in publishing them in a permanent form. Disposed of on the same terms as the *Herald Advertising Sheet*, they would have an illimitable circulation.
- D. B.**—There is evidently a highly moral supervision over the advertisements of the journal in which you profess an interest, and except when the proprietary have been baffled by improper females advertising in French we have seldom seen anything to complain of in that department; but we think the paper would be improved by the omission of all the original leaders.
- PORTA.**—We pay 50 guineas a column for good poetry, but are rather particular. Do not send more than ten or twelve pages at first.
- CHAMBERS.**—The nearest way from St. Peter's Church to Brunswick street, is over Richmond Bridge.
- MATHEMATICIAN.**—To find the third power of nine-bawble-square multiply the cotangent by a , and ascertain the logarithmic sine by the tables. Multiply by the secant of an equilateral triangle, divide the product by $(6 \times d \times a) \times (9 \times x \times y)$. Extract the cubo root, and you will have the number required.
- 2.—We are unable to state the length of the cord of Noah's Ark.
- 3.—To find the versed sine of a public house hint to some medical students, that the portrait of the Marquis of Granby hanging outside that hostelry, would look better upside down. You will most probably find the versed sign next morning.
- INQUIRER.**—His worship the Mayor, was originally intended for the church. He was educated at Oxford.
- SHYLOCK.**—We are not aware that Mr. Henry Miller, M.L.C., is of Hebrew extraction. He is certainly not a converted Jew himself.
- SUGGESTIVE.**—You should write to the editor of the journal in question "Age before honesty," would no doubt be an appropriate motto.
- JOCKEY.**—We really cannot say, with any confidence, whether Mr Myles, M.L.C., is the paternal relative of the celebrated "Myles Boy"—who is so famous for prophesying the fastest racing horses. From the dissimilarity of their ideas; we, ourselves, are of opinion, that he is not. Mr. Myles is better calculated for a knowledge of "slow coaches" than fast horses; and is decidedly anything but a prophet.



LET IT BURN, I'M ONLY A LODGER.



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.
(To be concluded in our next).

An Address to A Certain Governor.

The most remarkable of the circumstances, connected with the following exquisite stanzas, is, that they were written by a man, who never saw, read, or heard of Moore's lines, beginning "With woman's form and woman's tricks:"—

I.
With naval notions, naval tricks,
Your civil functions so you mix—
One knows not where to take you;
Sailor, chief magistrate or czar,
Go, ask Newcastle, what you are,
Or what he meant to make you.

II.
Yet stay, you needn't take the pains
With neither manners, heart, nor brains
For sea or land's desiring.
Stuck-up as Barry,—muff as Grimes,
Trimming and turning with the times,
The thing's not worth enquiring.

"NOTHING OFF!"—A correspondent sends us the following:—
What is the best light for a binnacle? Stearine (steering) candles.

THE FRENCH BALL.

We have pleasure in responding to a request made by the editors of our contemporaries, Judge Barry, and several other well disposed persons of neglected education, to offer a few hints for the guidance of parties attending this Evening's festive and patriotic entertainment; but, who are unfortunately unacquainted with the conversational elegancies and graceful idioms of the French tongue. We need scarcely observe, that as the dancing only commences towards evening, and the company may be assumed to be fashionable; every lady and gentleman must commence with the ordinary salutation pronounced—*bung swaw*. Those who may have the honor to be introduced to the Consul should of course make some complimentary allusions to the success attending the ball which he has inaugurated.

Ma parole, c'est la fromage; entierement, ma tulipe! Would probably be the remark of one of the French noblesse under such circumstances.

To express a modest assent, the Count will probably reply,—*Je vous believe, mon garcon*, and he will then ask in French, what you will take to drink? There are various expressions which convey this meaning, and we therefore give none of them. Your answer, if intended to be a courteous refusal, should be *Fermez en haut*.

Comment faites vous faire mon ceury, is all that ladies need absolutely say to their partners; should the rooms feel hot, perhaps *Il est sanguinairement chaud* may be added.

In case of misunderstanding arising between any gents, at this entertainment, it will be the pleasing duty of their partners to appease their wrath. *Prenez le froidement*, is perhaps, under the circumstances, the most affecting appeal that can be made to the combatants.

Crochez le is an elegant rendering of the English vulgarity "hook-it." There will be no impropriety in the use of this expression, on the part of a lady refusing a partner.

Sir Charles Hotham will not be present, there will therefore be nothing approaching to sarcasm in the statement of a weakness for beer; and to ask for it, will flatter a French prejudice. "*Ne volez pas un pauvre homme de sa biere*," is the burthen of a social, national melody, ranking in the devotion of the people, with the more political *Marseillaise*—all parties would be propitiated by a demand for *La biere Murphien*.

If, after supper, any difficulty should arise between gentlemen, as to their claim to partners, a gentleman's warning will be conveyed to an antagonist, in the words *Esprit Votre eil*. *Vous sois Souffle* will be the appropriate reply.

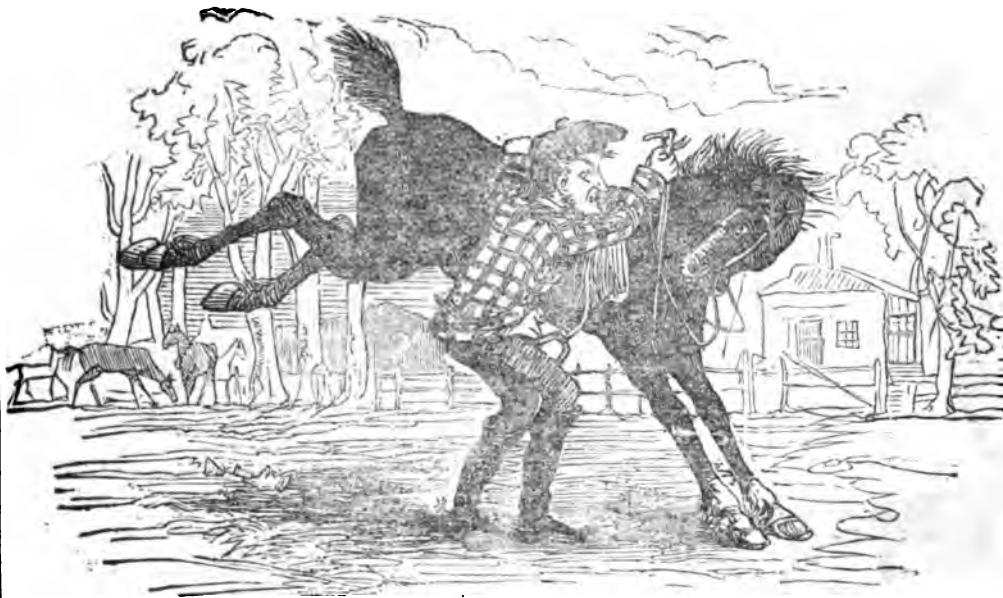
Should you be introduced to Judge Barry, you must avoid the use of monosyllables. As we have not a dictionary by us, and our polyglot editor is unwell, we cannot be perfectly certain that we accurately render the language in this case,—but his honor will be so pleased with the subject as to lose sight of the idioms. Tell him that you are deeply interested in *Les Soustelles accumenatedes d'Empiricisme Alehemiqual*, and he will probably continue to talk with you for some hours; but never mind, if it is after supper, you need only listen while he is talking French, and he will soon lapse into Celtic. His honor would be complimented, but that it is a monosyllable, by your telling him as you part, that he is a *Rhum vieux bec*. He is not vain, but all of us are open to flattery.

Bon acheter, ancien bouffer will be your farewell to the Comte. *Vous etes un autre* your defiance to the cloak room man who asks for sixpence.

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 9th instant, of Phipson and the Philanthropic Committee, "The Collingwood Young Men's Association." Not regretted.

A MOTHER'S EFFORT.—When Master Jones returned the other day from his literary exercises, under Mr. Barry at our University; his mamma, horrified at his begrimed appearance, remarked that it was very strange that *Mater-Atma* should so *Ink-her-man*.

THE UNIVERSITY.—We regret sincerely to hear of the recent expulsion of a young gentleman (whose name we now refrain from publishing), from this institution; and the more so that the penalty seems to have been richly deserved. Master L. had very improperly described that part of the population auriferously engaged in mining occupations as *diggers*: of which last word the Chancellor very properly disapproves, considering its frequent use likely to promote class prejudices. The youth was called upon for explanation, whereupon he defined a digger as a person who digs, and insisted that a person who digs might with propriety be described as a digger. This misconduct is much to be regretted in the case of one who in obedience to the Chancellor's instruction, had taken much pains to avoid "the acuminated subtleties of alchemical empiricism."



MR. NEWCHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCE AS A CATTLE FARMER. No I.—MR. GREEN HAVING PURCHASED A RUN AND A MOB OF QUIET CATTLE, HAS BEEN TOLD THAT HE WILL HAVE MANY PRIMARY DIFFICULTIES TO OVERCOME. HE IS HERE SEEN TRYING TO OVERCOME ONE OF THEM.]

A COMPLIMENT TO COPPIN.

Aminadab Sleek has been ana-thematized from the pulpits of certain places of worship in this city and its suburbs. The "unco guid" are aghast at the fidelity of the portrait. Cant recoils from its own snuffle, when melodiously expressed by the nose of Coppin, and the up-turned eyes of that drab-colored dove are an eye-sore to the Pharisees of real life. The theatre, say they, is the pit of Acherone, the smell of the footlights is redolent of sulphur; and the actors are the sons of perdition. Oh, George Coppin and Mistress Brougham, see what comes of limning life-like portraits of canting hypocrites. Down upon your knees forth with, repent the verisimilitude of your impersonations, renounce your vocation, and make your peace with the Chadbands, the Sleeks, the Maw-worms, and the Creamlys of Collingwood.

A QUERIE WITHOUT A NOTE.—If "Despatch be the soul of business," how many of Sir Charles's dispatches will suffice to do his business?

IN THE PRESS.—Shortly will be published, "Memoirs of Edward Grimes, the Statesman, Mathematician and Poet." 2 vols., Blunder and Co.: Collins-street.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Pain was prepared to walk the thousand miles, but not in a thousand successive hours—as Mr. Jennings had it—From this misunderstanding Mr J. had to pay (forfeit of £350).

OLD COLONISTS' FESTIVAL.—It is reported, that in anticipation of the next festival, to be given by the Old Colonists of Victoria, Mr. Fulton has received an order for the manufacture of a complete dinner and dessert service, to be made of the strongest wrought iron.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We are glad to hear that Mr. Smith, a gentleman well-known in European literary and dramatic circles, is about to publish his *magnum opus*, for which so much anxious expectation has long been felt. It will be edited by John Jones, Esq. of London, author of "Domestic Medicine," "The Flea," "Mission of the Mother," and "A Beacon."

ELECTIONEERING ITEMS.—We have much pleasure in stating that arrangements have been made for the return of the Ex-Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Bryce Ross for Maryborough—the former to give his personal popularity, and the cordial co-operation of his supporters; and the latter to pay the legal expenses of the joint return. The Rev. Mr. Blair has a call from Bendigo. At Castlemaine, Pyke's cause looks fishy.—Should Mr. Dunne accept the New Equity Judgeship, he will be ineligible as member for Ballarat; but he is said to have declined the offer. We regret to hear that this gentleman has been refused votes in many instances, on the ground that "What's Dunne can't be helped."

LECTURES.—Mr. D. Blair has kindly consented to deliver at the Mechanics' Institution, a lecture on "the follies of the Age" illustrated by numerous examples. Mr. Chapman also purposes to give a series of simple lectures on the relation between two and two and four. These lectures are to be adapted to the capacity of infant schools and of the Legislative Council. We are glad to hear that the hon. and learned gentleman is preparing a new edition of the well-known Peter Parley's writings to be published contemporaneously with a serial to be called "Tales of my Grandmother."—an autobiographical work.

MEMS FOR THE CENSUS.—Anti-Malthus congratulates us in his rough way, on the growth of our Victorian population. He has been at the diggings, and seen innumerable cradles, and he observed at the late ball that almost every lady present had a pair of kids.

DESTITUTION IN COLLINGWOOD.—Philanthropos begs us to acknowledge that though straws may tell which way the wind blows, only Hayes could shew us how to raise the wind

A COLLECTION OF WISE WHYS,

(Being manifestations of Geology Intelligence.)

Why is it probable that the diggers will eventually disappear? Because they are continually sinking.

Why is a bashful man like a worthless claim on the gold fields? Because he is a shicer (shy Sir)

Why ought a Ballarat digger to make a quick and safe journey? Because he drives day and night, and carefully picks his way.

Why do Ballarat diggers resemble swine? Because they're fond of getting into the gutters.

Why does wet weather on the diggings resemble yeast? Because it makes flour rise.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—The *Argus* of Monday last, states that John Jones and others were reprimanded and fined by the Mayor for "offences with drays." This mysteriously described crime, consists, we believe, in putting the cart before the horse, and so endangering the public weal.

IMPOUNDINGS.—Two black sheep (scabby) supposed to have been lost from the Toorak flock. One mare in good condition but very dirty, branded J.T.S. One ass, blotch brand, supposed to be M.L.C. Several working bullocks broken, much galled, and very poor, branded C. L. E. R. K. believed to have been worked in government teams. One red calf, branded G. R. I. M. E. S.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

A Dissertation, by W. Carr, Esq., on prologues and magisteria duties.—*Coke upon Littleton*, a new edition, revised and improved, by R. D. Ireland, Esq.—*Horsemanship*, its use and abuse, with directions as to the application of the bridle and the exercise of the whip, by Howard Fellowes, M.L.C.—*Selected Literature*, from the best authors, by J. P. Fawcner.—*The Genius of Shakespeare*, in relation to G. V. B., by Coppin.—*Alcohol*, objections to the consumption of, in public houses, by Dr. Milton, dedicated to the Mayor.—*Coffin Making*, its utility and its cost, by Dr. Campbell, dedicated to Dr. Youl.—*The Legality of the New Rules of the Supreme Court*, by an attorney. Anonymous—*The Palladium of the British Liberties*, by an Age compositor.—*The Instructive Almanack*, by Mr. Murray.—*Yearnings after the Beautiful*, and *Glimpses of the Truth*, by T. Lane, Esq., Town Councillor. *Goodman's Wine v. Murphy's Beer*, a letter by a disinterested M.L.C., to Lord John Russell, on colonial hospitalities, revised by Scrutator, the well-known Junius of the antipodes,

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. IV.—LETTER 8.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HARRY, IN ENGLAND

DEAR HARRY,—

I am writing this in my tent, at the Diggings;—my seat, is a block of firewood—my table, an old cask. The wind is coming in at such a rate, (accompanied by rain,) that the candle will scarcely keep a light, and my paper blows about, so that it is as much as I can do, to write at all; therefore, you must not be astonished, if my letter, in some places, is barely legible.

We left Melbourne on the appointed day, getting up virtuously early, as well principled travellers do—whether there is any occasion for it or not. We did not, however, make an actual start, till mid-day. When all seemed ready, fresh and ever fresh omissions in the outfit, were discovered, and had to be supplied. Then, it was found, that the system of stowing the cargo in the cart, which we had first adopted, was radically defective, and we had to begin again. At noon, however, we were on the march; Brown took the first spell at driving, Mackintosh, Bourke and I, armed to the teeth, *a la* new-chum, constituted the escort. At present, however, we hadn't much to tempt the cupidity of bushrangers, although we had provided ourselves with enormous wash leather-bags, destined hereafter, let us hope, to be found all too small] to hold the gold we shall get.

We started in capital spirits, and as we trudged along, laughed all difficulties to scorn. Hardships! who cared for a little hardship. Bushrangers! it was only because people hadn't pluck to resist, that they got stuck up. Ill-success! with patience and perseverance, success was certain. Then we discussed the size of nuggets, and agreed that there was no more reason, why a ton nugget, might not be discovered, than a hundred weight, which had been actually turned up. Then we calculated the value of given quantities of gold, and debated the relative advantages of investments with low interest in England, or with high interest and less security here. By the time we were about half way to Flemington, all difficulties were overcome, we had made heaps of gold; and Mackintosh and Bourke were getting a little warm in contending;—Mack—that the better plan would be to sell the gold in the Colony:—Bourke—that it would be more advisable to ship it to England.

Crash!—Oh heaven and earth! Confusion and destruction! Chaos had come again. All our worldly goods were lying in the dust, and things foreign and repugnant to one another, had broken all bonds, and were mixing together, to their mutual destruction. Brown had driven against a stump, and knocked the near wheel off. The American bucket, in which we had stowed away the pickles and grog, was in fragments, and the precious bottles were smashed. On them, had fallen and burst, a bag of sugar, which rapidly commenced absorbing the brandy and vinegar. The bag of flour had burst too, and a large heap lay in the dust. A box of clothes and books had flown open, all my articles of "gents' super." attire, were scattered in the road. A pet copy of Shakespear, was lying open and face down among the sugar and pickle juice. The cork of the ink-bottle came out with the concussion, and the ink was trickling over Byron's poems and Macaulay's essays. I cannot however, half describe the scene of calamity. To put Brown to death, upon the spot, was the first idea that suggested itself, but he looked so hopelessly miserable and chop-fallen, that it was impossible, even to upbraid him. So we flung ourselves into the task of reducing chaos to order—took the horse out of the shafts, and sorted the broken-loose things, according to their kind. At this period the hot wind began to blow, and with it came the rolling clouds of dust, to stifle and blind us. While unsympathizing bullock-drivers cursed us for being in the way, or chafed us, asking us, why we hadn't stopped at home with our mothers, instead of driving carts, if we didn't know how. By way of improving our position, Bourke, who possesses all the coolness and calculation of his countrymen, and is an Irishman, could stand it no longer, and rushed at a Hercules of a fellow who was shaking his sides at our misfortune. Hercules knocked down poor Bourke in a moment—so that all he got by his motion, was a black eye and a tumble. We couldn't help him, for Hercules, though aggravating, had not been aggressive, and besides, he offered with the greatest liberality, to fight us all round, if we wished it—which we did not.

When we had somewhat cleared the wreck, we tried to put the wheel on again, but found the axle so bent that we were compelled to obtain the professional assistance of a blacksmith, who spent some hours over the job, and charged us enormously for it. At length we

started again with diminished resources and spirits somewhat damped.

I undertook the driving now, poor Bourke, with his black eye and the shame of defeat, marching silently, side by side, with Brown, who was completely subdued with the sense of having caused our disaster. By the time we reached a place called the "Moonee Ponds," we determined, as it was getting dark, to bring our short and disastrous day's journey to a conclusion. Here, accordingly, we spent our first night under canvass. The first thing we did was to unharness, water, feed, and tether the two horses. Then we pitched the tent—that masterpiece of Tooley-street; but this took much too long a time we found, so that after the first night we merely threw it tarpaulin-fashion over a horizontal ridge-stick, resting on two upright poles. Then came the task of unpacking the cart, getting out the grog and bedding, and so forth; and I may here mention, that to my mind the diurnal packing and unpacking of that abominable cart, was the most disagreeable portion of the journey.

Then wood was collected, a good fire made in front of the tent, the kettle put on to boil, and as the savory chops began to hiss and send up their fragrant steam, I considered that there was still "balm in Gilead," and even the muscles of Brown's countenance began to relax, and the blackened eye of Bourke to kindle with reviving spirits.

Later on in the evening, as we sat round the fire, with lighted pipes, all disagreeable recollections of the day's proceeding were dissipated with glorious smoke—"balm of hurt minds"—that curled up from our cherished little clay caskets of comfort; and we talked and built castles in the air as merrily as ever. At length my three companions, one by one, crept into their lair, but I remained out far into the night. The little plain about the ponds was studded, here and there, with the camp fires of other travellers like ourselves, and I sat in a happy dreamy condition, watching occasional figures gliding between me and the lights—listening to distant voices and the tinkling of bullock bells, or lying on my back with old Rover's shaggy carcass for a pillow. I looked up at the silent stars, till, from being poetically sentimental, I became prosaically sleepy, and finally fell fast asleep. When I woke, it must have been near midnight. The camp fires had all burnt down and were scarcely perceptible. A cool north breeze had sprung up, and I felt somewhat chilly, and not quite so imaginative and happy as before. So I got up, paid the horses a visit, and finding them all right, I crept into the tent, and awkwardly undressing in darkness and confined space, I rolled myself up in the blankets, and peacefully was discussing with you in the Regents Park, the best mode of mending a broken dray. With this description of my first day's campaign, you must rest satisfied for the present.

Your affectionate brother,
GEO. CHISLEHURST.

The Dispersion of the Jews.

FALL OF TENTS IN THE WESTERN MARKET, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17TH 1855.

The Inspector came down, like the wolf on the fold,
And his long purse was gleaming with silver and gold;
He call'd for our money, and told us, that we
Must return to the shores of our lost Galilee.

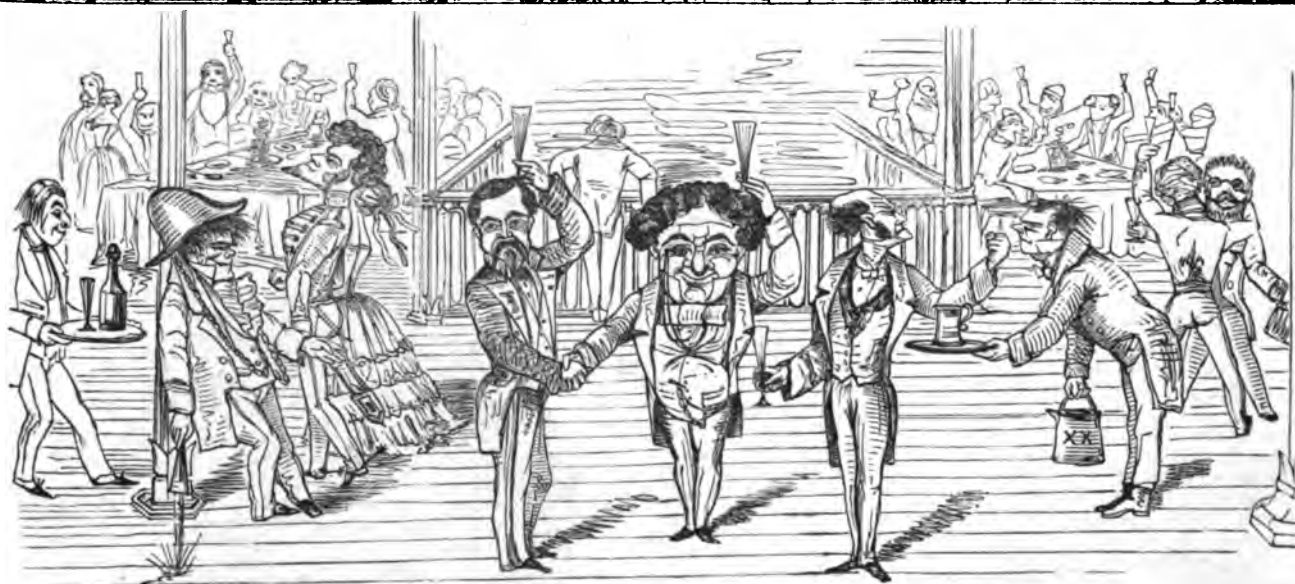
Like leaves in Ganaden, in first spring-time green—
Our tents in the Market on Thursday were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown;
Our hopes on the morrow—lay withered and strewn.

For the Council had fix'd on a market at last,
And the days of Old Clo' were for ever gone past;
And he cried, whilst the news made our heart's blood run chill
"Vot! anoder dispersion?—More luck vit it still."

And there stood our tents, with their fronts open'd wide,
At which Law oft had sneer'd in the height of his pride;
Throwing dirt without mercy, on all that he saw,
Till he found out "mud-heaps are consistent with Law."

And there lay our goods, bought expressly for sale,
Which daily were offer'd to all within hail;
Now the Square will be silent, the weigh-bridge alone,
No voices uplifted—no cheap watches shown.

And the offspring of Jacob, are loud in their wail,
And their tents are all ticketed, "This Store for Sale;"
They must go, and our page will alone bear record,
Where dwelt the long suffering race from abroad.



SHOWMAN LOQ.—In the centre of the picture, ladies and gentlemen, you behold the greatest man in the Colony, a drinking hamicably with the representative of the French Nation. Sir Chawles, bein away from omc, is likewise indulgin in champagne, and rejects the officious hovertures of a kinsolent domestic. On the left, you see a distinguished civic dignitary philosophically observing of the hinteresting spectacle. On the extreme right is a group, symbolic of England and France, hembracing of one another, &c., &c.

An English Mail In.

"News from England! News from England!"
Boys are shouting through the streets,
And the roadways and the pavement—
Bear the patter of their feet,
"Morning's Argus"—"Morning's Herald"—
"Office-price for Morning's Age,"
"Latest news from seat of war, sir,"
"This here paper gives a page."
Scarlet runners in their red-coats,
Stagg'ring under heavy bags,
Wildly rush from Bourke-street Office,
With their literary "swags;"
Dropping here a loving message,
Leaving there an angry threat,
Of proceedings prompt and painful—
If that bill's not forthwith met.
News from England! News from England!
Later tidings of the war;
Our English hearts beat all in tune,
With English brothers' hearts afar.
For Balaklava's heroes—
For the brave at Inkermann,
For those who fought at Alma,
In the battle's bloody van;
For Scutari's ghastly guests,
To the bed of sickness bound,
And their gentle nurse whose name,
Has such music in it's sound.
News from England! News from England!
In the mart and in the store,
Eager eyes peruse the tidings—
Ardent readers long for more.
Ev'ry moment whirl the turnstiles
Of the office corridor,
Ev'ry moment restless footsteps,
Press and shuffle on the floor.
There's a clamour and a tumult—
And a stretching forth of hands;
And a trial sore of patience
For the puzzled clerk who stands—
Dealing forth the wish'd for letter,
From the pigeon hole within,
For the "Black Ball" Liner's come at last,
And the English Mail is in.

RULES AND REGULATIONS EXPLANATORY FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.]

- 1.—When ordered to "Parade" it shall not mean that the men are to parade thir uniforms in places of public amusement.
- 2.—When ordered to "fall in," they shall not fall out about places.
- 3.—When "dressing by height," it would be the height of impudence for the small men to go on the flanks, and they shall receive a dressing accordingly.
- 4.—At the word "attention," every muscle must be at-tension.
- 5.—Any man fainting, or dropping his rifle, during the firing, must instantly recover.
- 6.—Men ordered to stand (a) tease, must not be riled at parties' chaffing.
- 7.—At "ball practice," the members are not supposed to practice polkas for the next ball. Such a step is unknown in the service, and would cause the corps to cut rather a ridiculous figure.
- 8.—"Counter march," means to march as if going round the end of a counter.
- 9.—Privates are not to be called rank anobs, or the officers old files, and officers are not to hear of Toorak.
- 10.—If any man lets off his piece without orders, he is not to be let off himself.
- 11.—"Halt—mark time"—does not mean "Stop and see what o'clock it is."
- 12.—Any member trumpeting his own ability will be drummed out, when the band gets a drum; every "stuck-up" member will receive a thorough setting down, and those lowering themselves will be at once blown up. *

By Order of
COLONEL PUNCH.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE HERALD AND TELEGRAPH COACHMEN, EN ROUTE FOR Castlemaine.—(Cobb's Coach containeth Celestials). *Roads* loquitur. "Heavily laden, goose!" Take the fares in copper, for ballast!"

Dick: indignant. "Yes, Yankee! I'm a goose of a driver, am I! Well, I'd sooner be that than be a-Coaching-Chines."

Punch's Popular Biographies.

No. I.

MISS ANNA MARIA QUINN.



UNCH, lamenting the unvaracity of all writers of biographies, purposes, to delight and edify the world, by a series of biographical compositions, which shall have all the charms of originality, and all the novelty of truth.

The subject of the present memoir, was born upon the 1st of August, 1853, and is consequently, at this moment, two years, fifteen days and a few hours old. Shortly before her birth, her mother dreamed, that she saw her mounted upon the box-seat of a coach driving a pair of bays; which the fond parent accepted, as a prophetic intimation, that her child would attain to eminence on the stage. A few hours

after she had been ushered into existence, the infant's attention was excited by the spoon, with which the nurse had stirred the maternal candle; and sitting up in bed, the precocious baby recited Macbeth's address to the "air-drawn dagger," with faultless accuracy, and unerring emphasis. Nothing remarkable occurred, during the first twelve months of her life; but it was observed, that she invariably spoke in blank verse, and trod the nursery floor, with the stately and imposing gait of a Siddons.

Her first appearance on the stage, occurred on the 3rd of September, 1854; she being then, only thirteen months old. It was upon the people of San Francisco, that this young meteor of the drama, first burst, "to awe, to dazzle, and subdue." So great was the anxiety evinced, to witness the maiden representation of Miss Quinn, that as much as 30,000 dollars were offered and refused, for a back seat in the gallery. Ten Chinamen, seventeen stalwart diggers, and upwards of a score of lean loafers, were pressed to death in the rush, which took place to the theatre upon this occasion. The infantine *debutante*, sustained the characters of King Lear, Norma and Bombastes Furioso, on the first night of her performance, and of Falstaff, Lucrezia Borgia, and Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, on the second. On each night, the performances, were protracted until seven o'clock next morning, partly owing to the numberless recalls of the youthful prodigy, and partly to the many hours consumed in clearing the stage of bouquets, nuggets, bracelets, bank-notes and blank cheques, which were showered upon her.

During her engagement in the Californian capital, she personated nearly every leading character in the Shaksperian dramas, including—Miranda, Caliban, Sir Toby Belch, Lady Macbeth, Dogberry, Shylock, Christopher Sly, and Richard the Third, and frequently doubling in the same piece.

The effect of her acting upon the minds of an excitable and admiring public, was almost indescribable. Bill-brokers, have become on a sudden so tender-hearted, that they have been known to go straight home from the theatre, and burn every dishonored acceptance in their possession. A susceptible Chinaman, cut off his pig-tail, and flung it on the stage, at the feet of the heart-subduing actress. The public executioner of San Francisco, who had seen her as Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," refused to suspend a criminal, who had been condemned to die next morning, and lost his place and character, in consequence. A gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, was so overcome by the acting of the infant phenomenon, that he declined to complete "a deal," by which he would have realized a profit of 1500 per cent.,—"the force of acting could no further go."

There was no limit in fact, either to the power, or the popularity of the little wonder; and as negotiations were being set on foot by the know-nothings of California, in connection with the know-nothing

lodges in the Eastern States, to procure the nomination of Miss Anna Maria Quinn to the Presidential chair of the Union;—her father, conscious, of the additional tax it would impose upon his daughter's powers, immigrated to the Australian Colonies, where her subsequent career, has become matter of familiar history.



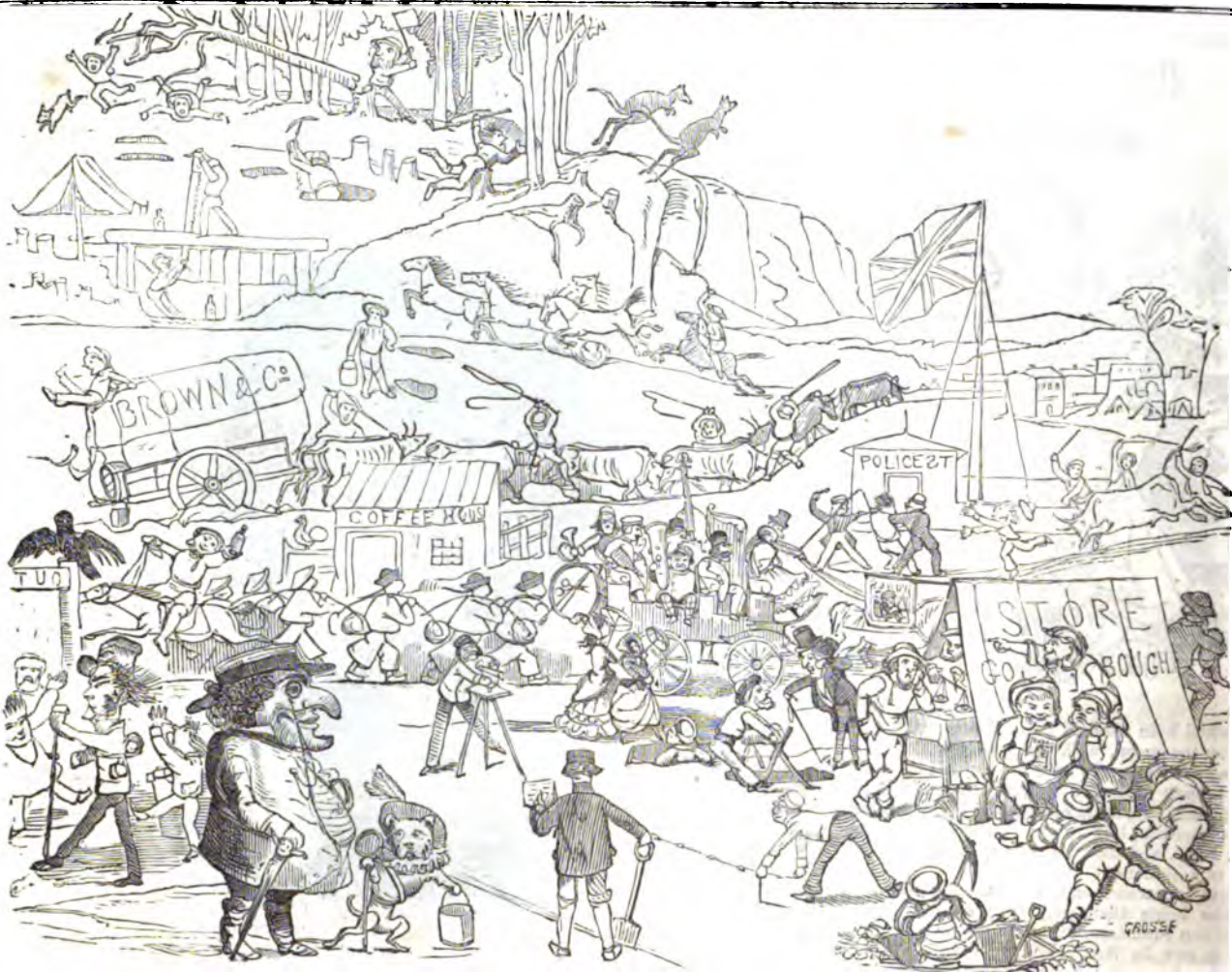
A SUBSTANTIAL MAN IN DIFFICULTIES.
SCENE A Leading Business Thoroughfare in Melbourne.

SHAKESPEARIAN.—A distressed new chum wishes to know, whether Mel-bourne is the "bourne from which no traveller returns."

ON DIT.—The Attorney-General is about to lead Miss Anna Maria Quinn to the hymeneal altar. Judge Barry is to give the bride away.

A COACHMAN'S OBSERVATION.—An American driver, quoting an English aphorism, remarked of his horse the other day—"I never reins, but it paws."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—We have been requested to mention for the benefit of the mounted police, that Mr. Smith, harness maker, has recently invented a saddle, admirably adapted to promote the ends of justice, and which, he states, has already been approved by Mr. Coulton. It is so arranged, with chains, instead of straps, that a prisoner fastened to it, could by no possibility make his escape, in case of any accident occurring to his custodian—such, for instance, as the horse's running away, after throwing the rider. Under such circumstances, it is too obvious that an unprincipled man, availing himself of the misfortunes of his captor, might at present evade the law; but Mr. Smith's patent will put an end to this. Either the prisoner must accompany the horse to the barracks, whether the instinct of the animal will lead it, or his arm will be torn off, and then he can be easily tracked by the blood. The Solicitor-General (who, "even admitting that the conduct of the constable was harsh," asked the jury, the other day, whether the prisoner was justified in using a knife to cut the strap which bound him to a sharp cross-country rider), is said to have recommended Mr. Smith's invention to the notice of the Government.



MR. PUNCH PAYS A VISIT TO THE DIGGINGS.

NICE QUESTION OF MILITARY PRECEDENCE.—Is Major Hodgson above Corporal Punishment?

MEMS FROM THE DIGGINGS.—It is well-known that Mr. Ex-Secretary Foster, is engaged in a quartz-crushing speculation at Bendigo; but we believe we are the first to announce that the president of the Road Board, on his recent trip to Castlemaine, went to the bottom of many holes and tried several experiments in the way of deep-sinking.

HORACE AND THE TOWN CLERK.—A person signing himself Ed. M. M. H., sends us the following:—While a contractor under the Corporation was proceeding with his work, the above-named "civil" functionary made his appearance, and, after a slight inspection, began to complain of the workmanship, upon which the builder quietly retorted—

"Cur-me querelis exanimas tuis."

RETRENCHMENT.—The County Court at Castlemaine was prolonged two days by Sir Charles Hotham's refusing to allow candles, and the consequent necessary closing when it became dark. The only expense to which the Colony was put, was the keep of the judge and his horse for 48 hours; and, as we are informed, at least half-a-pound of dips were saved to the Government.

SPORTING.—We understand that a match is to be run on the Convincing Ground next week by several of the police. Mr. Coulton has backed himself for £1000, with a prisoner chained to each side of his saddle, against any constable riding with equal weights. Should the culprits be of inferior size, stones are to be strung round their necks to add gravity. The Solicitor-General has backed Mr. Coulton to a large amount; and a spirited contest is expected. The stakes are to be returned if any prisoner should release himself, by the loss of his arm, or otherwise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICUS.—Certainly. The Governor is, very properly, cautious in giving appointments. A knowledge of the price of coffins is considered a good test of professional competency as a surgeon.

A TRAVELLER.—The roads to the diggings have been made by contract, and are a great convenience to persons driving light vehicles. Dr Murphy never goes on horseback, to avoid the jolting; he avails himself of the coach.

P. O. B.—We think you one of the best speakers in the Legislative Council; but you should not imitate O'Connell. The Liberator was at times coarse in his modes of speech; whereas Shiel, whom you resemble, was invariably classical. Of course the more topics you address yourself to, the more varied will be your knowledge, and the more finished your elocution.

LITERATURE.—Mr Chapman has, we believe, undertaken to bring out an edition of Goody Two-Shoes. He dedicates it to the Speaker.

J. P. F.—We were not aware that you had been offered a knighthood, by the Queen. We quite agree with you about Mr O'S—y.

W.—Mr Chapman was a judge in New Zealand, just as Mr Barry is here. His wig was of the same shape, and his law of the same character, but there were fewer prisoners convicted before him. The Crown prosecutors complained that he did not properly support them; but it is not to this circumstance that we attribute his resignation. As you observe, the judges are invariably too favourable to the prisoners in this colony. They like to shew their complete independence.

ECONOMICUS.—The idea of joining judgship and Crown prosecutors is not original. One or two of the judges have frequently recommended and illustrated it to our complete satisfaction.



PERSEUS COMING TO THE RESCUE OF ANDROMEDA.

The Peeler's Ride.

A Poetical Policeman, stationed at the diggings, has forwarded to us, the following Ballad, descriptive of the manner in which the representatives of a paternal government, endear themselves to the people. The full particulars and prose version, will be found in the Criminal Law Reports of last Saturday's daily papers:—

I.

Coulton arose at break of day,
And saddled his fiery steed;
Quoth he, by the bless'd (or something) sun.
This day, I declare I'll have some fun.
The game is'nt all to Captain Kay,
Or to Mr. Commissioner Rede.

II.

Thus as Coulton rode, he heard a row,
That came from the Arnold's tent;
So in he went without making a bow,
And he solemnly said and swore as how,
To maintain the law he was bent.

III.

Now what are you two a doing of there,
He said as he entered the place—
There's a row going on, and I solemnly swear,
You may say what you please, and may do what you dare,
But this here is a criminal case.

IV.

Then Coulton seized young Arnold's fist,
"You're my prisoner now," said he.
"It isn't the least bit of good, to resist,
For I'll buckle you up by your blessed wrist,
To my blessed saddle-tree."

V.

Now the bold policeman, was good as his word,
And he made young Arnold fast.
"You're ootched I consider my lively bird,
So to kick and to struggle, would be quite absurd—
Your time for that game is past."

VI.

Then Coulton drew his long sword out,
And he thrashed his fiery steed;
"Now my pippm," said he, "you may sing and may shout,
But take my advice, and mind what you're about.
For all your breath you'll need."

VII.

So Coulton, put spurs to his fiery horse,
And they scudded across the plan;
Poor Arnold jumped, or was dragged along—
For the horse and the handcuffs both were strong.
And, nor horse nor peeler, cared for the pain
That Arnold felt of course.

VIII.

Thus Coulton he rode, and Arnold he ran,
Till they came to a five-foot creek;
"Now, you'll jump that creek, as best you can,
So don't you remonstrate, or try for to speak—
Or give me a word of your blessed cheek,
You son of a woman and man."

XI.

The next thing they met, was a three-rail fence—
And Coulton's blood was up.
"Now look ye my tulip, on no pretence,
Will I for a single moment dispense,
With your clearing that, my pup."

X.

Poor Arnold was nearly killed by the shock,
As he jumped and was dragged across;
But the bold policeman was firm as a rock,
And he cried to his prisoner "look ye my cock,
You'd best keep up with the horse."

XI.

Then Arnold, being tortured and maddened to boot,
Contrived to get at his knife,
And strove to cut himself free from the saddle,
On which the bold peeler was sitting a straddle,
And he said the policeman was nought but a brute,
And deserved to lose his life.

XII.

Then the bold policeman being threatened thus
By a coward whose hands were tied,
Drew his long sword, saying, "you make such a fuss"
(As the *Herald* would say you "ridiculus mus,")
"I'll make you remember your ride."

XIII.

So he chopped and chopped at Arnold's arm—
At the arm that was hand-cuffed fast;
But the man was his prisoner, so where was the harm,
Mr. Arnold's proved all a superfluous alarm,
And they reached the lock-up at last.

XIV.

Then model policeman, Coulton told
What the wicked Arnold had done;
How the radical ruffian and bushranger bold
Had sought to make Coulton relinquish his hold,
And objected to Coulton's fun.

XV.

So Arnold was tried for his wicked display—
For trying to make his escape:
And Molesworth showed clearly that getting away
From a mounted-policeman was worse any day
Than sacrilege, murder, or rape.

XIV.

But unprincipled jurors were found to declare
That Coulton was chiefly to blame,
And said that most likely if they had been there
They'd have whipped out their knives, and have thought
it all fair
To have done precisely the same.

XVII.

The moral to draw from this tragical tale,
Of prisoners and jurors alas,
Is, that peeler's pursuit of amusement may fail,
If they bring in their captives alive to give bail,
And—that things have come to a pretty pass.

GEELONG.

(From our own Correspondent.)

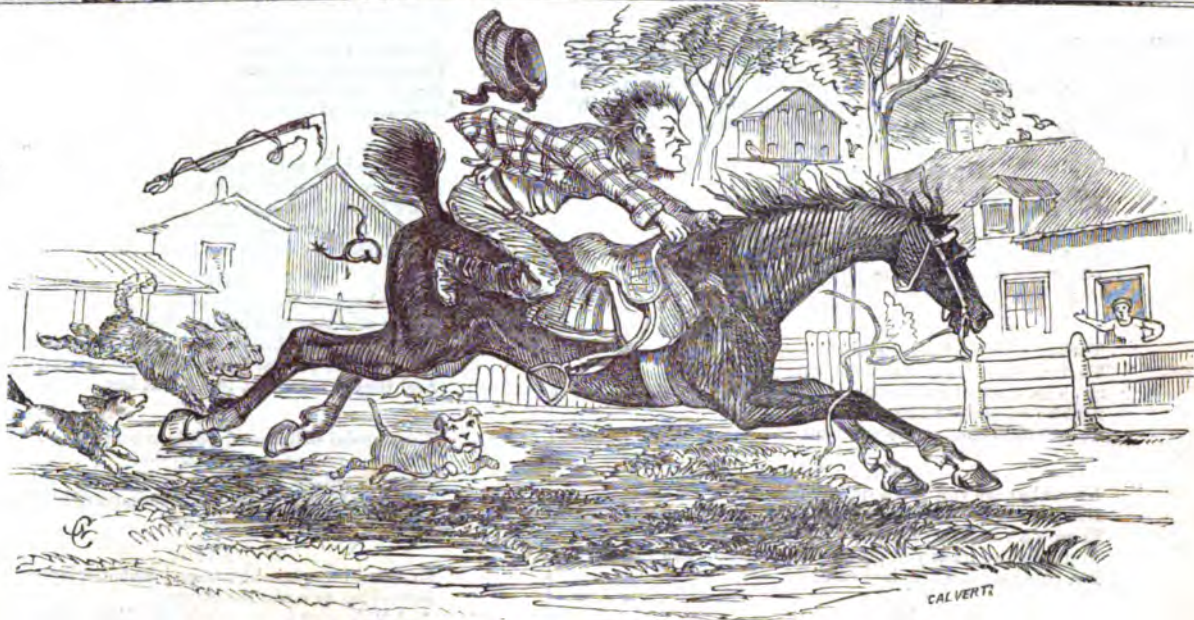
MR. COULTON, whose gallant conduct, in his affray with the ruffian Arnold, was the subject of investigation at the Supreme Court, last week, has been spending a few days with Mr. Rede, recently appointed Deputy Sheriff here, in token of the Governor's appreciation of his heroism, in Digger-hunting at Ballaarat.

Mr. Coulton, it will be recollected, chained Arnold to his saddle, and then, though he had to travel fast, and take several awkward leaps—all which the prisoner resisted; he only struck the villain twice with his drawn sword!

I understand, that Arnold's statement, that he took his knife out to cut a strap which bound him to the saddle, is totally without foundation. Mr. Coulton declares, that he fastened him to the saddle with a strap, as he was not going to run the risk of an escape. The officer was determined, that though he himself should be killed in the affray, his prisoner should continue bound, Mazeppa-like to his coursers.

Much surprise has been felt here, at the jury's acquittal of Arnold; Mr. Rede, I believe, is getting up a testimonial to Coulton, to which the Governor, I am told, has given — his name.

WHAT is the difference between bowling saloons, and the recent French Ball? Answer—The first are our "ball alleys,"—the other, our "allies ball."



MR. NEW-CHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCES AS A CATTLE FARMER—No. 2.
MR. GREEN FINDS HIS SADDLE HORSE DOES NOT SUIT HIM, AND RESOLVES TO PART WITH HIM IMMEDIATELY. THE HORSE HAS OPPORTUNELY ARRIVED AT SIMILAR CONCLUSIONS WITH RESPECT TO MR. GREEN.

The Australian Legion.

Although admiring the genius, we so far disapprove of the spirit, of the subjoined verses; that, while thanking the contributor who sent them, we are compelled to decline inserting them in our columns.

AIR.—*King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Is any man grown sick of life—
Has any man a scolding wife?
If so, to end connubial strife,
Why, let him join the Legion.

Compos'd of men, of all degrees—
The men who liv'd at home at ease;
Bushrangers, cut-throats, ex-pirees,
And pirates from the neighbouring seas;
When this great Legion goes to war,
The Lord have mercy on the Czar!
They'll rob and murder near and far,
And spread o'er all his Region.

Fighting Russians all the day—
Plundering all who run away.
Forward, ye men of Botany-Bay—
Advance, Australian Legion!

And who the mighty deeds can tell,
Of men fresh from the Ocean-hell,
The Norfolk Island pets who swell,
The ranks of this famous Legion.

No wall so strong—no tower so high,
No jealous sentries watchful eye,
Will long avail when plunders nigh—
They'll have a finger in the pie.
Then wave the Southern Cross on high,
Australia's golden fields good-bye,
Let "Rocky Whelan," be the cry,
Forward, Australia's Legion.

Fighting Russians all the day,
Plundering all who run away;
Forward ye men of Botany Bay
Advance Australian Legion.

THE AUSTRALIAN PRESS.

A Colonial newspaper is no longer what it used to be, as a more or less leading journal has recently observed; and "it aspires to a perfect equality with that European press, with which, most of its present conductors" (by which ingenious circumlocution our classical contemporary means more particularly to specify himself) "have been connected." With this exordium, we enter upon our review of a leading journal of the Antipodes.

This journal is conducted, of all others, on the most liberal principles, and yet beyond all, is free from any taint of partiality. It must be years now, since the editor entered upon his arduous career, and ventured boldly upon a field, unoccupied indeed by competitors, but not without dangers and difficulties of the most appalling kind. Throughout its entire career, his paper has been managed with a freedom from prejudice, which can scarcely be too much commended. We should have preferred more warmth, as mortals—as *homines*, to quote a recent correspondent of the *Argus*; but on reflection, we are bound to say that perhaps our contemporary has exercised a wiser discretion than we, in his generous abstinence from invective at periods of political excitement, and in his cautious avoidance of topics calculated to promote ill will amongst his fellow citizens.

He may, or may not, be right in his views of the prominent topics which have been before the public, during his management of the journal to which we allude; it is not our business to advocate his opinions. All that we claim for him, is an entire freedom from too conspicuous or ungenerous partisanship, and a willingness to allow the fullest discussion by his contemporaries of all public topics, without any bullying interference on his part.

As to the circulation of the journal under review, we need scarcely say, that that is bounded only by the will of the proprietary. No vulgar arts are necessary to force the sale of a periodical so liberal in its principle, and so practically useful in its literature. Business-like in all respects, it is none more so, than in its mode of steering clear of all topics save those of immediate and generally mercantile, utility.

For our part, we shall always respect the calm, the practical, and dispassionate view of affairs, which, so long as we remember, has been invariably taken by—the *Auction Mart*. Digitized by Google

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. IV.—LETTER 8.

JOHN SLAGGE, ESQ., TO ROBERT POPPE, ESQ., LONDON.

DEAR BOB,—

I've been so busy lately, I aint had time to write to you how I was getting on, and I dare say you'd a precious deal rather be getting on yourself than me; but as things are, why the laugh's on my side. Wouldn't you like me to lend you a thousand pound, eh? Only say so—and I should tell you to go to Bath. "No friendship in business" is my motto. Still, I've no objection to telling you how I do the trick myself, and you can take a leaf out of my book if you've got it in you.

The township business is getting a little slack, and I don't go in for it altogether so much as I did. It sounds first-rate to buy forty or fifty acres for a couple of hundred pounds or so; cut 'em up into half and quarter acre blocks, and sell 'em at twenty pound a piece; but when you've paid the surveyor and stood the champagne and music, and only sell about half, and that for bills running over twelve months, it don't look quite so salubrious. I've got enough beggarly little bills for five and ten pound each, to paper a room with. Lots of buyers don't pay the second instalment, and it's mostly no good suing them. Still I find so far, that those that don't pay, pay best, because you stick to the money paid down, and get back your land free, gratis and for nothing, to sell again. I've got one township I've kept selling over and over again, as regular as clock work. The land's no good whatever, and the only road within a mile of it ends in a precipice. I felt that I was regularly done when I bought the little property, but I've passed the *do* on pretty effectually since then, I can tell you. I had it planned all proper, with a large railway station reserve; and on the upper margin, I had a drawing of the intended station-house, and down below another of a train going along. The auctioneer did his duty admirable; and while the lunch was going on, I and one or two friends began talking together about how the goods shed was to stand, and which block of land would do best for a railway hotel. I noticed one sap of a fellow stretching out his foolish head to listen, and blessed if he didn't outbid me for the railway hotel block, and buy four or five more, at a good price. Of course, none of them were down to its being my land. Within a day or two, my purchaser came storming to my office, and you should have seen the looks some of them had on when they found who they'd been listening to in the auction room. Well, I just measured my men, one by one, and made my terms according as I thought they'd stand it. Some I let off their bargains, on their paying down one or two instalments—some that talked low, and looked ugly customers, I let off with what they had paid and so on. I had a big storeman close handy to come in if they took to violence, but none of them went farther than bounce. The sappy chap that bought the hotel block came, and of his own accord, like a fool, offered me three instalments, to let him off. When he'd paid me the money, he took fifteen shillings out of his pocket, and said that was all he had left in the world, and then he began to blubber and curse me, so I had him turned out in quick sticks. He threatened all sorts of things, but I didn't care about that, for you havn't much call to be afraid of a fool and fifteen shillings.

Since then, I've sold the township four or five times, but I shall have to give it over now; when a man once gets into a thoroughly respectable mercantile position, it don't answer to be talked about, for always having rows over land sales. Besides, on the last two occasions, some of the buyers that had got bitten before, were that malicious, they came into the room on purpose to spoil the sale, and kept telling everybody how they had been "swindled," as they had the cheek to call it. Altogether, I expect that little property, has pretty well earned its last for some time to come.

The sly-grog shops, I told you about, answer first-rate; and if you do the thing on a good handsome scale, there's nothing thought to be unrespectable about the trade. Members of Council, and that kind of people, are known to be in it extensively, and no harm thought. Success is the great thing—so wishing you the same.

I am, Your's truly,

JOHN SLAGGE.

QUERY.—Can the persons lately soliciting subscriptions for a weekly paper, with propriety be called, "Canvassers and Paperhangers."

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

THE deputation appointed to have an interview with the Governor, on the above subject, met at Judge Barry's on Monday last, to prepare their report. His Honor has favoured us with some account of the proceedings.

Mr Barry, it appears, called His Excellency's attent'on in the first place to the state of the law in this colony. There were only two out of the three judges Irishmen. He thought that this circumstance, and the fact that it was the Chief Justice who was an Englishman, shewed a tendency to depress the representation of the sister country.

Sir Charles suggested that Mr. Wrixon, from Ireland, was a judge. Mr. Barry explained, that by judge he meant Judge of the Supreme Court. He thought an Englishman was good enough for a County Court, perhaps.

Judge Williams was *dubitante*.

The Solicitor-General thought an undue preference was given to Englishmen in Victoria. He had been compelled to keep it a profound secret, that he was from Ireland, in order to insure his success here.

Mr. Stawell said that his friend, Mr. Croke, had been driven from the colony, because he was an Irishman, and was only returning now, in the hope, that public feeling might have changed during his absence. He (Mr. Stawell) found none but Irishmen fit for any of the few appointments over which he had any control.

Sir Charles begged to know to what appointments the learned gentleman alluded. Sir Charles had understood that he (Sir Charles) was Governor.

The Attorney-General apologized and proceeded. How small a proportion of the Crown Prosecutorships, for instance, were given to Irishmen! He had hoped that national prejudices would not have extended to the antipodes, and that the merits of his countrymen would not, in Victoria, have been without recognition.

His Excellency expressed approval.

Dr. Murphy, as President of the Road Board, wished to add a few words. All patronage should, no doubt, be in the hands of the Governor, who should distribute it just as he pleased. This was his opinion, it was the Surveyor-General's; it was Captain M'Mahon's; it was Mr. Ex-Secretary Foster's; it was the opinion of every loyal Irishman; but there was no impropriety in pointing out to His Excellency a few appointments adapted to Irishmen, which might sooner or later be vacated. Sewerage was ably handled by Mr. Griffith, and there need be no change in that department, but he wished to allude to the Colonial Secretaryship and many other offices of that kind.

The Governor complimented Dr. Murphy on the state of the roads, and admitted that a strong case had been made out, but thought the late government to blame, rather than his own. For his part, he had always found the Irish of the greatest assistance. Though he had actually had great difficulty in persuading them to take office.

Beer having been handed round, and the bell rung for biscuits, the deputation left, much pleased with the success of their interview.

A Squeak from a Government Office.

I think that Punch a hawid baw,
In fact, I hate the Pweess;
They write about the Govavpaw,
His feelings to distwess.

It's wevolutionawry quite,—
Wepublican indeed;
Those wetches, who in papaws wite,
Webellious feelings bwweed.

I wondaw how such *canaille* daaw,
To wepwesent Sir Chawles,
Wefusing some of Mawph'y's beaw,
At Exhibition Balls.

They've no wespect, for place or wank,
The men who wite and dwaw;
In my belief they'd wob a bank,
I wish they would, I'm shaw.

For then they'd be in pwison cast,
Depwived of powaw to wite;
And no maw numbaws like the last,
Would poor Sir Chawles affwight.

THE LATE FRENCH BALL

TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.



SIR,—

I am proud to say I am an Englishman, and do not speak a word of French. I should be ashamed of myself if I ever attempted to learn so monstrous a language. However, I was overpersuaded by my wife and her sister (and was even insulted by my mother-in-law upon the subject) to take tickets to the recent ball and tumbler, got up by the French Consul—a nice thing for an ambassador to do in public. As soon as I saw the tickets, I felt that I had all along been right. The first words (if you can call the gibberish words) that I saw, showed me that I had all along been right. "Pour le profit des bleses Français." It was a clear imposition. I didn't buy tickets "for the profit of the blessed Frenchmen," and never would, if I hadn't been cheated into it upon false pretences. But this wasn't the worst. The next words that struck me were "Bilet pour une dame—commissaire;" as if paying money "for the profit of the blessed Frenchmen" wasn't enough without also finding a billet for a d--d commissioner. Much as I sympathise with our allies, I wasn't going to lend myself to such lies as these, so I left the French Consul to tumble by himself if he chose; and I now protest against the swindle attempted to be perpetrated in getting British coin subscribed for such purposes as these. My partner was sold in the same way that I was, and I therefore subscribe myself for him as well as for myself.

Your obedient servant,

CEDRIC HENGIST,

(FOR HENGIST HORSIA AND Co.).

A FLOWERY CONNUMDRUM. — Why will Mr. Degraives shortly resemble the best broad cloth? (*Insane Respondent.*) Because he will be double-milled. (N. B. The wretched individual, who perpetrated this query, has "bolted.")

EPIGRAM ON THE THEATRE ROYAL,
BOURKE STREET.

(By an Eminent Scene Shifter.)

Where erst a gum-tree raised its shrivelled head,
And whooping niggers danced with frantic tread—
Behold, to Shakespere's muse, a hand well trained.
And Black now hails where mizzled blacks once reigned.

Stage Goxicology.

We witnessed, at one of the theatres, the other evening (no matter which theatre and which evening), the "presentment" of death by poison. Possessing some knowledge of toxic agencies, and the symptoms which indicate their operation, we were considerably bewildered at what appeared to us inconsistent outward signs of an inward "leprous distilment." The gentleman personating the self-poisoned individual, first showed manifestations of vertigo. We at once concluded that the deadly draught was an opiate, or, at least, some narcotic. Anon, he claps his hand upon his precordium, and complains of a "dreadful pain." We were mistaken; he had swallowed arsenic: Wrong again—he begins to gasp for breath, indicating spasm of the respiratory muscles, and we were sure he had taken strychnine. No; he is growing comatose: he has taken the Socratic draught, and he dies by classical hemlock; but the abdominal pain comes on once more. Ah! it is corrosive sublimate, or possibly oxalic acid. Neither of these: his hand falls heavily on the boards. It is a salt of lead that is consuming his vitals; but the symptoms of cerebral congestion return. We are puzzled, confused, bewildered, the symptoms are so very conflicting. New light flashes upon us. Was it *biere de Murphy* that had done the mischief? No; that could not be, for he drank the potion out of a half-ounce phial, and we remembered that the last-named poison, to ensure its effects, must be imbibed from jugs. We gave up speculation, and we could only console ourselves with the conjecture that there were more poisons than were dreamt of either in our philosophy or in that of Christison or Orfila.

Curiosities of Melbourne.

ONE TIMMS or Timmins, has collected in a fat volume, "The Curiosities of London." If any one will perform a similar service, for the Curiosities of our own Capital; *Punch* will make him a present of the following contribution:—

- A playbill, without a puff.
- A cheap loaf, that is not sour
- A newspaper, free from personalities.
- A German band, that omits to torture "Ben Bolt."
- An orange, bought outside a theatre, that had not previously boiled.
- A meeting of Collingwood philanthropists, without an exhibition of malevolence.
- A gold-office, that does not offer "the highest price."
- A scientific lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, that is otherwise than dreary.
- A clerk in a Government office, who does not seal his letters with cret.
- An unsuccessful digger, who blames anything but luck.
- A plain waitress, at a pastry-cook's.
- A barman, without one or more gold rings, upon his red and podgy fingers.
- A land sale at Bottomley's, that does not offer a "certain fortune to the industrious working classes.
- A Sandridge omnibus, without an atmosphere of raw spirits hanging about the interior.
- A new chum, who is not sanguine of returning to England, with a fortune "in a year or two."
- A box at the Olympic, without a pretty girl in it.
- A Chinaman; without a pair of new bluchers.
- A paper from the gold-fields, that does not report a new rush.
- A newspaper runner, with weak lungs, and a number of Melbourne *Punch*, that is not "first chop."



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.
(A Kerr-sory View.)

King Kerr.

King Kerr was at his desk;
His specs. were on his nose;
When sounds of tumult on the hill,
Across the Yarra rose.

King Kerr in silence sat;
A cloud was on his brow;
Then, muttering something like an oath,
He asked what was the row?

King Kerr took up his pen;
He sent his ukase forth;
And vowed those fiery Emeralds,
Should pay for all their mirth.

King Kerr was in a rage,
That Emeralds should dare
To read his bumble back again—
All in an easy chair!

King Kerr in wrath arose;
He laid aside his pen;
And then he shook himself right well,
And—sat him down again.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- JERQUEE.**—The name of the Collector of Customs is not Huge Curly, 'Eaded Childers, but Hugh Culling Eardly Childers.
- CLERICUS.**—Tenyson's line "Oh the Dreary, Dreary Moorland" has no connection with Moorfields, but is supposed to have been remotely and prophetically connected with some correspondence by the present assistant Colonial Secretary, on the land and labour question. We cannot say whether it would be more injurious to the Russo Chinese interest, or beneficial to this Colony, to stop the mouth of A—moor.
- ACCOUNTANT.**—The first effort of that distinguished poet, the Auditor-General, was the following:—
"The reason why they called me Edward Grimes,
Was, that they knew I should be given to Rhymes."
These delightful stanzas constituted the metrical master-pieces of no less than seventeen Colonial albums.
- HYDRAULIC.**—Dr. Wilkie, so far as we know, is not the author of any remarkable treatise on "Water on the Brain," though the effect of the Yan Yean scheme upon the eminent medical man might naturally lead you to the conclusion that he laboured under a somewhat similar malady. For prudential reasons he has avoided the subject of the brain, but asserts of Mr. Jackson's scheme, that there will be no "water in the main."
- A MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTE.**—We cannot tell you the proper way of pronouncing Mr. Wekey's name, but would refer you to the secretary of the Berlin Hochoberkoniglichen-undgebratentekartoffelnmacherrathlichen Society.
- A. C. S.**—In pronouncing the Casso, you are less oppressed by the necessities of language than by the exigencies of etiquette, which require that you should defer to the personal peculiarities of high officials. For further particulars, we must refer you to the assistant Colonial Secretary.
- FINANCIER.**—We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the lies contained in the public balance-sheet, but numbers of persons have been known before now to lie between the sheets of in the great bed of Ware.
- FANNY.**—The injunction obtained against Miss Cathcart in equity, need not interfere with the performance of "The Heir at Law."
- CLUTTERBUCK.**—"What, are they feared on, fools odd rot'em," are not likely to be "the last words of Higinbotham."
- GUSTAVUS.**—The eminent tragedian you refer to, is not "a running Brook," but a standing joke. He sought to preach "sermons in stone" jugs to Miss Fanny Cathcart.
- OFFICIAL.**—Mr. Foster used to puddle in office, but took to quartz-crushing in private life. We do not see how he can amalgamate the two pursuits.
- GOVERNMENT COMMUNION.**—The destitute board has not so far succeeded in providing the destitute with board and lodging. You'll see what we mean.

LEX.—Manslaughter is difficult to describe. Being thrown out of your dog-cart, with your wife and servant injured, and your vehicle destroyed, is not Sir William Blackstone's definition. Mr John Thomas Smith is a more recent authority upon this subject.

ECLIPSE.—Mr. Childers is commonly called "Flying Childers," after the celebrated race horse which he is supposed in some respects to resemble. Our correspondent has probably never seen Mr. Childers when in racing condition. No more have we. It is not the duty of weighers in the customs to keep any record upon the subject referred to.

ORTHOGRAPHICUS.—We believe that Mr. Smythe, the eminent lawyer and equestrian has spelt his name with a y for many years. And pray y not?

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT.—Sir Charles Hotham, in reading in yesterday's *Argus*, the account of "Dido's" robberies in Van Dieman's Land, was immensely struck by the following passage:—

"One of the men, who called himself Dido, told his comrade to tie Wignall's hands behind him. They then took from him three £1 notes, two sovereigns, and his boots. They returned to him £1 and his boots." Sir Charles immediately declared his intention of following Dido's example, and returning to the people of Victoria a large portion of the salary and allowances he has hitherto drawn.



BROTHER HARRY RETURNS FROM AUSTRALIA.—GREAT SENSATION IN BAKER STREET.

The Legends of St. John's Tavern.

BY A POLITICAL POLICEMAN.

In Queen-street liv'd a tavern-keeper,
A man but little known to fame;
No man in town sold Toorak cheaper;
John Drinknowater was his name.

Not long ago a thirsty fellow,
Went up the steps to stand a shout;
He shouted till he got quite mellow,
And so the landlord kicked him out.

A magistrate, fresh from a party,
Did come up 'ere the door was shut,
And seeing the man come down so smart'y
He thought they'd crack'd his cocoa nut.

Rolling the fellow from the gutter,
He ask'd, what did such conduct mean;
When all the words the man could utter,
Were—"How's your mother?—All serene!"

"Now by the good St. John I swear,
I'll go and see, what's this about"
He went in briskly at the door,
And brisker far did soon come out.

Followed by Bonniface himself,
Who told him that for half-a-dollar,
He'd kick him right into next week—
Then shook him soundly by the collar.

A sergeant of police came past,
But did not take the job in hand;

For as the *Argos*, wily says,
"He couldn't or wouldn't understand."

But No. 6, who chanc'd to be
On duty in the street that night,
I'd take upon himself to seize
And make the drunken man all right.

Next morning, Bonniface was summoned;
And stated at the City Court,
"I fancied when I seal'd the Beak,
As he'd been taken sumthin' short."

"An was sum chum of that ere sneak,
As I had in the gutter throw'd;
But if I'd known he vos a Beak,
I'd not ha chucked him in the road."

As Bonniface at once admitted
That he was guilty of the crime;
They made him pay five pound to help him
To know a Beak another time.

NOTES AND QUERIES.—A Shaksperian enquires if Othello's "ear piercing *Fyfe*" had any prophetic reference to the hon. member for Geelong; or if Juliet's impassioned exclamation "Oh, for a *Fawknor's* voice," bore a prospective allusion to the vocal organ of the venerable J. P. F.?

THE FATE OF GREAT POTENTATES.—Baron Munchausen describes, how, on one occasion, he was attacked, when unarmed by a lion. The Baron thrust his hand down the lion's throat, and "turned him inside out like a glove." An illustration depicts the death of the lion, and underneath is written, "The lion expires with rage and mortification." Sir Charles Hotham has been turned "inside out" over and over again. Let us hope he will not follow the lion's example, and "expire wit rage and mortification."



MOST HASTE WORST SPEED.

VICTORIAN COLONIST.—Oh, Doctor, Doctor, do more a little faster. In the present state of my poor wife's constitution we might lose her very suddenly.
DR. HOSKILL.—I never make 'fast, my good Sir.—Pray, don't worry me.—I dare say we shall find her all right. Most haste worst speed.

Court Circular.

(REPORTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR "MELBOURNE PUNCH.")



ON Saturday last, his Excellency the Governor, received, by appointment, the delegates nominated by the monster meeting, held on the previous day, to submit to His Excellency the resolutions adopted on that occasion. Their purport, as every one is well aware, being to declare the grief and consternation felt by the inhabitants of Victoria, on learning that some probability existed of his Excellency resigning the trust confided in him by his Sovereign, and to implore him to reconsider his

determination. It was delicately hinted to Sir Charles that, as it was well known his Excellency's expenditure absorbed both his private and official income, in consequence of the magnificent scale upon which the vice-regal hospitalities were carried out, and the open-handed generosity with which he subscribed to every institution and public enterprise, a large augmentation of the civil list would be made by the Legislative Council, on their re-assembling, as the members of that body were perfectly *d'accord* (on this, as on every other question) with the people of Victoria. His Excellency, who appeared to be overcome by emotion, declared that nothing had ever touched him so nearly as this spontaneous demonstration of public confidence and esteem, and that, yielding to the unanimous wishes of the colonists, he should abandon all intention of resigning his responsible and arduous trust, and live and die among his beloved Victorians. After partaking of an elegant *déjeuner*, the delegates withdrew to promulgate the joyful tidings among their fellow citizens; and in the evening, Melbourne was illuminated, and bonfires blazed on all the surrounding eminences.

On Monday last, His Excellency entertained a large party at dinner, according to his weekly wont. Among the invited guests, were the members of the Executive Council, the Legislative body, the legal and military functionaries of the Government, the Foreign Consuls, the Corporations of Melbourne and Emerald Hill, and the principal merchants and traders of the city. An unlimited supply of champagne, imparted the utmost vivacity to the conversation, and the brilliancy of His Excellency's wit, was only exceeded by the winning suavity and charming *bouhommie* of his gracious and graceful manner.

On Tuesday, His Excellency received a deputation from the diggers of Ballarat, to present him with a service of gold plate (purchased by public subscription), to mark the high sense entertained by the mining community of His Excellency's unsolicited and clement generosity, in granting a general amnesty, in connection with the untoward events of December last. In the evening, Sir Charles entertained the deputation to dinner; and the circle was further enlarged by the addition of Mr. Josephs, Col. Vern, Mr. David Blair, and Mr. Mooney.

On Wednesday, His Excellency was waited upon by a body of gentlemen, from the Chamber of Commerce, deputed to communicate the sentiments of this body, with respect to the profitable investment of the immense balances now lying unemployed in the Colonial Exchequer. His Excellency, with that paternal regard for the welfare of the people entrusted to his guardianship, which has ever distinguished his benign and happy rule, signified his anxious desire, that the public taxes should be still further reduced, until income and expenditure were equalized. The Chamber, however, were of opinion that the present amount of taxation was so light, and its incidence so equal, that a further remission was uncalled for, and they strongly recommended the expenditure of the unemployed balances, in the construction of trunk lines of railway, to connect Melbourne with all the principal gold-fields in the Colony. His Excellency acknowledged the value and importance of the suggestion, and undertook to em-

body it in a message to the Legislative Council. After partaking of a sumptuous champagne luncheon, the deputation withdrew, charmed with the affability of Sir Charles and the lavish hospitality of Toorak.

Last evening, His Excellency and suite, attended the performances at the Theatre Royal, "which was crowded to the ceiling." It is almost superfluous to remark, that Sir Charles was received with tumultuous applause, which lasted for upwards of fifteen minutes. The National Anthem was twice redemanded by the enthusiastic assemblage, and the whole scene was one of the most animated and exciting character. His Excellency has taken a box for the season, both at the Theatre Royal and at Coppin's Olympic, and has announced his attention of frequently honoring both houses with his presence, and that of Lady Hotham.

This evening, Lady Hotham gives a *the dansante* in the Exhibition Building. About 2000 cards of invitation have been issued. Pursell has *carte blanche* for the preparation of the refreshments.

A Lay.

MADE ABOUT THE YEAR MDCCCLV.



REAT Black, of Bourke-street Theatre,
By Poole and Warner swore,
That Miss Mary Fanny Cathcart,
With Brooke should play no more.
By Poole and Bayne he swore it,
And named her opening night,
And "stickers-up" (of bills) went forth,
East and west, and south, and north,
To post with all their might.

East and west, and south, and north,
The stickers-up repair,
Some his them forth to Collingwood,
And some to Sandridge Pier.
Shame on the false theatrical,
Who would refuse the call,
Which Black, of Bourke-street Theatre,
Placards on every wall

The pit-ites and the box-ers, too,
Are pouring in amain;
The orange-men will reap to-night,
A splendid crop of gain.
In compact file along the kerb,
They take their patient stand;
A basket at the foot of each,
Four globes in either hand.
From Richmond's leafy quarters,
From William's tarry town,
From where St. Kilda's daughters
On beach and bay look down.
From Flemington, the distant,
From Collingwood, the slow,
To see Miss Fanny Cathcart,
The many-headed go.
Meantime, Gustavus Vaughan Brooks,
Walks up to Chancery Lane,
To find a legal antidote
To Fanny Cathcart's Bayne.
In Temple Court, the clerks all ask,
In Tripp and Atkyns' too,
"What doth the great tragedian
In such a quarter do?"

Ho! lawyers to the rescue:
 Ho! Bunny use your strength,
 For him whose name, on ev'ry wall,
 Measures six feet in length:
 Restrain this fickle Fanny Heir
 From forfeiting her word;
 By Judge in Chambers let your plea
 In Brooke's behalf be heard. }
 The Judge in Chambers heard the plea,
 Injunction granted there,
 Forbidding Fanny Cathcart (or
 The wife of Richard Heir)

To forfeit her allegiance due
 To great Gustavus Brooke,
 Whose counsel and protection she
 Abandon'd and forsook.
 Great joy was there at Coppin's house,
 At Black's was sore dismay;
 Since he must now withdraw her name,
 And mount some other play:
 While Fanny Cathcart who had caused
 This managerial strife,
 Retired from public gaze and praise
 To quiet private life.



PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.

BITTEN PARTY.—*Curses inarticulately.*

DOG OWNER.—*I'm very sorry, Sir—but you needn't be in the least uneasy—there is no such thing as Hydrophobia in Australia.*

you should be careful to carry out this idea. When some man at dinner, begins to criticise the conduct of your administration, as men will—floor him if you can; but if you see the spirit of society against you, elevate your eyebrows, with a semi-responsible air, and ask him to take a glass of wine with you, in a manner equivalent to saying, "I could, an' I would explain that piece of seemingly inconsistent conduct, but duty to my chief forbids." You can then make some careless observations indicative of your dissent, from certain general principles, involved in the policy objected to; of course, the immediate thought in every man's mind, will be, that it is a thousand pities, so good a Colonial Secretary should be made responsible for the acts of so bad a Governor. When representative members and other troublesome persons, annoy you with trying questions, just make the best answer you can, (it will most likely be a bad one, but never mind that), and then adopt the socratic method, and draw out from your opponent, what he would have done. He has never been Colonial Secretary, and will most likely confound the clerk that ties the red tape, with the clerk that puts on the seal. You can then benevolently set him right and point out the disadvantage a man labours under, in making a charge without knowing what he is talking about. Hint to him—rather than say—that he is a theorist, more than a practical man. Tell him, that his principles excite your warmest admiration in the abstract, but that if he were in office, as you wish he were, he would better understand than he can now, the impossibility of carrying them out in practice. If you are quite certain there is nothing in the shape of a new Constitution pending, you can launch out, particularly about the difficulties and thankless character of a Colonial Official's place; but in such circumstances as those, which beset the Colony at present, with any number of persons ready to encounter those difficulties at a moment's notice, it would be scarcely prudent, to enlarge too much on your anxiety to resign, if the interests of the Colony permitted it. That which you do upwards to the Governor, you can easily do downwards to your colleagues, and you can readily take all the credit for good deeds in general, and throw upon them, the discredit of all bad deeds in particular. If they have a spark of *esprit de corps*, they will not contradict you; still do not count too implicitly upon that. When deputations or individuals come to see you on official business, it is doubly easy to carry out these general principles. When they touch upon doubtful, or worse than doubtful ground, say—you will communicate with His Excellency on the subject. Whenever you see your way clear, to doing what they demand, declare that you will see them righted, and let them go away with the impression, that what they are to get, is due entirely to the bold and energetic stand you mean to take. In dealing with clerks, and subordinates, and that class of persons your course is particularly easy. Refuse to see them when you can and browbeat them when you cannot. Some of them are sure to come to grief afterwards, and then you can show that you never favoured the delinquents. Defend their order generally in Council, however; this is magnanimity. Hand over those that are defenceless to be worried and abused; this is candour. With respect to patronage, of course provide for your friends and cousins, if their relations can be of any service to you. It would be very hard if you were to forget that you are a man and a cousin, because you are a Colonial Secretary. While you can defend their various forms of misconduct, do so; it shows a feeling human heart; when they exceed a certain limit, be the first to denounce them; it shows that you are beyond the suspicion of nepotism, and that you only got them appointed because you conceived them to be the best men that offered themselves for their several appointments. By the time you find it necessary to give them up, their friends will probably see the policy of giving them up too; so you will lose nothing in that quarter, while you will gain immensely for standing up for those whom it is in any way possible to defend.

Punch's Advice to Colonial Officials.

No. II.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

ACCORDING to the good old Colonial system—which, it is much to be feared, will shortly be altogether suspended; you will most probably have got your appointment from Downing-street, where your chief got his; by similar means, and with similar qualification. So far as salary goes, and yet more with respect to "allowances," your position will be much inferior to the Governor's; still, there are countervailing advantages on your side. If you manage well, you can secure the credit of all the good acts of his reign, and throw upon him the responsibility of all the bad ones. He has not the opportunities of explaining his conduct in Council that you have, and when you find things going wrong, a little hesitation and shrugging of the shoulders, may be made, to transfer the blame of all blunders and misdeeds, to the vice-regal shoulders. When you see that the House has thoroughly made up its mind, that you are not the really culpable person, you should take all the blame upon yourself, and so get the credit at once, of having advised the Government against the course it has adopted, and of having nobly screened the Government from censure, at your own expense afterwards. In your intercourse with other colonists,

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. V.—LETTER 9.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN ENGLAND.

DEAR HARRY,—

I shall not give you an account of all the events—half forgotten by this time—that occurred on our upward tramp to the diggings. The story would be chiefly of pecking and unpacking the cart, successive petty troubles with the horses, tumbles, jerks, displacements, and breakages of the cargo, heat and dirt, and manifold discomforts, all however cast into insignificance by the pleasurable sense of adventure, and in the enjoyment of the evenings round the camp fire. You may talk about the comforts of an English hearth, but in dry weather, and when the state of the thermometer permits the blazing logs to be attractive, the camp fire is to my mind an epitome of comfort. There you sit with the enormous starry roof over your head, impressing by its contrast a peculiar air of snugness upon the little spot in night, which for a few hours you have made your home. There your tent stands ready to receive you the moment sleepiness comes on. You see your horses making themselves at home and cropping away a few yards off; your good dogs always ready to be at home wherever you are, stretched out at your feet, and now and then raising themselves to receive a pat, and to exchange assurances of friendship. You keep up an unlaboured social chat with your comrades about your little mishaps and great hopes, and altogether I think you can secure an immensity of real enjoyment by the camp fire, and lay up a store of recollections eminently pleasant and satisfactory to look back to.

Sometimes, however, you have wet, disagreeable nights, when your desire for roof and walls, and, if possible, a glass of "something hot" convinces you thoroughly of your mortality. One of these nights we passed in a roadside public-house—I forget the name of it—for which we were exceedingly glad to be able to exchange our *al fresco* enjoyments. We spent the evening in the parlour, in an atmosphere dense with tobacco smoke, and impregnated with the flavour of bad brandy-and-water. Out of consideration to Mary and Jane and the female branches generally, who, I know, will read my letters, I cannot give you a really accurate account of the conversation of the group we joined; but no doubt your fine imagination will enable you to supply all those elegancies of language which are necessary to make the picture complete.

When we went in, an old stock-keeper was pouring into the receptive ears of some new arrivals, the account of a terrific encounter he had had long ago, with a party of "black fellows" on the Upper Darling. I charitably suppose, that he was a tremendous liar, and did not really commit half the diabolical crimes, which he confessed with every appearance of pride. The blacks had speared a mob of cattle—so ran his narrative—and about a dozen settlers and storekeepers sallied out to avenge their injury. They came upon a large party of the blacks by night. They were camped in a bend of the river, men, women and children, sitting round their fires, with huge half roasted pieces of the speared bullocks in rapid process of consumption. A volley was poured in indiscriminately, and then the melee began. Spears were thrown by some, some jumped into the river, and were shot in the water; some fought, and were shot upon the land. He described, how one brave old black, who was wounded as he swam, got behind a log fixed in the stream, and threw spears, and defied the assailants, while shot after shot, was fired at him, till at last he was hit in the head and floated down the current. I believe the whole details of the dismal story, to have been invented; but true or false, the historian seemed to have no compunction, and was quite contented to make a sensation, without analyzing the nature of that sensation too closely. Then he went on to describe marvellous escapes he had had, and tremendous sufferings he had undergone for want of food and water.

Some one made an allusion to a well known exploring expedition; "Ah," said Veracity, "they never went no ways much into the interior, I was out there long before they was, and much farther too. That sort of thing (he didn't say what), reads all—pretty in a book, but I expect they know much better how to put their lies in a book, than they knows of the bush. Their — drays and tents and rubbish is enough for r.u.e. Talk about new runs, I knows a place this minute, where the grass is up to your middle, and never a horse but mine ever set his foot there; I aint a going to say where, my oath, dont you believe it. I hadn't had no blessed tucker for five days when I come there, and the kangaroos were hopping about like fleas in a blanket; they were as silly as so many — new chums, and I knocked one on em down with my stock-whip

before he could say knife. That was just about where the — hex—plorers (he seemed to think there was something particularly sarcastic in so dividing a word) was a starvin. They didn't ought to go about the country without a coach and four, and a — French cook. A black fellow tried to shake my saddle in them parts, but, my word, I let him know what gun meant, and then collared his gin."

"Did you ever lose yourself in the forest?" asked one of Veracity's auditors. "Lose myself—I ain't the sort to lose myself in the bush. I came on a poor — onest that had lost hisself. He'd been in the scrub for a week, and was raving mad for grub and water. I gin him what I'd got about me, and had a precious sight o' trouble to get him along. I got him back at last to old red-headed Jim's hut, on the Wongarong Creek, and he give me twenty pound, and I had a shout, and I wasn't fit for nothin with the horrors for a week. Ah, my word, them were the times." He had known all about the gold-fields years before Hargreaves came from California. "Why," said somebody, "didn't you tell about them at the time?" "Oh, I didn't care about money, I picked up a bit of gold, and showed it to the master, and he said I was a fool, and chucked it away. I was looking after a poly strawbery bullock that had got away, and didn't care that about gold." So he went on stringing his stories together, true or false, and apparently with no more notion of right or wrong than had the pipe he was smoking.

There were in the room two squatters from some place far away; not the sort of squatters that live in Melbourne, and are pioneers vicariously in the persons of their over-seers, but a couple of honest rough fellows, with no thought beyond their strayed cattle and scabby sheep. "When you were at the Wild-dog Creek, did you fall in with any OK cattle?" asked one. Then there was a long yarn about polys and wide horns, and hoop horns, and straight horns, and down horns, and cock horns, and strawberys, and yellows, and reds, and brindles, and so forth, that would fill a book if I put it all down. These two fellows seemed used to the kind of mingled web of truth and falsehood, that the stockkeeper was weaving, and paid no attention to him, but kept up between themselves, their monotonous talk about stray cattle and the like for hour after hour, drinking brandy and water, the while in enormous quantities, with no apparent effect.

The storekeepers talked about the price of carriage, and the state of the roads, and flour and sugar, and sardines—sardines are a wonderfully conspicuous institution in Australia—and agreed as to certain probabilities in the Melbourne Market, and each went to bed apparently determined to cut the other out in getting up in the morning and being off to town betimes, to complete some purchases or sales, about which I understood little, and cared less.

At length, the old god sleep overcame us all, and I lay on the floor among about a dozen men, drunk and sober, and sufficiently satisfied as I heard the rain rattling against the window, with the sensation of being dry and warm. When we got up in the morning, it was again hot and dry, and we pursued our course towards these diggings, of which you shall have full news hereafter.

Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE CHISLEHURST.

CARL VON RINDVIER TO JOHN THOMSON, Esq., LONDON.

Mein Dear Freund,—

Mein Englis is still so badt, that I undertake not easily this letter to you to write. Hence arises it, my dear, and from no by-time-and-stance-created-lessening of my for-you-deeply-rooted friendship, that so many weeks I have, without writing to you, in this colonie spent. Many have I of my compatriots, and not a few even, who in for-gone times with me for fatherland, in the Schleswig Holstein campaign, have fought, have met. With them, in song and conversation, hav I som much to be enjoid evenings past. Business here is what, in your idiom, you Englis gentlemen call "blowd slak". You see gradually and by slow time I your idioms master, and my style to speak and to write improve. In my own profession, I not the least to do could become; I have, therefore, to other views my attention to turn, been compelled. Music, as you meine friend well are aware, has ever of me, as of the most part of Germans, a master-passion been. And the muse wot in beloved fatherland my entertainment was, here my support to be has graciously consented. I play not in the orchestra, but in the street, and the digger, with brandy-hot fill'd, with free hand the half-crown to me rewards. My comrades in this undertaking aesthetic are of various occupation in forgone times. One in the Schleswig campaign, a most distinguished infantry corporal was, and now with veegoor the trombone most melodiously blows. Another, who the high post of Kinderpulvermaacherrath, in Weismichtwo, once filled, but who, through political causes, that situation ceased to hold,

into the clarinet the greatness of his soul pores. The cornet, also, his higher place in the world has filled, as Koniglischenpumpenwasser director at Katzenjammer. But whersore you weery with the story pest of great men whom you it is forbidden to know. Not to you it imports the greatness of the men now on music and the beneficence of the lucky digger dependant, to be informed. For me, mein friend, I am happie. If the brandy-hot-full dygar not ver stands of our music the goodness; we it ourselves enjoy cann, and he so redily pays as if it un-namably bad was. Hereafter, as the opportunity shall sarve, we eech our various profession resume. Even as now, we leed the life wot you "jolly" call. Sometime in the street, sometime in the publichouse, some time in the pavilion, when the laud-speculator—the purchasing-enthusiasmus of those whom he would sell to, to kindle desires. Also even unto the "deegings" have we, playing in the gullie, and in the sliagro tent, penetrated. Everywhere we are enriched, and with the brandy-hot, the noblar, the spyder, &c., liberal treated. Sometime the deegar wot you call "charf" us, tis true. Sometime wen he is ver'drunken, he call us "— German"; but he speak then in the platt Englis, which, as yet, not to us, for the most part, inteligible has bekom. Not gratly much of philosophie it need to bear so much. With my present income, I in the beloved fatherland, the beautiful villar, the ride horse, the carage, and the courier to sustain, should be enabled. Ah, mein freind, if one only the monie, were easily it is earned, earn, and it could at the same time expend were it most wood purchase!

I here arrest my pen, for with of the dictionary the leaves over-turning, I am exhausted.

Adieu, mein dear freund,—when sha' I thee once again embrace,
Thine

CARL VON RINDVIEH.

FAMILIAR APHORISMS.

BY A GIFTED IDIOT.

Brevity is the soul of business, and punctuality the soul of wit.
 Predistination is the thief of time. Marry in haste, and the pounds will take care of themselves.
 Take care of the pures, and repent at leisure.
 Indolence is the parent of virtue, and the early bird too often gets the worms.
 Evil communications spoil good periodicals.
 Too many cooks blow nobody any good.
 It's an ill wind that spoils the broth.
 What's sauce for the goose is another man's poison.
 One man's meat saves nine.
 A stitch in time, covers a multitude of sins.
 Charity is sauce for the gander.

PORT AND HARBOUR DO-ES.—Pilotage charges at the port of Melbourne.

"CATCHING AN HEIKESS."—We observe that Mr. Coppin advertises this farce for Saturday. Having just lost one *Heiress* in Miss Fanny Cathcart, he is fortunate in being able to catch another so soon.

TENNANT RIGHT.—Dr. Embling somewhat tautologically says, in his address to the constituency of North Bourke, that he comes forward in accordance with the "voluntary will" of a large number of the electors. If Mr. Tennent did the same he is no doubt a "tenant at will."



CELESTIAL HAPPINESS.

IN THE PRESS, AND SHORTLY WILL APPEAR—An entirely new English grammar, with original illustrations from Sir Charles Hotham's despatches.—By Captain Kaye.

The Haines that Once in Patrick's Hall.

A MOORISH MELODY.

The present Colonial Secretary holds office only until the arrival of the arrival of the New Constitution. His successor has been designated and privately consulted by the Governor.—*Our Clairvoyant reporter.*

The Haines that once in Patrick's Hall,
 The will of Hotham spoke,
 In prospect of impending fall.
 Hath ceased to smile or smoke.
 Unused the pipe so prized of late;
 Its blacken'd bowl is cold,
 And weak the voice that in debate,
 Once spake out clear and bold.

No more to cheering nominees,
 Shall Haines finance expound,
 To Barrabool the statesman freed,
 And Morong's pastoral ground;
 The Constitution seals his doom.
 Sir Charles sends for O'Shanassy,
 To occupy the room
 Of Haines, the banish'd man.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.—CASTLEMAINE.—Mary Borough was brought before Mr. Barry, charged with creating a disturbance and using offensive language in the public streets. Mr. Stolid prosecuted; Mr. O'Dearno for the defence. It appeared that the unfortunate female had been the victim of misplaced confidence in one Charley Warmem, whose great promises ending in no performances, had occasioned her wrath. Mr. Stolid arranged that she should plead guilty, but not receive sentence till called upon to do so. Mr. O'Dearno assented to this course. The worthy magistrate admonished this imprudent female of the impropriety of behaviour, shocking alike to ethics and morality, to real piety and true religion. Pointing out to her the clemency of the Governor, and mentioning that the quality of mercy was not strained. He deprecated the use of strong language, and urged the prisoner to return to the paths of constitutional virtue and christian colonial conservatism. She left the Court—much affected.



Legal Intelligence.

JUDGE
PUNCH'S
COURT.

(IN EQUITY.)

BROOKE v. HEIR
& WIFE.

THIS was an appeal from the Supreme Court. The wife of one of the defendants, (formerly Miss Fanny Cathcart), had entered prior to her marriage, into an agreement with the plaintiff, to accompany him on a theatrical tour, and to act exclusively in his company; but after a time, though she had

always acted well for him, she conceived that he did not act well towards her, and she had accordingly, left his company with her husband, and took an engagement at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Brooke, then obtained from the Court below, an injunction, restraining Miss Cathcart from carrying out her third engagement. The defendants had sought to have the injunction dissolved, but the Court below had directed, that the injunction should stand, and against this judgment, the present appeal was made. For the plaintiff, were Mr. Orsair and Mr. Whytehooker; for the defendants, Mr. Leeder and Mr. Stuff.

Mr. Leeder said, that in seeking to set aside the judgement of the Court below, he was certain, that that judgment had been given with the utmost care and impartiality. He would not for a moment believe, that because His Honor Sir Wm. A'Beckett had come from England with Mr. Coppin, and had written an address for the opening of the Olympic, he would, as some asserted, have taken a prejudiced view of the case, in favor of the plaintiff's partner.

The Court.—Even if you asserted that sir, it would make no impression upon me. But apart from such considerations, I am glad you have not said anything of the kind. Not only am I sure that Sir Wm. A'Beckett is quite incapable of such partiality, but I esteem him as the brother of the greatest English historian—who is also the editor of the best edition of Blackstone in the language.

Mr. Leeder agreed with his Honor.

Mr. Orsair, said, it was a gross assumption to say, the plaintiff was Mr. Coppin's partner.

Mr. Whytehooker said, Mr. Coppin had sought to enter into a partnership with one of the defendants, therefore, it was in the highest degree improbable that he was in partnership with the plaintiff.

Mr. Leeder proceeded, from time to time, producing affidavits in support of his case. Mr. Brooke had enticed his client, when almost a child, from the happy home of her youth, (of which, the learned gentleman, gave an interesting picture), and had inveigled her into signing an agreement, which she but half read, and did not in the least understand. He had brought her on false pretences, and two pound a week across the briny wave.

Mr. Orsair—She waived that point, when she agreed to come.

Mr. Leeder—"You're vast'y deep." His client, though feeling that she had been done, continued to act faithfully, but at last, the plaintiff's conduct became unbearable, and she could endure his company no more.

The Court—In short, she couldn't longer Brooke it,

And so to Black, resolved to hook it.

Mr. Leeder—In the course of her engagement with the plaintiff, Miss Cathcart entered into a matrimonial engagement with Mr. Heir.

The Court—I presume the question is, whether her second Heir-ing was compatible with her first hiring.

Mr. Leeder—That point your Honor, is undisputed; the contra o

for the second Heir-ing was entered into, with the knowledge of the plaintiff, although I altogether dispute his right to interfere, had it not been so. My plaintiff then came under a Heir jurisdiction

Mr. Whytehooker—Mr. Coppin protested at the time.

Mr. Leeder—Yes, but he proposed another engagement, which would have annulled the first—an engagement of marriage.

Mr. Leeder—He had no right to propose anything of the kind.

Mr. Whytehooker—It was kind of him to propose,

The Court—

The law can't hinder Mr. Coppin,
From when he likes the question poppir'.

Mr. Leeder continued at some length;—his client; he endeavoured to show, had been grossly deceived and under paid, and when she at length sought the protection of Royalty, was still followed by legal persecution.

Mr. Orsair replied. He produced a letter from the defendant's father, showing, that her natural protector, had requested Mr. Brooke to protect 'er. That letter was written in a spirit—

Mr. Stuff—And water.

Mr. Orsair—That letter was written in a spirit that did equal honor to the writer's head and heart. It had seldom been equalled and never surpassed. So far as Mr. Coppin was concerned, he had treated her in a manner the most honorable and kind.

Mr. Stuff—A little more than kin and less than kind.

Mr. Orsair—His (Mr. Coppin's) feelings were such, that they interfered with his enjoyment of his meals.

The Court—E. g.!

Mr. Orsair—He left his egg untasted on the breakfast table, and declared that if she would give him any hope, he would no longer be dissipated.

Mr. Stuff—His hope was speedily dissipated as well as himself.

Mr. Orsair—Miss Cathcart had, with full knowledge and consideration—

Mr. Stuff—The consideration was the ridiculously small sum of two pounds a week.

Mr. Orsair—With full knowledge and consideration, entered into an agreement which formed part of another agreement, under which, the breach of the first would subject Mr. Brooke to a penalty of £2000. He asked the Court to restrain this fickle fair—though it was not fair of her to be so fickle.

The Court—Have you an authority for that point?

Mr. Orsair—Yes, your Honor, you will find it in the first of Joe Miller's reports; to restrain this fickle fair one from playing—

Mr. Stuff—Fair play's a jewel.

Mr. Orsair—Could never get on with these interruptions; however, the contract was in the hands of the Court, and Mr. Coppin's courtship had nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Coppin had acknowledged his age at the same time that he declared his passion; the newspaper press would bear him out in saying, that passion was characteristic of "Age." He was convinced the Court would sustain him in declaring that neither, on lower or Heir terms, was Miss Cathcart justified in breaking her engagement to that tragical wonder Mr. G. V. B. He admitted that she was attached to Mr. Heir, while he was paying his court, but the attachment of the Court below, was much stronger.

The Court—I shall take time to consider this appeal; my present impression is, that the injunction must stand, and that the defendant was not justified in breaking her engagement to the plaintiff, although he acted shabbily towards her in the matter of salary. As for Mr. Coppin's addresses, they were as well meant and as ill-written, as that of brother A'Beckett, when the Olympic was opened. Judgment reserved.

TWO FINE OLD CRUSTED JOKES.

Why is there always plenty to eat in the interior of Africa!—Because of the sandwiches there (sand which is there).

How came the sandwiches there?—There the children of Ham were bred and mustered.

RANK NONSENSE.—We understand that the hon. member for Kildermister, so well known in these colonies, finds excessive difficulty in asserting his position in Parliament, in consequence of the aristocracy's objection to high-Lowes.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.—Miss Fanny Cathcart's disagreement with her friends, illustrates the difficulties of our legal system. Brooke and Coppin are both intelligent men, yet, at the same time, and for the same object, the one sues out his injunction—whilst the other declares his attachment.



A NORTH BOURKE CANDIDATE ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENCY ON A "NATIONAL" QUESTION.

THE DIGGINGS.

(From our own correspondent.)

MOUNT BRANKLYN.—Nothing new has occurred during the last week. Several children have been drowned in deep holes, and their arriving playmates, stabbed by their mothers in consequence. Divers parties are now sinking on the race course, but as they have not yet ruck on the lead, it appears *a fortiori*, that they cannot have ruck on the gold. Two systematic sly-grog sellers have retired, with large fortunes; and a poor woman, who (in her husband's absence), was persuaded by a detective, to give him some brandy, as he had excessively drunk—has been fined £50, or sentenced in default, to four months imprisonment. The police have been very active, and seem to find the parts reefs pay; some of them yield as much as £50 a man, whilst others, after four months hard labor, prove unproductive. Population 800. *Del. from prevailing*—otherwise healthy.

PRIOR'S CREEK.—The population has increased 400, very new chums necessary consequence, considerable soft sinking. The yield of gold continues good from "Possum-hill," where, as they happen to be wanted, there are no police. Some of the holes bottomed, have proved bottom, wholly unproductive.

Very little is doing just now at Auriferous Point. A rather pretty girl has been going up a tight-rope, and appears to have other rings to her beau. On the whole, I cannot at present say much for the Creek; were it a Brooke, it might, perhaps, say a good deal for itself.

Woody Creek (Castlemaine) on Baker's Creek, the population has increased to upwards of 1000—principally Celestials, who are growing very cheery—so that we have China saucers with very ugly mugs. At Tarrantower, heavy wet prevents working the gullies, and quartz principally occupy the miners attention. There is not much going on in the neighbourhood of Castlemaine, except prosecutions for sly-grog selling, of which there have been about fifty cases, most of them yielding 50 to the Government, minus the commission allowed to the spy cessaries, who invited the sale.

A great many people are leaving Buttercup-hill for the Lobster-les, but the storekeepers say, it is only to avoid paying their debts—partial, but not after all, an irrational explanation of the rush. Several parties, it must be admitted, are sinking, while others go on swimmingly. A good yield is made out of the flats.

A FLOATING DOVEGGT.

SEVENTEEN young ladies, each with a hoop of gold upon her engaged finger, were passengers from Liverpool to Melbourne, by the Donald M'Kay;—seventeen doves, fluttering over the purple water of the Pacific, and finding no rest for their souls until their eyes rested upon Hobson's Bay trees! No sooner was the vessel telegraphed from the Heads, and her precious freight made known by the agitated manner, and incoherent language of seventeen ecstatic bachelors, than orange blossoms went up 50 per cent.; holders of white satin were not only firm but stiff; figured lace falls rose to a prodigious figure; and those who went in search of kid slippers, found they had embarked upon a bootless errand. *Punch* would require the services of the gentleman who furnishes the statistics to the *Argus*, to estimate the quantity of pounded sugar, Zante currants, and candied lemon-peel, consumed in the fabrication of the bride-cakes at Pursesell's; but he embraces this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the receipt of seventeen cubes of luscious confection, enveloped in the creamiest of paper, secured by the glossiest of ribbon, (real Lyons, every inch of it), and accompanied by the neatest of notes in the prettiest of hands, to apprise him that seventeen pairs of beautiful doves—ring doves—will be at home for a specific period. *Punch* ventures to predict that they will be always at home to him, and will commence his tour of wedding visits, on Thursday next.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—*Mr. Punch's* chancellor of the exchequer begs to acknowledge the receipt of two sixpenny bits, from the Colonial Secretary and the Colonial Treasurer; who, after reading *Punch* on the board outside the office last Thursday, returned to the Government offices, and were suddenly stung by remorse.

THE MINOR'S RIGHT.—A fast youth, whose letter is strongly scented with *odeur de tabac*, and is sealed with a great splash of wax, impressed with an heraldic blazon (an opossum *couchant* on a field, or, motto—*cum te possum*), wishes to be informed whether, by taking out the Minor's Right, he would be entitled to what he regards as a minor's privileges. To wit: Unlimited credit for boots at Hatch's, jewellery at Henry's, and clothes at Bradford and Underwood's, a season ticket at the theatres, a horse at livery at Tattersall's, a running account at Pursesell's, and a latch key! *Punch* remits this important string of bueries to the "Governor."



MRS. HAINES.—Drat that boy. He was always in a mess. Now I've got him away from his nasty dirty Commissioners, and dressed him up in a nice new Chief Secretaryship, I'll have him in my own room, and try if I can keep him clean.

BOY WRIGHT.—I'll be at it again soon, in spite of her.



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.
(Turn again Whittington.)

The Blighted Policeman.

(After Tennyson.)

By J. T. S.

Miss Jemima Jenny Jones,
You shall not get me for your guest;
You thought to sell B 31,
For pastime, ere you went to rest.
At me you looked, but though near booked,
I saw the dodge, and I retired—
Though cookmaid even of a Mayor.
Your cooking ain't by me desired.

II.

Miss Jemima Jenny Jones,
You put strange memories in my mind;
Three days, as yet, have scarcely past,
Since Nabba, my comrade, with you dined.
Your flash *entrees* deserve all praise,
E'en Monsieur Soyer you may beat;
But you put that upon his plate,
Which he had hardly cared to eat.

III.

Miss Jemima Jenny Jones,
This young policeman went about—
You fired the fellow's foolish head,
With talk of bottled ale and stout.
With inward laugh, you stood his chaff,
And talked about the stunning cheer,
And then you filled a foaming glass—
And *stowed* him with your Murphy's beer,

IV.

Miss Jemima Jenny Jones,
I know you want to change your name:
But you're a deal too proud for me,
A soldier is, I know, your game:
Nor would I break for your sweet sake,
The heart of her I mean to wed.
The homely peeler, in his blue,
Is worth a hundred coats of red!

(The rest of our correspondents M. S. is returned with thanks. It would do very well for any of our contemporaries. Ed. P.)

A VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ.

RESPECTED SIR,—

Wen I tuk serviss in the armeer, which is more nor sevin yeers ago, I little thort that iver my mother's sun would be afther wearin too liveris at wanst, let alone the bloo unminshunables, wich puzzles me intirely, more betoken I cant reckonise me own legs in em. But Sir Charles, bad luck to him, fills out a draft of the handsomest fellies in the forth, and puts us on domestic dooti at Tworack. There's Terry, and Tim, and Ben, (that was down with the dysentery afther the bitter bad beer at the ball), and Charlie, and Tom, and meself, that's six. When Sir Charles has a party (wich isn't often you know), we peel off the red, and ivery won of us puts on the bloo, and moighty quare we look, any how, a standin behind the choers of the company, whilst they are ating, like so many big bloo-bottles, as Tim sez, and Tim is a dacent boy, Mr. Punch, which he was raised in the county Cork, and knows good breedin, and can talk like a buk. Thin, when there's no company, there's the garden to wade, and the knives to clane, and the cows to milk, and the eggs to find, (thim hens is the devil's own birds for layin ashtray), and the boots to polish, and the vigitables to cut, and no ind of dirty wurk to be dun in the house and grounds.

I'm tould, Mr. Punch, that the officers of the twilfth sot their faces against the convarshun of the min into bloo-bottles; more power to their elbows for that same: I'd be glad to no why the forth is put into private livry! If there's no ftin in the colony, couldn't they send us to Sebastopol, or Simferopol, or any other Pol, as mite be agreeable to the Horse Gards. Isn't a man onwillin to brush boots wen he's longin to have a brush with the Rushins? Answer me that now. And isn't it moighty tantalisin to be earthin up trenrkes when your fingers is itching to be ftin in em, and to be plantinlettuses when we want them to let us plant the rigimental colors on the walls of the inimy.

Tim tells me, that your honor's father—the ould gentleman at home, long life to him—larfed the great guns at the war office out of Brown Bess and the regulation stock; couldn't your honor larf the Governor out if puttin us into domestic dooty and blue plush unmen-shinables? I remain, Mr. Punch,

Yours to command,

PATRICK MALONY,

Private H. M. 40th Foot.

OMINOUS.—We had expected that the melancholy affair of Ballarat would have shewn the mining community the impropriety of an appeal to arms; but it appears that we were in error. At a recent electioneering meeting at Castlemaine, a Mr. Hitchcock (who ought to be tried for sedition), told the diggers that they could place confidence only in a Pyke! The police did not interfere.

DISGUSTING LEVITY.—It appears that the Ballarat rebellion has not been looked upon as of any importance by the Ministry at home. Lord Palmerston, when questioned privately as to the trial of Josephs, for an attempt to subvert the throne, replied as follows:—"Of course, Hotham blundered in charging Sambo with a design to set himself up for King Joe; but when he did so, he was very likely only jo-king.

FALL OF THE ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.—From information received at Toorak by the last mail, it appears that a Baronet or Knight, of some naval eminence, has been seen to shake hands with a Colonial bishop. This republican proceeding, though canvassed with some severity at the United service and Travellers, has not, we fear, met with that general censure which it deserves. Sir Charles Hotham wept on receiving this intelligence.



ialogue
BETWEEN
AN
OLD
AND
NEW
CHUM.

New Chum.—Well, I wouldn't be such a prejudiced old ante-diluvian as you are if you were to give me a thousand pounds;

Or to be the owner of all your cattle and runs, or whatever you call your iniquitously extensive grazing grounds.

Old Chum.—You certainly are a remarkably nice sort of a green horn, and a know-nothing to talk in that way too.

I suppose you know just as much about a horse as a horse knows about you.

My word, I shouldn't be in the least astonished if it were to take you the best part of a year

To know the difference between a wide horned brindled bullock and a strawberry poley steer.

New Chum.—That I know nothing about, your poleys and your wide horns may all be perfectly true:

But, pray, who wrote that brilliant article on the war in the last Quarterly Review!

And I dare say you wouldn't see the smallest reason in life to doubt the truth of my tale,

If I told you that Teyson was the author of "Sam Hall," and John Mill of "Cakes and Ale."

Old Chum.—And a very great deal of service your Sam Mill, or John Hall, or whatever his name is would be at a push,

If you were put down without any grub and water by yourself a couple of hundred miles away up in the bush,

Or were stuck up in the Black Forest, on a dark night, and shaken of your prad,

And your swag, containing your money and every blessed thing in the world that you had.

New Chum.—If the Government hadn't been in the hands of your prejudiced and incapable martodon sort of race,

Long before this there, wouldn't have been such a thing as a bush-ranger to be met with in the whole of the place.

Why, I declare too, and if it isn't the truth, and nothing but the truth, say I deserve to be hung;

If what with your convict and bullock driver slang you haven't almost forgotten the use of your mother tongue.

Old Chum.—You new chums certainly are the most conceited set of young pigs the universal world contains.

And while you're as helpless as a lamb in a wild deg's mouth, flatter yourselves that you've got a monopoly of all knowledge and brains.

If you'd got to make a fire without a tinder-box or matches, how'd you do it? Pray, answer me that,

Why, you'd be as miserable as a bandicoot all night, and would no more know what to do than if you were a kangaroo rat.

New Chum.—A certain amount of a savage kind of skill and instinct I don't dispute that you possess;

But you've nothing else in the world to recommend you, and you couldn't easily have less.

Your Government's a set of vulgar old women, and your Legislative Council of rich publicans and sinners;

Who, if they had no more than they deserved, wouldn't know where to go for their dinners.

Old Chum.—I dare say you've the merit of having nothing more than the fine clothes you carry on your back;

And yet you've got the cheek to chaff us, though you're no better yourself than on the wallaby track.

With all your bounce and gammon, I'll answer for it, you'd find the lines remarkably hard

If you got no tucker till you'd earned it by riding a mob of regular Rooshans into a drafting yard.

New Chum.—You're right, my ante-diluvian acquaintance, to confine your commendation to that sort of brutal skill;

I'm perfectly ready to grant that you're much more at home among beasts than I should be, if you will.

But when you attempt to associate with civilised and cultivated men,

You show all the world, in a moment, what a set of ignorant savages, you are then.

Old Chum.—Well, you certainly are the cheekiest, soojee-set sort of a new chum I ever met with, I declare.

If you could make the pot boil, by blowing your own trumpet—my word, you just about would be all there.

But you'll find if you've got nothing to depend upon but your new chummish conceitedness and brass;

That you'll soon be as tucked up as if you'd been tethered for a week to a tuft of porcupine grass.

So good bye for the present; and by the time you've been starving for a year, or two, or three,

You'll find out what an ass you are, and then you can call again upon me.

New Chum.—Well, good bye, Mr. Mastodon, I don't suppose you'll ever understand that in reality.

The characteristics of my class are poverty and intelligence, and of yours wealth and brutality.

Exeunt.

ON DIT.—Messrs. Rothschild have been fortunate enough, though at a very heavy expense, to retain the assistance of Mr. Grimes in the negotiation of a vast European loan at present pending. Mr. Moody accompanies Mr. Grimes to England, whence he proceeds to the East, to take charge of the Commissariat Department.

A JOKE THAT NEEDS VENTILATION.—Mr. Coppin says that if Miss Cathcart had wished to raise the wind, she ought not to have taken the Heir (air). The obviousness of this joke makes it an heir apparent, but we are informed by the affidavits in this cause that the gentleman in question is not an heir, nor yet a parent. As the *Herald* would say, *humanum est*, Heir-are.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.—We are requested to contradict the statement that Major Hodgson intends starting for the Crimea. The gallant officer considers it his duty to remain protector of these Colonies. Mr. A'Beckett may perhaps join the Allied Armies, and no doubt will do so if his personal inclinations only are considered; but the safety of Victoria must not be unregarded in these arrangements.

PATRIOTIC FUND.—(From the *Argus*).—We have great pleasure in reporting the success of the Grand National Allied Forces European Amity Ball, held under the patronage of the spirited proprietor, at the Three Flags Hotel, Castlemaine. The company began to arrive about eight; and, to avoid casualties, such as occurred at the Rifle Ball, left most of their superfluous garments behind them. Dancing was kept up with spirit (cold without and hot with) till a late hour, when the company left, highly delighted with their entertainment. N.B.—The sandwiches at this house are excellent; but what shall we say of the pork pie! Patriotically speaking, we liked it; but, as individuals, it made us sick. This should not occur again.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. VII.—LETTER 10.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HARRY, IN LONDON.
DEAR HARRY,—

Our first gold-field experiences were of a kind to shake one's faith for ever in *habeas corpus*, the palladium of British liberties, *Magna Charta*, and all our cherished guarantees. I can write about it pretty calmly now, but I was in such a state of rage for twenty-four consecutive hours, that I was ready to cry like Mitchell, "Up with the barricades, and invoke the God of battles," or to become a rebel in any way that was most available.

When we reached the diggings, the first thing we did was to seek a suitable spot on which to erect the tent. This we accomplished; had all snug, and passed a comfortable night. The only disturbing circumstance was a tremendous discharge of fire-arms, that took place soon after sun-down, and which made us suppose a regular fight in progress. It appeared, however, that this was merely a custom of the place. Men fire off their pistols in the evening before loading them for the night, with the double purpose of ascertaining their serviceable condition, and letting the world know it.

The next morning my companions walked off to the camp to procure licenses. The camp is a place where a corrupt set of dandies, called Commissioners, police officers, and so forth, have the head quarters of their tyranny. Here it is that they take their bribes, commit their cruelties, and manifold outrages upon justice and decency, do all manner of iniquities, and bring the Government into hatred and contempt to an extent that I am sure must lead to bloodshed, if they be permitted to go on as they do. I was left behind as guardian of the tent and general properties, and was sauntering about, watching groups of diggers at work with pick and shovel, or hauling up buckets full of earth from holes in various stages of progress. Presently, I saw a group coming in my direction, treading their way among the holes. As they came nearer, I recognised in a number of them, by their blue jackets and carbines, a party of diggings police, of whom I had already seen some isolated specimens. I then noticed that with them were marching a number of men, who carried their hands before them in a constrained way that was fully accounted for as they came nearer. They were hand-cuffed in couples. The whole procession put me in mind of Don Quixote's adventure with the galley slaves; but I had no mind to go to the rescue, and was congratulating society on what I supposed to be a notable capture of bushrangers, when one of the policemen walked up to me and told me in a very peremptory manner to show him my license. I said I hadn't one, but that my "mates" had gone to get licenses. "That be blown for a yarn," said he, "if you can't show the — ticket, you'll come along o' us." I burst out laughing, and repeated my story. "I see you're a — new chum," he replied, "but if you aint got the license, it's all one to us—you aint got one in your tent, ave ye?" "No," said I, "I told you before that my friends have gone to get the licenses." "Well, you are jolly raw," said he, "if you aint got your license, aint you got a pound in your tent you can show me to keep out o' chokey." I began to think this was some new form of property qualification, having no conception of such barefaced and outrageous bribery, and was proceeding with perfect confidence to seek explanation, but it seems I was slower in understanding the process of corruption than accorded with the regulation, and the officer of the party—a powerful man, with silver lace round his cap and a heavily-loaded hunting crop in his hand—marched up to see the cause of the delay. "Well," said he, "hasn't the fellow got his license?" "No, Sir," said the man, touching his cap. "Bring him along, then," said the officer. The policeman promptly produced a pair of handcuffs, and was going to put them on my wrists, when the whole proceeding seemed to me so contrary to what Philosopher Square calls "the fitness of things," that I incontinently floored him with a blow between the eyes. For half-a-second I saw the hunting crop whirling aloft, and the next moment I was insensible. When I recovered myself, I was lying on the ground, handcuffed, with the blood trickling down my face. "You'd best come along quietly, unless you want another lick," said the officer, and before I could well recollect myself, I was hoisted on my feet, and coupled up to another prisoner. As soon as my scattered senses were well together, I began to storm and remonstrate; but oaths, threats, and even blows were speedily showered upon me, and with inward rage and outward protest, and almost overcome with pain and weakness, I became one of that procession which a quarter of an hour before, I had watched with satisfaction, as indicative of the capture of a horde of robbers and ruffians.

The whole of the remainder of the day we marched through the diggings; and, time after time, I witnessed the repetition of such outrages as that of which I had been the victim. My wonder to this moment is, that the whole party of miscreant police, with their ruffianly leader, were not set upon and murdered. I have since learned, I confess it with shame, how passively one becomes a witness to habitual wrong.

At about sun-down we reached the camp. We were thrust into a narrow prison, built up of rough logs, with half-a-dozen armed sentries walking round it. The air was poisonous in the extreme—the place filthy, with a filth that I was forced to endure, but may not venture to write down. Along two ends of the "lock-up" ran heavy chains, and to these we were fastened, to pass the night as we could, amid heat, stench, filth, and vermin. Among the prisoners were numbers like myself. Others were hardened ruffians, robbers and murderers, who took their fate as the fortune of war, and vented their souls in curses. One poor fellow who was so chained that he could not even get into a lying posture, began in his pain and weariness to bemoan his sufferings. "You're blessed particular, you are," said another—a horse stealer I afterwards understood; "the last time as I was took there wasn't no such comfortable room as this. Twenty on us was chained to a gum-tree, and the rain come down till we was almost drowned." In the lowest depths there are lower still; and I understood that our present dungeon was a humane improvement upon previous institutions.

Cursing and noise, and even wild singing, went on through the night. At one time the uproar rose to such a height as to attract the interference of an officer. As soon as the key was heard in the door, the rioters feigned sleep; but one man too drunk to know what he was doing, and two or three others, sat up to stare and see what was coming. They received blows on the head, curses, and a caution to keep quiet, and the preservers of the peace took their departure. I did not sleep through the night; my whole soul was blackened by hate and longing for revenge. Such things I had read of as occurring in the dark ages, and in barbarous countries, but never thought to witness or to suffer in any part of the British dominions. In the morning, some food was brought to us, and then we were let out in parties to take a little exercise. While I was walking up and down in my handcuffs, the police officer, who knocked me down the day before, came up, spruce and shaven, to show the lock-up to a stranger from town. As the stranger came out again, he did not seem smitten with admiration, and remarked to Mr. A—"I think you might at all events have put the chains so that the prisoners might lie *along* the logs of the floor instead of *across* them." "Oh, d—em," said Mr. A—"it's as good as they deserve." "Well," said the stranger, "the men haven't been tried yet." "Oh," replied Mr. A—"they're all guilty when they come here—look at the cut of the ruffians." I was husbanding my revenge for an opportunity which did not come, and which I have almost ceased to desire; but as I felt that my face was black with evil passions, that I was covered with dirt, and that the blood which the silver-laced brute had drawn was matting my hair, I conceived it quite possible that I looked the *beau ideal* of a Police Court villain.

In the course of the morning, my turn came for examination. To this opportunity I had looked for the vindication of *Magna Charta*, and the Palladium, &c. The case was stated against me, but I was not suffered to reply. The instant I attempted to speak I was stopped. "Silence, sir," said the magistrate, "you deserve to be hanged. I know the cut of your jib. Turn him round, policeman, and let me look at him." I was turned round. "I told you so: I told you so. He's an old lag—an old Vandemonian. It's no use your speaking; I'm not going to be deceived by a blackguard like you. Five pounds for being without a license, or a month's imprisonment; and five pounds for an assault, or another month's imprisonment. — Take him away." And taken away I was. In the course of the day, Brown came and paid the money. He had been told by some one who saw it of my arrest. I was for *Magna Charta*, and going into court again; but he had learned by report of "the custom of the country," and overpersuaded me to lose the money I could ill spare, and to put up for the time with the monstrous treatment I had received. I went back to my party, and in the activity of digging, half forgot what had occurred. My sense of personal outrage soon subsided; but I shall never forget that the scenes, I have not one whit exaggerated, are of daily occurrence—are being enacted now—and I feel certain that, in the absence of speedy reformation, armed resistance must ensue. Right always conquers in the end, and the diggers, I am sure, will put down the barbarous corruption and tyranny to which they are exposed. How it will end, however, I cannot say. I grievously fear that after rebellion has succeeded in purifying the atmos-

plere to some extent, such a rooted hatred towards everything that wears the official shape will remain; that the Government itself will become powerless, and that downright anarchy will, in regular sequence, succeed monstrous official oppression. But the criminals who now govern will be responsible for evils, extending far beyond their immediate crimes—for evils which the whole colony will have to endure for long after these rascals have been whipped from power.

I am so hot upon this subject just now, that I am disinclined from writing on other topics, but will send you another letter very soon.

Your affectionate brother,
GEO. CHISLEHURST.

Cement hath a Longish Purse.

AIR—*Lebia hath a Beaming Eye.*

Tennent hath a longish purse,
But closely doth he guard his rhino;
Soon you'd pass from bad to worse,
If you relied upon it—I know.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon,
My Mooney's pots, and jugs and glasses;
As you quaff, you'll find each one,
The one that wout before surpasses.
Oh, my Thomas Mooney, dear,
My Irish Yankee landlord Mooney;
Now stand the rum,
To thee I'll come,
To take my nobbler, Thomas Mooney.

II.

Embling hath a wondrous pill,
Of antibillious power surprising
He bids you take it when you will—
At night, at noon and at uprising.
But Oh, my Mooney's beer for me,
His shandy-gaff, his port, his sherry,
Though Embling's draughts may wholesome be,
My Mooney's make me much more merry.
Yes, my Thomas Mooney, dear,
My wild, my rampant Thomas Mooney,
I'll take his pill,
When I get ill,
Till then, thy nobbler's Thomas Mooney.

III.

M'Ewan's knives of polished steel,
And carving forks are gleaming round us;
But when we come their edge to feel,
We needn't greatly fear they'll wound us.
Brighter far my Mooney's whiskey,
The Scotch or Irish, which one pleases;
That's the stuff to make one frisky,
When hot winds blow, or when it freezes.
Oh, my Thomas Mooney, dear,
My reckless roaring Thomas Mooney,
Steel, though bright,
Hath not the light
Thy nobblers shed, my Thomas Mooney.

Brother Jonathan's Opinion of the Melbourne Corporation.

A wand'ring Jonathan in town, last week—
Strange, from the diggings came, the sights to view;
A friend who led him, thus began to speak,
"Behold King Kerr and all his motley crew,
Remark them well,—it isn't every day
Such intellectual brows a man may spy."
What think you of our City Heads, I pray?"
"Wal, they're 'some PUMPKINS,'" was the smart reply.



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.

"ETERNAL Spirits—HAVE YE CHOSEN THIS PLACE?"

Milton's Paradise Lost.

SEVERE REGULATIONS.

Two motions, of a cognate character, were discussed in the City Council on Monday. The one related to the exclusion of councillors' relatives from office under the Corporation—the other to the destruction of thistles in the park lands. Now, we think this is pushing anti-nepotism too far. It may be perfectly right to prevent the incompetent from living on the public funds—but why destroy the crops? The resolution to exclude from civic employment the relatives of town councillors, is calculated to lead to much inconvenience. "Am I not a man and a brother" is a time hallowed appeal to human sympathy; but, according to Councillor Smith, the fact of being a brother, is to shut the gates of benevolence against the applications of need. It has been suggested in the *Argus*, that the ecclesiastical laws relating to the degree of consanguinity within which marriage is prohibited, would not conveniently apply in deterring the nearness of relationship, precluding employment of persons by the Corporation. We see no difficulty whatever in this respect. "A man may not marry his grandmother," would be most aptly rendered "a man may not be employed by his consanguineous alderman," and so on.

THE EMERALD HILL RATES.—In compliment to Mr. Service, the Chairman of the Emerald Hill Municipality, these rates are to go by the name of "good service money." Digitized by Google

Sic a Wife as Willie had.

Willie Kerr, in Swanston-street,
With his auld wife—the Corporation,
Lived lang in bliss connubial sweet,
Nor fashed their thumbs about the nation.
His wife was unco dour and din;
Auld Tapster Smith, her Mayor and mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

II.

She has a Hayward and a Clowes,
A Graves and many o' that colour,
To hear their clavers, mon, ye'd say,
Their clapper tongues wad deave a miller.
Foul words keep comin frae their mou,
And lika day they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

III.

She's black-famed, she's foul-tongued,
They say her days are getting shörter;
There's not a paper in the land,
That ever gives her ony quarter.
A mud heap lies upon her road,
The twin o' that that's in her gutter;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

IV.

Auld Griffith by the Yan Yean sits,
And means to give us a' a washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She only seeks to keep things huah in!
Her dirty streets and allies foul,
Wad fyle baith Bay and Yarra water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Commercial.

ABSTRACT OF SALES, WEEK ENDING THIS DAY.

PUNCH and Co., at their office, this day, 20,000 copies of the only journal worth having. Reserved price per copy, 6d. (N.B.—It will be at least a week before there are any articles equal in character and sterling worth to these in the market). At Ballarat, Castlemaine, and each of the diggings, there will also be an unrestricted sale—commencing on the arrival of the coach, and continuing till our next publication.

THE NEWSPAPER MARKET.—Papers have generally been very dull, this week. Good articles scarce—very much in demand. Enquiries were made for the back numbers of *Punch*, which fetched high prices, and gave rise to much competition. The proprietors anticipate doing a tremendous business during the coming week, as they have received advices of articles of a superior character being on the way; the first sale of which commences on Thursday. Sales of *Argus* were very difficult to effect; price of *Ages* nominal; *Herald* quite unsaleable. We have had this week our usual sale; and being in the place where we are demanded of conscience to speak the truth (viz., 66 Collins-street), we may mention that it is 80,000—some of which have realised the highest prices of the season. Contemporaries have been very difficult to dispose of; *Punches* eagerly sought,—showing that prices are maintainable for really good quality.

PUNCH & CO.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—It appears by a letter from the Attorney-General to Mr. Hull, that magistrates are "fully justified" in remanding men, from week to week, until they are proved not to be Vandemonians. We intend to give a shipload of Chinamen in charge to-morrow, and to resist their liberation until such time as they have satisfied us that they are not from V. D. L.



Stamp Duties.

THESE are various. One of the first duties of a postage stamp, is to adhere to the envelope; but in Melbourne, the postage stamps neglect this duty shamefully, and like lazy schoolboys wontstick to their letters, however much you lick them. A Post-office official who was recently spoken to on the subject, swore, "that the evil should be remedied

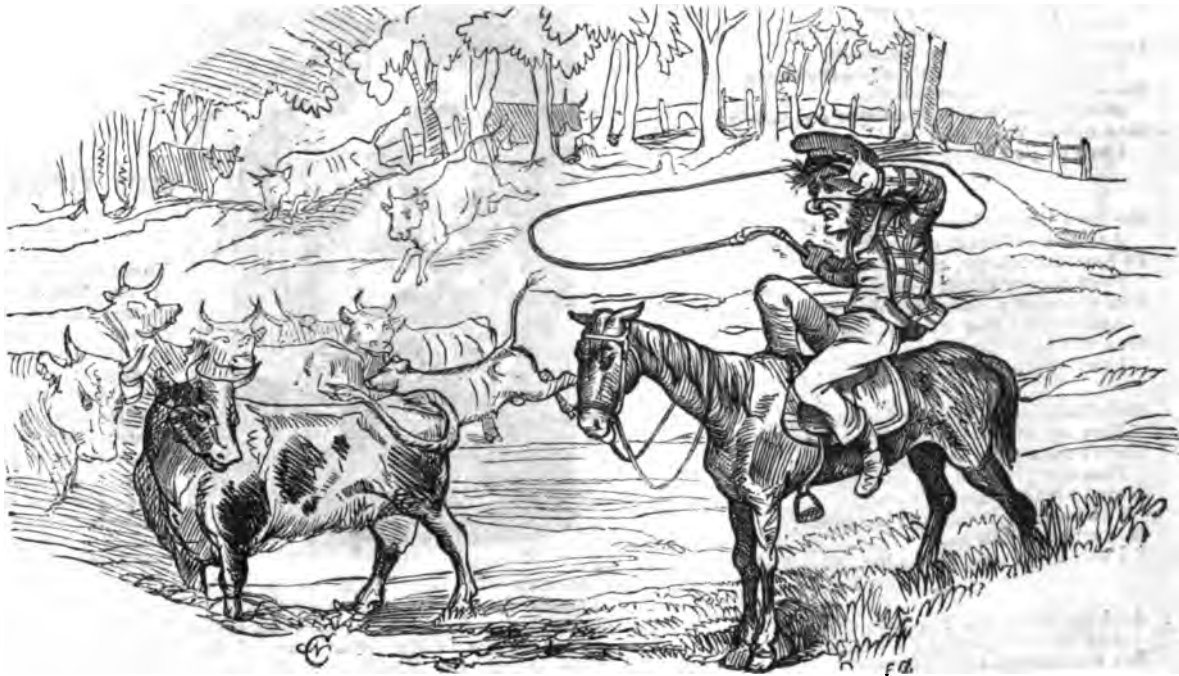
at once—by Gum," and so it ought to be, but up to the present time, we cannot perceive, that there is any more gum upon the stamps than there used to be. One explanation of the case, is, that stray stamps in the letter boxes of the Post-office, are the perquisites of His Excellency, Sir Charles Hotham. He collects them carefully every morning, and will not hear of the quality of the gum being improved. The consequences however, are most serious and annoying. Thus, it was only the other day that the stamps came off an important despatch that Mr. Punch had-posted to his friend Lord Palmerston. It was some time after the sailing of the mail-ship, that should have carried this momentous document, that Mr. Punch perceived his noble friend's name in the "list of letters detained for sea-postage." Similar cases are constantly occurring to great public inconvenience and loss. Mr. Punch has therefore to desire, that Sir Charles Hotham will forego the perquisites, and have better gum procured immediately. Otherwise, if Mr. Punch finds it often happen again, that *littera scripta manet* in the Post-office, because of the falling off of stamps—he'll have to make an example of somebody.

MIND YOUR ANTECEDENTS.—"On Tuesday evening, one of the City inspectors detected Martin Connor in the act of depositing a load of filth off Flinders-street, near the Yarra, and was forthwith transferred to *durance*. He was now fined 50s."—*Herald*, of 31st August. Doubtless the whole facts were not published, as we are at a loss to conceive by what Municipal Act, a City Inspector should have been transferred to *durance* for detecting a man, named Martin Connor, depositing a load of filth. Bad as this was, we were totally unprepared for the concluding sentence—"He was fined 50s." We can only remark that this was adding insult to injury.

THE UNEMPLOYED—(Advertisement).—Persons desirous of labor, at Toorak, can obtain it, by enlisting in either of the regiments stationed at Melbourne.—F. MACRAE.

ADVICE TO INTENDING IMMIGRANTS.—Do n't come.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—Captain Vignolles has refused the new Equity Judgeship. It is rumoured, that Mr. Mercer, the Insolvent Commissioner at Geelong, (whose course of studies and professional eminence in England, makes his accession to the Bench so desirable), has also declined to accept the appointment—at the earnest solicitation, as we are informed, of the legal and mercantile community of Geelong. Mr. Mercer's remarkable fitness for his present post, has thus, we fear, militated against his preferment to one of more importance, and in which his talents and acquirements would have been better seen and appreciated.



MR. NEWCHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCE AS A CATTLE FARMER.

No. 3.

MR. GREEN HAS FOUND A HORSE TO SUIT HIM, BUT HE HAS A DIFFERENCE WITH HIS WHIP.

The Winner of the Bourke Stakes.

(BY GRIMES'S BOY.)

MAKE your game gentlemen while the ball rolls, and tell me where is the little pea. Sometimes we win and sometimes we lose; for if we were to be always winning, or always losing, the game of Fortune would stand still. Still, if you want to make a sure game of it, Grimes's Boy is just the boy to put you up to a thing or two. He's up to the ins and outs of all the stables, and knows every moke in 'em, from shoulder to frog, and from nose to tail-end. He knows—does Grimes's Boy—which is not to win, while perhaps, he's the best horse of the bunch. If Grimes's Boy wanted to make a dead certainty of it, he could just name the winner, and so make an end of it. But no surrez. One for certainty, and two for sport—that's his game. He just says as much as he likes, and no more; and what he says, always does come true. Didn't he tell you, that the winner of the Recklesskillen Steeple Chase in 1846, would make a noise in the world, and didn't *Hullaballoo* win? Answer Grimes's Boy that. Didn't he underline noise—what was that for, eh? You found out afterwards, did you, you greenhorn; you should have found out before. That was what they did that won, while you had to post the tin. Never mind greenhorn, perhaps you're sharper now. Go in again, and learn to understand what Grimes's Boy writes. Now then, for the Bourke Stakes.

Mind your eye when you sport your rhino against *Hammer*. He's a dark horse, and there mayn't be much good in him, but he's heavily backed among the knowing ones. He could buy *Pills* and *Nobbler*, and most of 'em over again, and their backers aint supposed to be noways particular. You might be sold as well as them, eh? Going, going gone; and what should you say, if you gave the long odds against him, to find yourself a gone coon? If you touch *Hammer*, take him up by the handle, and don't let the head fall, unless you want your toes broken. Now mind you understand that.

"*Pills*" is it? Oh, you're sweet upon *Pills*, are you? Well, take 'em. That's what Grimes's Boy bids you do, and you're safe. But mind how you do it—*Pills* has taken the saucer rayerth cleverly at a hack race or wo. But what should you say, if Grimes's Boy was to tell you, *Pills* was a cock-tail? Well then, Grimes's Boy aint a going to tell you no

sitch a thing. "What's the odds against *Pills*?" You'd like me to tell you that, would you? Why then, *what's the odds so long as your'e happy!* Mark my words.

"What will I take to drink," did you say? Suppose we go to work *Nationally*, and try a "*Nobbler*." *Nobbler's* a fast horse. There! never say I never didn't not tell you nothing; but he's a queer horse is *Nobbler*. Some say, he's groggy, and some say he's gone in the fore-legs; regularly foundered. He's a fast horse, but he hasn't won much yet. He's as likely to run off the course as on it. Take the advice of Grimes's Boy, and mind what you're about when you shout—*nobbler*. Make it a safe thing on the book, and then back your opinion.

Now we'll walk into Elizabeth-street, and have a look at *Flat Iron*. Take his cloths off, John; a little tucked up, eh! and no great breeding or training either; perhaps, he's had the muzzle on a thought too long, and to look round the box; his food, if anything, has been *reether* over hard. I wont say it's on the cards, that *Flat Iron* takes the stakes, and I wont say it isn't; he's not much known on the turf, but he has his backers—so there:

Now, as it isn't far off, we may as well have a peep at the old *Roman*, while we are about it. To judge by the books, he'd have been all right, eh! Well, I shant say, but perhaps I shouldn't have laid out much of the Spanish on the Roman; he wouldn't have wanted backers either. There's one set, that'll back any horse that comes out of that stable, and yet they're among the knowing ones, and a slow horse well backed, sometimes wins. Still he's scratched now, we needn't say anything more about him.

Now Grimes's Boy wont spoil the game by telling you any more, about it, but if you mind your eye, and are fit to read what "*Grimes's Boy*" writes, you'll do as he means to do—go and make a good book, and hataful of money.

AN OPPRESSED NATIONALITY.—Mr. Mooney, talking about "*National*" advancement, must not be supposed to make any reference to the progress of the "*Palais Royale*," although the expression is susceptible of misinterpretation.

DIPLOMATIO.—Sir Charles Hotham has subscribed for a quarter to the paper which has most opposed his administration; and the Auditor-General has unhesitatingly passed the account. We shall be curious to see the effect upon our local journalism.

THE START FOR THE NORTH BOURKE STAKES.





JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.

Political Intelligence.

(AS ANTICIPATED UNDER THE NEW CONSTITUTION.)

On Monday last, Mr. Myles had an interview with Mr. Fawcner, which lasted twenty minutes. Mr. Myles then drove rapidly off to Mr. O'Shanassy's official residence, in Elizabeth-street. What occurred there did not transpire.

The Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers entertained a numerous and aristocratic body of guests of the party with which he is politically associated. It is worthy of note that the Hon. Mr. Fyfe, M.L.C., who has hitherto been supposed to be of purely Geelong principles, was present. Dr. Murphy, about whom doubts have been entertained, also partook of the entertainment. The Hon. H. S. Chapman, formerly of New Zealand, was expected, but did not arrive.

On Tuesday, the Governor got up at an excessively early hour, and contrary to his usual abstemious habits, when at Toorak, eat an egg. He then rode rapidly into Melbourne, and revised an evidently important letter, written for him by Mr. Moore, and provisionally corrected and punctuated by Captain Kaye.

On Wednesday, a meeting of liberal members was held at the Council Club, at which resolutions of importance were agreed to. Mr. O'Brien made a few observations explanatory of his motives for not taking a leading part in politics, after which Mr. Fyfe, as we are informed, declared that he had no intention of attempting to form an administration.

It will be seen that a crisis is at hand.

IN THE PRESS.—J. L. Foster's Wanderings and Ponderings on many Diggings.

AN IRISH GRIEVANCE.—A gentleman from Dublin, complains of us, that our style is too colloquial and easy. He prefers his Punch stiff.

MUGGINS' BUILDINGS, LITTLE PARADISE ROW.

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM "THE AUSTRALIAN BUILDER" OF SEPT. 6TH, 1855.

We were exceedingly gratified upon being favoured with an inspection of these beautiful residences, which have lately been erected in that style of unusual stability and elegance which it is so highly desirable our citizens should cultivate in their dwelling houses. In fact, stability, combined with elegance, are the chief objects to be desired in the erection of a dwelling-house; and when to these are added all the appliance of comfort that high art and inventive faculty can produce, a small house can be made every thing to be wished; and such the houses now brought under our notice undoubtedly are. We will give a cursory sketch of them, and leave the reader the opportunity of future inspection.

These beautiful residences have the ground floors elevated about two feet above the adjoining footpath; and the houses being of wood, supported on blocks, rough from the bush, the front has a peculiarly light and elegant appearance, resembling that obtained in the fagades of Italian Palazzo architecture; for it will be observed that the rough bush blocks produce a similar ruggedly grand result as the rock-work base of Italian masonry, whilst the superstructure of elegant slender studs of Baltic deal, 3 x 2, may be likened in style to the beautiful masonry of the superstructure of the more pretentious front of the Italian villa. The fronts are executed in broad palings, fastened with the requisite nails. The palings of the front command the attention of all who are interested in erections of a permanent character, as they are the produce of the colony, and are of a quality rarely seen, being of extra width, and unusually free from splinters and knot holes. The window-openings are each to have nine squares of crown glass, 10 x 6. The joiner's work is uncommonly well executed, but all the works are so admirably carried out, that the superior quality of the joinery is not at first sight noticed, and would have escaped us had it not been pointed out. The houses are of two rooms each, without a passage—a plan which is not without its advantages in houses of the class we are now noticing. In fact, if we might coin a word, *petiteness* is the quality aimed at, and achieved, in the masterly edifices now before us. Comparisons are odious; but if we might select any individual as having displayed fine taste and judgement in the works executed by him, we should, without hesitation, name Mr. Paste, the decorator, who has covered the walls and ceilings with tightly-strained canvas, whereby the use of plaster is entirely obviated; and over this canvas the walls are hung with a variegated paper imitating granite in regular courses of masonry; the whole produces a fine polychronic effect, and gives an appearance of unusual stability. A striking effect is also introduced by the use of a paper for the ceilings imitating the clouds, and so elevating is the result, that we were incredulous as to the height of the rooms, until the rule was applied, and shewed it to be barely 8 feet. In fine, these buildings cannot be too highly praised, both for design and workmanship, reflecting great credit on the architect, Mr. T. Square, and Mr. Brix, the builder (who has carried up the only masonry, viz., the chimneys, in an exceedingly substantial, and, at the same time, severely chaste style); also on Mr. Dovetail; the carpenter, Mr. Paste, the decorator; and Mr. Smudge, the painter. The cost has been considerably under £500, inclusive of the site.

INSUBORDINATION IN A MAGISTRATE.—A magistrate, whose name we refrain from publishing, has been reprimanded under the following circumstances:—A charge of selling intoxicating liquors without a license, was made before him. The liquor turned out to be Murphy's beer—whereupon the summons was at once dismissed.

COMPLIMENTARY BUT SUPERFLUOUS!—The last number of the Police Gazette, publishes a warning, against giving credit to Policemen; and a statement, that the Government will not pay their debts!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

X. O. P.—In writing a parody on a poem, you should first count the lines in the original, and fix the number in your memory. Then proceed to examine the recurrence of rhymes, and see that those of your version correspond. Next examine the sense and endeavour—but no, *Punch* would not be exacting.

CHEMICAL.—The capillary attractions of hair (or Hair), is stronger than the elective affinity of Coppin.

Punch's Advice to Colonial Officials.

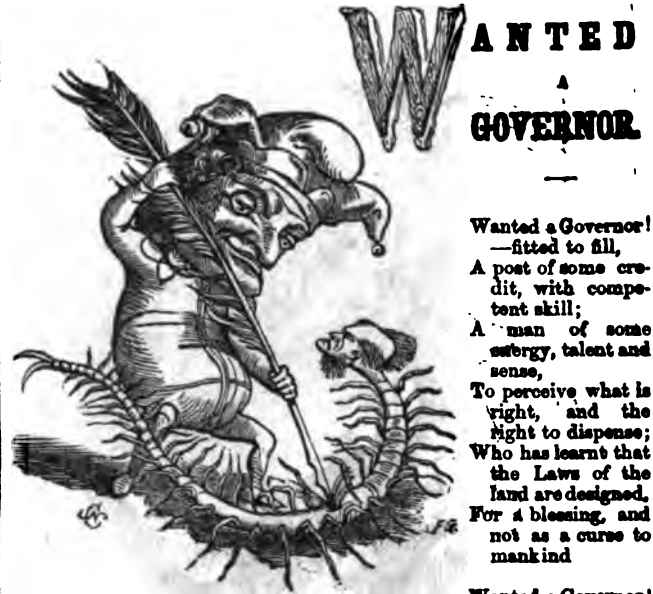
No. 8.—THE AUDITOR-GENERAL.

REGARDING the Executive Government as a commercial firm carrying on the business of the colony, the analogies of the case would place you in the position of accountant. Now, as nothing is so low as commerce, your first effort should be to defeat those who would establish analogies of this kind, and therefore, you should studiously avoid all knowledge of accounts. Probably, it rarely happens that duty, inclination, and previous habits, are so completely accordant as they are likely to be in this case. You were not promoted from your last berth for your knowledge of accounts any more than you were appointed to your previous appointment on account of your acquaintances with the details of the Immigration Office. The promotion came in a regular sequence that has in this colony the experiences of two Auditor-Generals to back it. Analogy may, indeed fail, if it seeks to trace events beyond the last place. Perhaps you were penultimately employed in superintending public education; perhaps in the more necessary task of completing your own. At all events, you got the Auditor-Generalship, which has a good round salary attached to it, and many pickings clustering about it. If you keep the power and responsibilities of your position properly in mind, it will not cost the pocket of the country a hundred thousand pounds to put a thousand into your own, and on the old principles, that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and that "Charity begins at home," a thousand pounds of certain acquisition to yourself, is worth more than a hundred thousand of possible saving to the country. When you have got your appointment, indeed your troubles ought to end. If (according to an improbable supposition) you are not a donkey by nature, you should become one by art. In that case you will be relieved both from the duties of framing estimates behind the curtain, and of defending them on the stage of the Council Chamber. The Colonial Secretary will take those duties upon himself, and thus you gain two not inconsiderable advantages beyond that of being relieved of a bore. If the Colonial Secretary does his duty well, you cannot but partake of the credit he acquires—is he does not, you can easily throw your own faults upon the shoulders of a man already in discredit; and if he blunders sufficiently, he may get ousted from his place, and then your chance is as good as another's, of stepping into his vacant shoes.

You must not forget, however, that an Auditor-General has some peculiar advantages over a Colonial Secretary. The Colonial Secretary must take all the public blame of the errors of his administration. The Auditor-General, on the other hand, can make what blunders he likes; and the Colonial Secretary, for his own credit's sake, is bound to shield him. Then the Colonial Secretary is likely to be often at issue with the Governor; whereas, in the matter of currying favour in that quarter, the Auditor-General has unequalled advantages.

The advantages here spoken of, are general, and not those special manifestations of luck which occur, when you happen to have a particular friend at the Cape of Good Hope, to ear-wig a new Governor on his way from England. Such chances as these, must of course, not be thrown away, but apart from them, your opportunities of toadyism are so peculiar and considerable, that you must be even more of an idiot than you probably are, not to perceive them. The Colonial Secretary has to serve two masters. He has to flatter the Governor to his face, and at the same time, to defend him behind his back in the Council. This places the Colonial Secretary in a most awkward predicament, inasmuch, as the Governor's acts are apt to be intrinsically indefensible. You, on the other hand, can, without the slightest danger, congratulate the Governor on his most monstrous proceedings. You are on your promotion, and it will be quite time for you to turn round upon him when you get your step.

As your own accounts are certain, do your best, to be out a hundred thousand or two, it would be a waste of time to try and make them balance—except in the public balance sheet, which can easily be arranged. If you meddle with figures at all, your policy is, to display the monstrous condition in which you found that your predecessor had left his books. By this means, you can establish something to fall back upon, when any charge is made against your department, which you cannot throw upon the Colonial Secretary's shoulders to defend. Take it altogether, your place can be made light, easy, promising and profitable, provided you bear sufficiently in mind, that your prime duty, is to be chief toady to the Governor, and that the public will soon accustom itself, to the fact, of your being a fool.



Wanted a Governor!
—fitted to fill,
A post of some credit, with competent skill;
A man of some energy, talent and sense,
To perceive what is right, and the right to dispense;
Who has learnt that the Laws of the land are designed,
For a blessing, and not as a curse to mankind

Wanted a Governor!
honest and free,

With his heart in the place where a true man's should be;
Who can feel for distress in the land where he rules,
Apart from the jargon of old-fashioned schools;
And who does, in the face of a world, what is due
To the claims of the many, and not of the few!

Wanted a Governor!—not of the stamp,
That his virtues have always a touch of the cramp;
Not one who would rather his subjects rebel,
Than concede what is just, and their grievance dispel;
No formal red-tapist, no old party hack;
Nor one of the kind that we have at TOORAK.

DUST-HO!

WALKING up Bourke-street, the other day, "our custom often on an afternoon," the air perfectly calm, and the sun shining with a pleasantly bearable splendor; we were at a loss to account for the clouds of dust which notwithstanding the absence of wind, were flying about, much to our discomfort, and to the manifest deterioration of our, that morning's clean shirt. They did not arise out of the track of the vehicles, whose wheels rolled innocent of disturbing the subtle powder that they continued to triturate. Whence then came they? Bright eyes, beautiful curls and rosy lips, not to speak of twinkling little feet, had met us at every half dozen paces, and we discovered, that our over susceptible mind, had been so engaged in the contemplation of these animated bijouterie, that it had entirely escaped our consideration, that the flowing dresses of the possessors of these attractions, were the sole cause of the dust. Every sweep of that queenly-looking beauty, sent at least, an ounce of desiccated mud into the else pure air, and the tripping steps of that fairy little belle, contaminated, we know not, how many cubic feet of oxygen. Our gallantry is beyond question but we seriously question, if the town council, in the plenitude of their wisdom, ought not to institute some stringent regulation, to prevent, what in our opinion, savours strongly of a nuisance.

Heaven knows, we have dust enough in the ordinary way, without the adventitious volumes that follow the fair promenaders of our streets. We have heard, that these over-long robes, are in modeste balance, denominated *demi-trains*. We would have such trains blown up; we have no mind to such trains, and in this train of mind, we commend their abhorration to our lady-readers.

GRAMMAR WAS MADE FOR SLAVES.—The prospectus of "the Transactions and Proceedings of the Victorian Institute for the Advancement of Science for the Sessions, 1854-55," states, that "the objects for which the Institute was founded, has been held in view throughout," &c. They has, has they!

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. VIII.



"Which of us has his desire, or having it, is satisfied." It is when one gets down to the layer of fickle and uncertain, but attractive, "washing stuff," that the excitement begins. I send you a sketch, (as per margin) of a new chum of our acquaintance, whom I visited at the bottom of his hole, the other day, while he was anxiously examining his first acquisition of washing stuff, by aid of a magnifying glass. For ever accused be the deluding clay that reveals no gold without such aid. It is when the bucket-full of earth, on being turned over in the sun-light, shows a bright spec here and there, that one feels oneself to have been digging to some purpose—like Timon. Then comes the operation of cradling and agitating the tin dish. These processes are carried on upon the brink of the creek, or while standing in it; and more than once I have had the pleasure of seeing a bright little heap of gold gradually separating itself from the earth, and accumulating against the edge of the dish. At other times, after days and days of hard digging, have brought you to the "washing stuff," it all turns out to be a "shicer," and not a spec of gold rewards your pains. Gold digging certainly has a demoralising tendency towards fatalism. I know some poor fellows who, after working well and hard for weeks together, have not made five shillings, and have gone on under the hourly risk of being dragged off to prison, from sheer inability to pay their license fees. Other parties that I have watched, seem always to hit upon the gold, as if by instinct. There are five careless vagabonds now roaring their drunken songs in a tent, within earshot of me, who, when they have bottomed a hole, and got out the gold that they always seem to get as a matter of course, drink themselves, equally as a matter of course, to the extreme verge of *delirium tremens* before they set to work again. They seem to think this course essential to the preservation of their luck, and I believe have made more than one convert to the creed—That they who do not spend their gold in grog, are sure not to get much to spend. Then there are other diggers of a precisely opposite faith, who tell you that any one who digs on steadily, from month's end to month's end, is sure, luck or no luck, to make money in the long run.

There is a steady-going Scotchman of this persuasion close by. He was a bank clerk at home; and, one would suppose, a man not particularly adapted for hard work by nature. He has been at it from the beginning; and every two or three months, goes down to see his wife and family, for a week or two, at a comfortable little cottage at St. Kilda, which he tells me he has built with a part of his savings. His plan is to make a certain capital by digging, and then to go into business—at which, I have no doubt, he will succeed, according to the wont of Scotchmen. A good many diggers from South Australia pursue the same steady saving course, but are less magnificent in their ideas of the needful capital. Most of these men have got sections of land in South Australia, and are digging for a capital to cultivate them with, or for the means to pay off a mortgage. When they have made what they want, or have given up in despair, they go back to South Australia, and the gold-fields know them no more.

By the way, I must not omit to tell you that I fell in the other day with a son of our own august Sir Thomas's. He was in such a pickle that I didn't know him at first. Poor fellow, he hadn't got a shilling, and had quite lost the airs he used to give himself at school, by virtue of his superabundant pocket money, and the handle to his father's name. It seems he left home precipitately, in consequence of some pique or row or another; but he has now got quite reconciled to the idea of returning to paternal homilies and allowance, under the ancestral roof-tree.

He has had one letter like a *Times* advertisement, telling him that "all shall be forgiven." This he answered penitentially, and is now waiting for letter number two and an enclosure, and in the meantime is learning more of the sweet uses of adversity than he bargained for. He first got a Government berth, but that he says didn't suit him, and he resigned, which being interpreted, means, I apprehend, that a considerate Government wouldn't let him throw away his fine abilities any longer. Then he went up the country, on a visit to a squatter, who told him that he would be welcome at the station as long as he pleased. But, I suppose, the squatter began after a time to think that hospitality has its duties as well as its rites. At all events—I have it on the authority of the ill-used individual—the squatter treated him in a d—d ungentlemanly way, and the arrangement was broken up. Then he came to the diggings, but seems never to have found any gold, and rapidly to have got rid of that which he brought with him,—his watch and watch chain inclusive. Since then he appears to have been unsatisfactorily dependant upon the inheritance of the young ravens. I really cannot make out upon what the poor fellow has lived from day to day. How he will enjoy the veal and stuffing when he comes to stick his knife and fork into the fatted calf! He stayed in our tent for a day or two, and then we got him a place in a store. Fancy the brilliant son of the great Sir Thomas retailing pickles and sardines to the unwashed. However, his disasters are as

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HARRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

I have passed some weeks at the gold-fields with varying success, since my tragical entrance upon the life of a digger. At first we found well-sinking—for that is what digging resembles—desperately hard work, but we have now got accustomed to it, and can go down as many feet in a day as most men. The life is not luxurious, certainly, nor is the labour light. I have not found much use for the embroidered slippers, that Emily worked for me before I came away, nor has Brown even opened a certain silver-mounted dressing-case, given him by his godfather, out of fond care, I presume, for the said Brown's theological welfare. Perhaps a man, with cork soles in his boots, and who spends his life in keeping his feet dry, might even object to some of our pursuits as unhealthy. However, whether they be healthy or not, we are; so Corksoles may keep his sanitary creed to himself.

Of course you know, that for a considerable number of feet from the surface, there is just as much gold to be got as you would obtain by turning up the brick-bats and tiles in your suburban garden. Ah me! sometimes the wish is strong upon me to be smoking my pipe, leaning with you against the dust-bin, while tabby Tom creeps among the broken bottles on the brick walls. But as Thackeray says,

certain of a comfortable conclusion as a three act play, so I don't pity him, except within moderate limits for a little trial, that will do him all the good in the world.

Among our neighbours, are certain gentlemen of equivocal fame, called "old hands," that is to say, they were transported to Van Diemen's Land some years ago, for various felonies. I always had great faith in Owen's doctrine—that it is considerably a question of fortune, which man is judge and which is thief.—and having moreover, a rampant desire to become personally acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, I readily responded to the friendly advances of our neighbours. I must admit that they are queer fellows, and the most I can say for them, is, that I rather think they would neither rob or murder me. At all events, they seem to have a strong conviction, that I won't rob them, for they have made me their banker, and swear oaths that would turn your inexperienced hairs white, at the least proposal to give them any written acknowledgement. I have got upwards of three hundred pounds worth of gold of theirs lying at the camp, now. When they have got an industrious fit upon them, they are very tigers to work, and when they have reached the gold, they display still more marvellous powers of drinking. They go at it premeditatedly—designing to be drunk for some time, day and night. They know as well as possible, that they will lose the use of their reason, and on this account, before beginning, they lodge as much of their gold in my hands as they don't want to "spree" away. Then they get a keg of bad brandy into their tent, and drink it raw, out of tin pannikins. While the brandy lasts, they keep bothering us every now and then at our work, to drink with them, and when we went, they call us "— stuck-up ——" When the brandy is gone, however, my chief trials with them begin. They alternately rave and beseech me to give them up their gold. They threaten to call in the police, and accuse me of wanting to rob them. Then comes a day or two of the lachrymose, and prostrated stage, and then they bless me, for not having minded their imprecations and entreaties, and warn me against ever paying the slightest attention to them when in like condition for the future. Then they go to work again with tremendous vigour, and so the cycles of their existence are rolled round. I suppose, however, that I am saving their money for them, to no purpose, and that when I finally render an account of my stewardship, all will be gone in a week.

I think I have now given you a fair account of the sort of people we have about us, and some idea of the kind of life we lead. On Sunday, no work goes on, and we religiously put on clean shirts, read the newspapers in our bunks, and have a "plum duff" for dinner. Our red letter days are when we come upon the gold or get letters from home. You cannot tell how welcome they are. However, I need say little upon this subject, as all I have to say, I have already said in other epistles, which of course, you will see, and therefore in writing to you I have confined myself to an account of my doings, in which I know you will all be interested. Hitherto, I have not been particularly fortunate or particularly unfortunate, but have saved between forty or fifty pounds beyond my expenses, which I keep down as much as I can. My future plans, will, of course depend very much upon my future success, of which you will be duly informed, and in the meantime,

I am, dear Harry,

Your affectionate brother,

GEO. CHISLEHURST,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHESSPLAYER.—The King always moves two squares at a time, except in castling, when he changes places with the Queen.

HISTORIAN.—The battle of the Nile was fought between the English and the Dutch, under Blake and Van Tromp, in 1642. Copenhagen was named after Copenhagen House, near London.

ELECTOR.—We have not heard that Lola Montes has received a requisition to stand for the vacancy in the city representation about to be created by the resignation of Mr. James Murphy.

VOX.—Mr. Fawcner has not signified his intention of quitting the Council and entering the Monastery of La Trappe.

ENQUIRER.—Mr. O'Brien, M.L.C., was formerly professor of English literature at the University of Dublin.

FASHION.—We believe that Sir Charles Hotham is the author of "Etiquette for Gentlemen," but he has taken such pains to preserve his incognito, that we cannot speak positively.

AN ANONYMOUS SCRIBBLER.—We do not think that ignorance of Victorian politics need deter you from applying for the editorship of the *Herald*, if, as you stated, that post is about to become vacant.

ON DITS.

THE cause of the retirement of the late Editor of the *Argus*, is that he is about to lead Madame Lola Montes to the hymeneal altar.

Mr. Henry Miller, M. L. C., has become a socialist, and intends to divide his property in equal shares among a large number of persons of similar persuasion. Several persons of slender means have taken the opportunity to join the communist connection.

As a manifestation of independance, Mr. Tennent has resigned the lucrative post of Government Auctioneer. He intended doing this prior to the recent election, but extreme delicacy forbade him to announce his intension earlier.

Mr. Childers is about to give a series of performances on the tight rope, at the Theatre Royal.

Mr. Kerr has received a requisition to stand for Emerald Hill, at the first election under the New Constitution.

Messrs. Becker and Blandowski have entered into partnership for the purpose of establishing marsupial fisheries at the mouth of the Yarra.



Guld Tang Syne: Giggings Version.

Should days gane bye be clean forgot,
An' never brought to min',
When we were baith new chums, I wat,
I' the days o' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my mate,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a brandy-spider yet,
For the days o' auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the bush,
An' hunted 'possums fine,
But we've humped our swags for mony a mile,
Sin' the days o' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my mate,
For auld lang syne;
We'll hae a drap o' shandy gaff,
An' think o' auld lang syne.

We twa hae puddled at the creek,
An' gart the nuggets shine,
But mony a duffer hae we sunk,
When we were off the line.
For auld lang syne my mate,
For auld lang syne;
I'll toss you yet for nobblers roun'—
For the days o' auld lang syne.

Now here's a han' my trusty mate,
An' gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll drink "for days as gude again,
As the days of auld lang syne."
For auld lang syne my mate,
For auld lang syne;
We'll hae another wee drap yet—
For the days o' auld lang syne.



THE EARTHQUAKE.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letters, scientific and otherwise, on the subject of the recent earthquake:—
M. PUNCH, Esq.,—

SIR,—
I was engaged, on Sunday night, in perfecting a scheme for supplying Melbourne with fresh water from Hobson's Bay, instead of from Yan Yean, and was occasionally relaxing my mind by speculations on perpetual motion, the integral calculus, Mr. Becker's theory of marsupial tittlebats (a great improvement on Mr.

Pickwick's), and other lighter topics, when I became sensible of a rumbling sound gradually approaching.

At first I conceived it to be one of Mr. Fulton's omnibuses running away, but I almost immediately discarded the explanation, as being not only eminently unscientific, but highly improbable at the hour, viz., 14h. 50m. 10 sec. 8 thirds, a.m. The rumbling increased, coming from an E. N. Westerly direction, and proceeding southerly from Melbourne towards Mount Macedon. Everything in the room then began to shake, and I was forced precipitately to drink a vial full of spirits of wine (from which I had taken the marsupial tittlebat, in order to examine it) to prevent it's being spilt—a result which actually occurred to a tumbler of water before I could find for it a place of safety. I next examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen no less than 2 feet 7,085 inches—a fall considerably greater than any I have ever previously witnessed in so short a space of time. The thermometer stood at 105 on the hob—a place which I always select for thermometrical experiments, as the neighbouring fire counteracts the influence of draughts, and so ensures accuracy. I felt a sensation of some oppression, heat and giddiness—caused partly perhaps by the spirits of wine which I had had the presence of mind to drink. On opening the window, I observed several singular meteorological phenomena. On gazing intently on the planet, Jupiter, it seemed to divide into two parts, which, with a lightly quivering motion, appeared to approach and recede from one another, alternately, through an area of (I should guess) about three degrees. I then made similar observations of other stars, with like result. All this time, the rocking of the earth was so great, that I was compelled to hold on by the window sill. After a time, the rocking was changed into a concentric motion, producing great giddiness and a strange feeling of alternate expansion and contraction about the brain. This sensation was accompanied by some degree of nausea, and, as well as the motion would enable me, I staggered to the sofa and lay down. I then unfortunately fell asleep, and was unable to continue my observations. When I woke in the morning, I found many specimens and articles of furniture scattered and displaced, and strange to say, my room appeared to have been nearer the vortex, or axis of motion, than any other in the house, to judge by the relative disturbance of furniture, &c. I consider myself singularly fortunate, in having thus been enabled to make the above observations, on the accuracy of which you may rely.

Your obedient servant,

A MEMBER OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTE,

Corresponding Member of the Mudfog Association, and of the Gotham Polytechnic Institution.

M. PUNCH, Esq.,—

SIR,—

I was tarnal busy all last Sunday postin my books—I guess, Sir, I was like a bull in fly-time, when I ratiocinated some of them accounts—and turned in nigh to twelve o'clock. Wal, Sir, in the suckin of a julp, I was snorin like a darned grampus, and dreamin alick away like a locomotive. One time I thought I was streakin it down Broadway without a thread o' dry goods upon me, and I'd ha agin a dollar for a yard of twelve cent calico. Then I was in a cane brake, along with an almighty sized alligator, that kept snappin' at me like thunder. I couldn't get quit o' the critter nohow, and it was just

as much as I could swarm up a pine tree to get my dog-kickers out of reach of his backer-chawers. Then the critter changed into Silas K. Hook that vasomed last fall, and I got so gritty to see him I slid down to give him the darndest cow-hidin ever he had in his life. But Silas had sloped agin, and the next thing I was doin, was havin a string o' bowls at the Criterion with old General Cheatem, that keeps the dry goods store, in 10th-street, Barnumville, U. S. The old hoss kept knockin down the pins, like grease, and at last he sent in such a roll, that I screamed out to him like thunder, to know if he wanted to bring the whole catawampus place about our tarnal ears. "Yes," says he, and in he sent another roll, that made the shingles shake agin. Then I woke up, and gorm me if it wasn't an airthquake goin on. "Rents 'll be up to-morrow," thinks I, "if that airthquake progresses;" and then I got reckonin about a lot o' winder glass there was in the Bay, and calculated to conclude for it straight away. Airthquakes is tarnation good for trade, in general, but I was done some. Your Melbourne airthquakes is like your Melbourne firms—no great shakes—and in three minutes all was as still agin as a dead nigger.

I just write this to let you know what a free and enlightened citizen o' the U-nited States, considers of what you Australian coons seem to reckon some pumpkins of an airthquake.

Yours,

WASHINGTON A. U.

M. PUNCH, Esq.

SIR,—

An earthquake indeed! I should think it was high time there was an earthquake, when things have come to this pass. My daughter Jemima, though I say it, has thrown herself away by marrying a very nice man; oh, a very nice man!—Mr. Plantagenet Smith—the brute. And now these two babies have a baby between them, that I've given up all the comforts of my own home, to look after for them. On Saturday, we had some words about their horrid management of the dear infant, which was a sin to see; and I said if they carried on in their new fangled notions, I'd leave them at once. Well, what does Mr. Smith do?—a very pretty map to be called Smith, I think—I'll Smith him some day—what does my gentleman do, but ask me, if I meant it! When I said yes, he told Jemima to get my boxes ready, while he went and fetched a coach, and in that very blessed coach, these unnatural children let me drive away. The very next day came the earthquake, and I only hope it may open their wicked eyes to see what they've done.

I am, Sir,

AN OUTRAGED MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Q.—What portion of New South Wales does the *Aryas* now resemble?

A.—The position that lies between the Lachlan and the Murray.

A NEW CRUSHING PROCESS.—The writer of a letter, in one of the daily papers of the past week, speaks of a "course of crushing by the severest punishment the last ray of virtue." We have heard of greased lightning and buttered thunder, but this is our first acquaintance with a "crushed ray." Perhaps it was a golden ray, and in that case the crushing might be necessary for the extraction of the precious metal. We think a little careful reflection would enlighten the writer as to his questionable prosopopeia.

OLD COLONISTS IN ENGLAND.—An old colonist, much respected among his brother squatters, was recently presented at Court. The Court at which he was presented, was that of Bow-street.

ARITHMETICAL.—Mr. Grimes, the other day, picked up a work that surprised and delighted him exceedingly. The work was called "The Ready Reckoner," and Mr. Grimes declared that if he had fallen in with it before, the financial condition of the country would now be vastly better than it is. The hon. gentleman has since made so much progress in mental arithmetic, that on being asked "If a herring and a half cost three half-pence, how much will a dozen herrings cost?"—he answered, eighteen pence, without the slightest hesitation.

THE EARTHQUAKE.—It is said that the entire contents of the Toorak wine cellars were turned sour by the recent earthquake.



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.

(“Three Merry Men I trow arc we.”)

Oh Weep for the Hour.

Oh weep for the hour,
When to office and power—
The Lord of Toorak with his false words came;
He vowed to do right
To the best of his might,
But he soon broke his faith—Oh, dishonor and shame.
He swore at Geelong,
That no man he would wrong—
And to guard all our rights like a vestal flame.
But none shall see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
That the dark deeds have left on our governor's fame.

II.

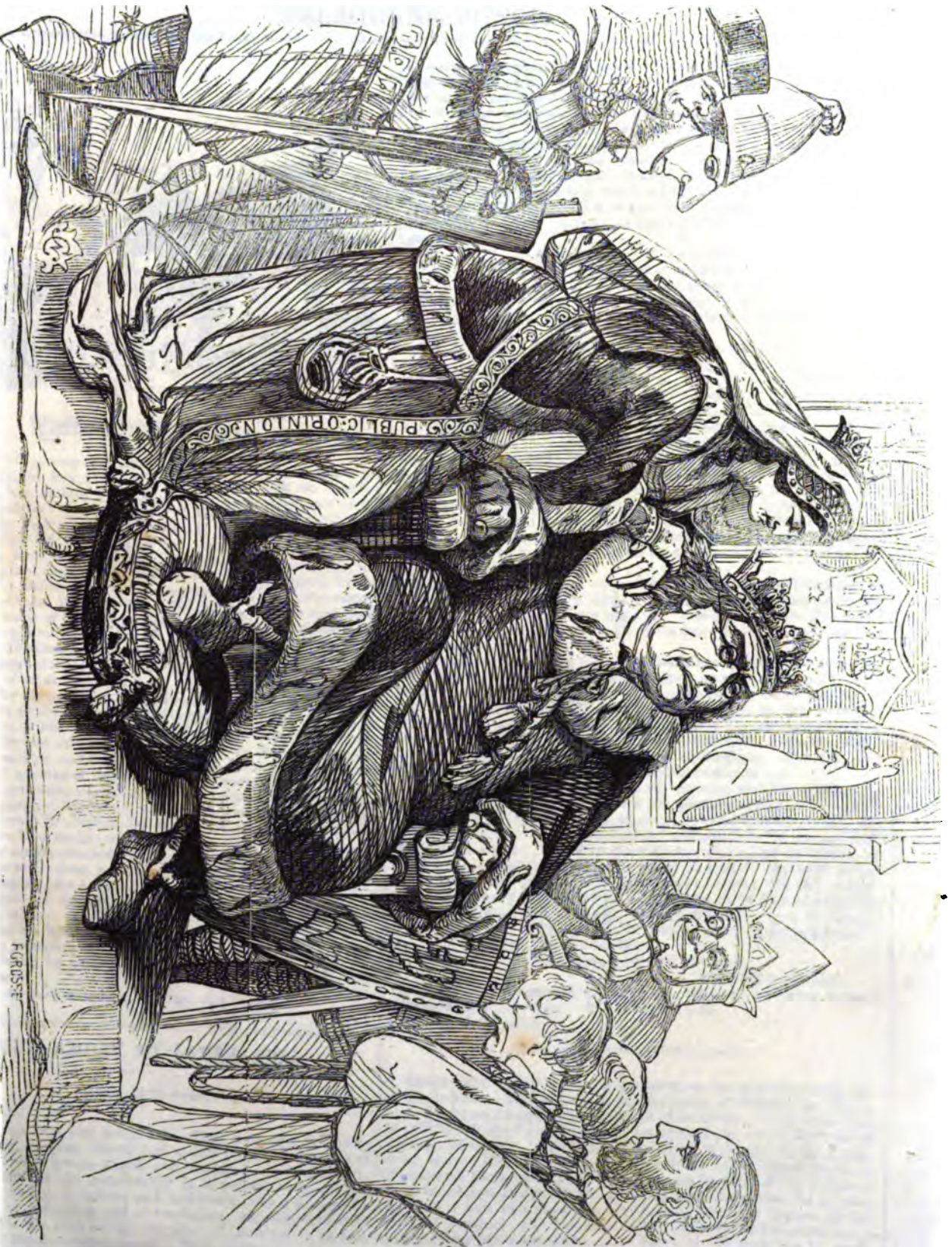
We hailed him with cheer,
From street, road and pier,
As the Lord of Toorak came ashore from the Bay,
With hope and with joy,
We received the Vice-roy,
As he entered our city, on that ill-starred day.
His first month's deeds
Sowed the terrible seeds,
Of his present full harvest of dishonour and shame,
And the hope now of all
Is, that soon they'll recall
The false Knight Sir Charles, to the place whence he came.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE DOMESTIC CAT.—Since the earthquake, we understand that all breakages of crockery, which used to be attributed to the cat, have been set down to what the *Herald* calls “galvanic agency.”

EARTHQUAKE IN MELBOURNE.—We must look to our laurels. The *Herald* is coming out strong in the funny line. Our contemporary has made an experimental essay upon the earthquake; and really it is very droll. “This morning,” saith the *Herald*, “about three o'clock, the inhabitants of Melbourne were (*sic*) aroused from their slumbers by the shaking (*sic*) of their beds and houses, which (*i. e.* their beds and houses), lasted two or three minutes.” Very good, very accurate, very literal, and only slightly orthographically erroneous. The fun is to come. “Lights might have been seen from many of the houses, enquiring into the cause of such an unearthly noise, and people exclaiming did you feel the shock!” Those locomotive and vocal luminaries, in what language did they express themselves, and in what tone did they utter their enquiries? Did they make light of the subject, or were they extinguished by it? “But,” as Sir Hugh Evans says, “there's pippins and cheese to come,”—for our contemporary goes on to say, “After looking around their premises, and ladies under their beds, retired to rest, satisfied that thieves were not in the house, and at once concluded that it must have been some galvanic action of the earth.” We are left in painful ignorance, as to whom the “looking round their premises” was performed by; and we cannot possibly conjecture why ladies should prefer “retiring to rest under their beds,” to reposing upon them; but the force of the writer's logic is irresistible. No thieves were discovered in the house, ergo, “it” (the house) must have been some galvanic action of the earth. Shareholders in building societies should act upon this hint, and provide themselves with galvanic batteries at once. “Galvanic action” is cheaper than labor; and shocking apparatus more economical than bricks and mortar.

HYDROPATHY.—Dr. Wilkie is about to establish a hydropathic establishment at Yan Yean.

LACONIC.—Miss Fanny Cathcart is reported to have replied to Mr. Coppin, by rendering “Aut Cæsar aut Nullus” in the single word “Aeronaut” (Heir or naught).



**THE FAIR PRINCESS--PUBLIC OPINION--INTERCEDING WITH KING KERR FOR THE
BURGESSES OF EMERALD HILL.**

(Slightly altered from one hundred and twenty-seven pictures of "Queen Philippa interceding for the Lurgases of Emerald Hill,"—in a recent Exposition of the Royal Academy.)



Earthquakes at Geelong.

It was really a very prompt and enterprising thing of Geelong to get up an earthquake, at five minutes before three o'clock on Monday morning. This is something like active competition on the part of the Pivot. It is said that the intelligence of the Melbourne earthquake was immediately telegraphed down to Corio Bay, to Dr. Baylie, the Mayor, who feeling that it was due to the town not to be dependant for earthquakes upon an overgrown and misplaced metropolis; immediately summoned a nocturnal meeting of the Town Council, to devise measures for maintaining the honour and dignity of the natural Capital of the Southern Hemisphere. Dr. Baylie, with his customary devotion to the cause of Geelong progress and prosperity, at once, and boldly took upon himself the initiative of declaring that he had distinctly felt the shock. The Council then swore individually to the same thing, and the Mayor immediately sent to the editor of the *Geelong Advertiser* to inform him of what had occurred. The editor was not a little startled, as he, for his part, had felt nothing of the earthquake, though he had been stark awake at the time writing a leader, with the help of Walker's Dictionary and Murray's (Lindley's we mean) Grammar. However, his "fervent zeal for the interests of the State" overcame all other considerations, and backed up by high civic authority, he at once wrote a full account of the phenomena attending this great convulsion of Geelong nature, which large number of persons attribute entirely to the stoppage of the steam-dredge. A considerable party in Geelong, however, with Mr. Strachan at their head, consider Dr. Baylie's movement to have been injuriously precipitate. Mr. Strachan heard of the Melbourne earthquake before being made aware that it had met with a competitor at Geelong, and declared his intention to move on an early day next sessions, for a return of the number of earthquakes that since the foundation of the colony have occurred in Melbourne and Geelong, respectively.

Also, "That in the opinion of this House stability in the executive is essential to the prosperity of the country, and that therefore a seat of government should be selected not liable to be shaken by 'convulsions of nature,'"

These motions are now of course no longer applicable.

BLANCHE AMORY TO LAURA BELL.

Melbourne, September 14, 1855.

MY DEAREST LAURA,—

She came, and saw, and conquered! That poor dear martyr to regal capriciousness, popular liberty and wicked jesuits, has appeared upon the stage, at the Theatre Royal, and enacted her whole history. Is it not delightful to sit comfortably in a private box, and see prime ministers, and poor artists, and noblemen, and a king and a queen, and a case of poisoning, and a revolution, and the real lady who created all this stir, such a long, long way off; and not to be shot at, or poisoned, or revolutionized oneself? That darling Lola has been so scandalised, my dear. She is not thin, or *petite*, or haggard, or awkward, or short, or *gauche*, or coarse in manner, or loud in voice,

or harsh in laughter, or irritable in temper. She's an *angel*, Laura, and deserves a place among the saints and martyrs. Shall I describe her to you, my dear? She is *above* the middle height, with just so much of the *embonpoint* as gives the rounded outline of youth to her graceful form. She walks like a *goddess*, and curtsies like a queen. (Don't believe what they say about her making a spasmodic salaam instead of a curtsy: it's an *impudent libel*, my dear). Her face is a pure oval; she wears her hair *Madonna-wise* (and not in short crisp curls, like a barrister's wig; that is a libel too, Laura); her cheeks are just tinged with Spanish bronze (*not* brass, for that is *another* libel, my love); her nose is of the faultless Grecian type; and, *du reste* she fascinates you.

"With her wild and liquid glance,
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

Don't ask me where I got that quotation from, for I found it in a sad, naughty book, which I am sure my dearest Laura would never open.

I wish I could remember all the story of the play, that I might tell it you. It was so long, and so interesting. Lola is more than a heroine, my dear. She can talk politics like a book, and teach Kings how to govern their people more easily than you and I could conjugate a French verb. And she has been so ill-used. Would you believe it? The Queen of Bavaria loved her like a sister or a daughter, and was not at all jealous, for I saw Lola kneel and kiss her hand, and then the Queen patted her on the head quite playfully, and Lola ran up to the King, and called him "Looy." They always do so, it seems, in Courts, for Lola Montes is Countess of Lansfeldt, you know, and therefore she *must* be a good authority. I only wish the Queen of England would make her Governor (or Governness—which would it be?) of Victoria. Everybody would become so prosperous, and we should have a ball every week at the Government House; and no *etiquette*, for Lola detests it.

What infamous monsters people were, to circulate scandalous reports about the Countess of Lansfeldt! My dear, her attachment to the King of Bavaria was perfectly platonic. She said so in the play, and I am sure she would never tell a fib in the face of two thousand people; would she, Laura?

You should have seen the revolution at the end of the play, my dear? It was so exciting. I could scarcely sit still in my seat. Such firing of guns, and springing of watchmen's rattles, and screaming of women, and agitation of the mob; with a chateau on fire, and Lola Montes swooning in white muslin; and when it was all over, that dear darling of a woman came upon the stage, and made a speech; and—would you believe it!—somebody burst out laughing. But she soon put him down, and the audience wanted to turn him out.

What exasperated me more than all, my dear, was the provokingly ill-natured criticisms which I heard the gentlemen make, as I passed through the lobby into the cloak-room. "An enormous sell," exclaimed one monster; "an imposition," said another; "a gigantic do," growled out a third, and then the wretches all laughed in chorus. I could have annihilated them with a look of scorn. My dear, it was not an imposition—it was all grace, elegance, poetry, beauty, simplicity, truth, purity, and sublimity. And even if (as her calumniators say,) Lola Montes *does* act badly towards the King upon the stage, did n't he act very badly towards her, before she became an actress.

Adieu, my dearest Laura,

Ever, ever, your own attached,

BLANCHE AMORY.

P. S.—All my front hair is falling off, owing to its being turned back a *la mode Imperiale*. It makes one look then it's so fashionable.

GREAT GUNS.—The thirty-two pounders on the Sandridge jetty, are of tried virtue. They were cast in the reign of William and Mary, and did great execution at the Battle of Blenheim. They were then kept in the Tower for many years, but were again called into use at the siege of Quebec. They also were used by Wellington in the Peninsular, and on the return of peace were stuck up as corner posts in Portsmouth Dockyard. They were taken up by order of the Ordnance department, and shipped to this place as eminently adapted for colonial use. It is said that since Mr. Childers has become Captain of the artillery company, the insurance offices have refused to grant him a policy on his life at any premium. Three of the guns are in much better order than the others, having been wrecked in the Royal George.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.—A good dinner, good wine, and paying for them.



MR. NEWCHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCES AS A CATTLE FARMER,
No. 4.
MR. GREEN FINDS "A POOR LITTLE CALF DESERTED BY ITS MOTHER."

Punch's Advice to Reporters.

ADOPT as your motto, "Quantity and not Quality." Convey the smallest possible amount of information, in the greatest possible number of words.

Plant your substantives in a forest of adjectives. It will help to mystify your meaning, and the chances are, that your obscurity will be mistaken for depth.

Don't be sparing of superlatives, they add length as well as strength to a paragraph.

In matters of criticism, bear in mind that the subject of your eulogy must, of necessity, transcend every other actor or actress (it will be better to say "Theopian," "histrionist," "votary of Thalia, or Melpomene," or "wearer of the sock and buskin"), vocalist, (please to substitute "*cantatrice*," "nightingale,") or "Swan"); dances, (*legue* "nymph of the ballet," "*danceuse*," "fairy-like sylph," or "disciple of Terpsichore") that the world ever saw. Institute comparisons between Charles Kemble and Mr. Rouge, Miss O'Neil and Mr. Carmine, to the disparagement of the defunct actor and actress—nobody can contradict you.

Affect figurative expressions, metaphors and pataphrase, and never "call a spade, a spade." A drunkard is not a drunkard, but "a partaker of potations pottle deep;" a thief is a "misguided individual, who confounds the distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*;" the landlord of inn, "a worthy Boniface;" the manager of a theatre, "an enterprising *entrepreneur*."

In narrating the occurrence of a fire, adhere carefully to the prescribed formula; *par example*, "the inhabitants of Little Puddle-street, were last night, thrown into a state of painful excitement, by an alarm of fire, proceeding from, &c., &c."

In speaking of Policeman X, do not neglect to say, "that intelligent officer," or "that indefatigable and ever obliging member of the police force," or that "terror of evil doers." Policeman X supplies the raw material for many a paragraph, and it would be ungrateful not to reiterate the obligation, by anything so cheap, as praise.

Remember that all outrages are "dastardly," and their perpetrators "miscreants."

Write dogmatically, and dictatorially on all subjects.

If you are competent to write a paragraph, you are, of course, competent to pronounce an authoritative opinion on the merits of a painting, the mechanism of a steam engine, the science of harmony, a knotty point in law, a question in therapeutics, and to discuss the theory of architecture, navigation, palæontology, political economy, agriculture, poetry, ethnology, dramatic art, the drainage of cities, conic-sections, dynamics, *rouge et noir*, the balance of power, quartz-crushing, national education, the Greek particle, pantheism, potichomanie; the law of nations, ethics, æsthetics, artificial irrigation, prize fighting, the rotation of crops, cuneiform writing, puddling, photography, foreign exchanges, Buddhism, the pandects, and public oratory.

Hints for Punch.

A young gentleman in a Government office thinks *Punch* "a law," and not sufficiently attentive to the Salle de Valentino.

Sir Charles Hotham thinks *Punch* a vile incendiary.

Mr. Macstinger thinks *Punch* would do "verra weel" if he had an effectual calling, and showed up the papists.

Mr. Grimes thinks *Punch* disgustingly personal.

A young lady thinks *Punch* would be a *dear* if only he wouldn't be so satirical.

Mr. Murray thinks *Punch* would be much improved if he confined himself to facts, figures, and statistics generally.

The *Melbourne Herald* recommends *Punch* to study the classics and New Zealand.

Judge Barry thinks *Punch* should fundamentally eradicate accuminated subtlety as detrimental to ethics and morality.

Almost all the rest of society think *Punch* the envy of surrounding colonies, and the administrator of the world.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. IX.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

MY DEAR HARRY,—

For a long time, I felt disinclined to report progress, for we were so unlucky, that I thought the fates were regularly against us, and I scarcely knew to what extremity we should be driven. After I last wrote to you, we kept sinking and sinking with uniform ill success. We tried shallow sinking, hole after hole, and got nothing. Then we resolved upon a grand coup, and went to a place where much gold had been got, at from sixty to a hundred feet below the surface. As we went down, it was necessary to shore up the sides of the hole with timber, to prevent the earth from falling in upon us, and this greatly added to the labour and expense, and when we got down to the rock, there wasn't a speck of gold to reward us.

All this time our funds kept getting very low, and we reduced our comforts one after another to make the capital hold out. First, we became teetotalers; then we dropped even occasional indulgence in sardines, and other hermetically sealed luxuries that find their way hither; then, with a bitter pang, we gave up pickles. You gentlemen of England, who live at home, &c., don't estimate pickles at their true worth, but when you get nothing but tea, damper and mutton, morning, noon and night, for weeks together, you must be "more or less than human" if you can resign pickles, unmoved,—blessings on the name of Batty. We never gave up the Sunday duff, clean shirt, and newspaper, however; thus vindicating our principles, in the midst of our poverty. But it was extremely trying to the spirits and to our resolution, to work as hard as men could, from morning till night, to stint ourselves of every superfluity, and to see our means dwindling away, day by day, while others were getting pockets full of gold, without a tithe of the work. Among other luxuries, by the way, that we eventually denied ourselves, were licenses—thus keeping Cæsar without his own, in a way that, I am sure, will shock your well regulated mind; and since fortune has smiled upon us again, not one of us has ever proposed sending any "conscience money" to the Commissioners. We underwent the constant risk of a month's confinement in the delightful lock up, however; and, indeed, we never saved the amount of which I was robbed when on first arrival here I was carried to that rascally hole.

One day, while we were in the poorest plight, the diggings were all alive with the rumour of a tremendous nugget, that two men had found. The value was about four thousand pounds. Fancy suddenly sticking your pick into four thousand pounds! The notion produced an effect among the diggers, such as they say the great prize in the lottery used to do in England in days gone by. Every one felt that he might turn up such a lump of wealth any fine morning, and we all went to work with increased hope. To our party the fates were still cruel however, and we got nothing. We certainly became dull and disheartened at all this continual ill fortune, and smoked the pipe of melancholy brooding in the evening. We worked as hard as ever, but became careless in other respects. Our tent, which we had previously kept in peculiar order, had little attention bestowed upon its internal arrangements. We got hardened to disorder; and, as we left our blankets when we tumbled out of them in the morning, so they were when we tumbled into them at night. We lost our pride, in our very cooking; and the cook of the day no longer gave his mind to devising new modes of dealing with the mutton, but just made food of it somehow, and then threw the plates and pannikins into a corner. Arrangements for neatness and little contrivances for making the tent as comfortable as possible, were neglected; and we merely lived and dug. We talked little, and merely about our ill luck, and the contrast it presented to the luck of others; and about what we were to do when the last shilling was gone, and we positively had no means to continue digging longer. There is certainly a disposition about the human mind during times of either happiness or suffering, to assume that one has arrived at a "stationary state," and to disbelieve in a change. I think we were all firmly persuaded that we were drifting down to absolute pennilessness, and we merely worked away from determination not to give in while a chance remained, rather than from any hope of success.

I had occasion to go in the direction of the camp one day, and was trudging moodily forward, speculating on the probability of being asked for my license, on our prospects, and the happy fate of the finders of the £4000 nugget, when I saw a crowd, and went up to see the cause of the excitement. One man who seemed thoroughly

stupified, half from the effects of fright, and half from the effects of liquor, was being lugged along by a couple of policemen. Two more were carrying, on a rude stretcher, the body of a man who had been stabbed in the chest, and who was still bleeding profusely, though the bandages with which his wound had hastily been bound up. "It's all up with red-headed Jem," said a man looking at the pale face on the stretcher. "If Jem croaks, I should say Bill was safe to swing for it," said another. "Neither on em's been sober these three weeks, and always a quarrillin," said a third. "It aint the drink—but the —bad drink one gets in them places that does the mischief," observed a fourth, who looked as if he ought to be well acquainted with what he was talking about, if he could ever profit by experience. I asked how the thing happened of a storekeeper, who was standing at the door of his tent. "Why, they're mates," said he, "and they've been doin nothing but drink and quarrel these three weeks." "But what were they quarrellin about," said I. They couldn't hit it off no-how," replied he, "about dividing, their pile. They're the chaps that found the big nugget."

These in short, were the men that had been the subject of general envy. On further enquiry, I found that they had sent the big nugget into town, having obtained a considerable advance upon it from a gold broker. They had set about spending the money at sly-grog tents and others of a kind you may guess at, and had scarcely been sober since. The subject of dispute, was one that I remember telling you, occasioned some heat amongst us, on the other side of Flemington—viz., whether it were better to sell the gold in this country or to take it to England. From words they got to blows, and at last, one, mad with drink and passion, had stabbed the other. As I have since learned, the man who was stabbed, died; and the other is now on the roads for manslaughter.

I went back to our tent in a very depressed and agitated frame of mind, and half resolved to give up gold digging altogether. When my mates turned in, I found it impossible to sleep, and at last took to pen and ink, as I am somewhat apt to do, when my feelings get the better of me. I hunched myself up in my bunk with a piece of board on my knees for a desk, and putting the candle in a position as favourable as I could, set to at the work of composition, I determined to write a poem in the style of Pope's Essay on Man, and exposing the monstrous folly of the lust for gold. I resolved to show conclusively, what misdirected labour, the labour to become rich is—how little proportionate is the happiness of men to their wealth—and how blind and foolish we are, to spend our lives in seeking to establish one of the least essential conditions of true welfare. I meditated over my theme for some time, (I remember I lost some minutes in speculating whether the manuscript would be saleable and what it should fetch), and then began—

"Of all the ills that hapless man endures

The worst are those, which he himself procures;

The vilest slavery to which men are sold,

Is blessed—compared to man's self-sale to gold."

I had spun about thirty lines of equal merit to these master-pieces, when I felt too sleepy to go on, and indeed had been powerfully urged by my prosaic mates during more than an hour, not to keep the light burning in the tent all night, so I turned in. In the morning, I had to dig for gold, with pick and shovel, instead of abusing it with pen and ink. I went to work doggedly, and, though we had nearly bottomed a hole, with no more definite expectation of finding anything, than if I had been digging in Bloomsbury-square,—when by Jove! we had come upon it at last. The first thing, almost, that I did, was to knock out a nugget weighing thirty ounces. You may fancy how my sentiments towards the precious metal were changed in a moment. I was bound body and soul in the slavery I had denounced, before you could say Jack Robinson. Before night, we cleared out of that hole in nuggets and dust, upwards of fifty-seven pounds weight! On reading over my stanzas, I regarded them as the most maudlin production the mind of man had ever conceived, and flung them with the utmost contempt into the fire.

"I do not rhyme to that dull elf,

Who cannot image to himself."

That we had both pickles and sardines for supper that night, and a glass of grog before turning in. Subsequently we got nearly twelve pounds more out of the same hole, and out of several that we have sunk since, have taken considerable hauls, though nothing compared to this great prize. We are at present capitalists, Sir! Seeking investments, and have made up our minds to quit the gold-fields, and go into some other line of business shortly; but now that we seem to have got fortune on our side, we cannot tear ourselves away from the lottery, without trying a few more ventures.

I want to write two or three more letters to-night, so I shall favour you no farther at present, and shall pull up thus abruptly.

Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE CHISLEHURST.



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.

(Scaton—WHICH BE THE MALEFACTORS?
DOGGERY—MARRY, THAT AM I AND MY PARTNER).

Much Ado About Nothing.

Enigma.

A gentleman who resided all his life within the sound of Bow-bells, until he recently emigrated to this colony, declares that the answer to Lord Byron's celebrated enigma cannot be "the letter H," but as no other explanation can be given, the gentleman from London has kindly altered the text, so as to the generally received answer applicable:—

'Twas voiceless in 'eaven, 't'was silent in 'ell,
And echo rejected the sound as it fell;
At the opening of earth it is loudly pronounced;
From the depths of the ocean we hear it announced.
'Tis found in the sphere when 'tis riven apart,
'Tis 'eard in each hour, and 'tis seen in each 'cart.
'Twas allotted to man from his hearliest breath;
It presides o'er 'is birth, and hattends 'im in death.
I'ts lost in 'is 'appiness, 'orses and 'ealth;
It is mute in his 'ouse but appears in his wealth.
From the 'cap of the miser 'tis 'unted with care;
But 'tis 'eard once again with his prodigal heir;
Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,
And woe to the wretch that admits at 'ome.
In short, let it rest like a beautiful flower,
Oh, breathe on it softly it dies in a hour.

One Shilling.

What! fined forty shillings for common assault?
My very dear fellow, that's quite your own fault;
If you'd dined with the beak on the day of the milling,
The bench would have fined you no more than a shilling.

II.

Provided you've got a good coat to your back—
Are supposed now and then to have been at Toorak;
You can drink with the magistrate after the milling,
And then the next day they'll but fine you a shilling.

III.

Of course you can play at both billiards and pool,
These are things that are always well taught in your school;
Lose a game to a magistrate after the milling,
Next morning, at most, he'll but fine you a shilling.

IV.

No doubt you are very hard up as you say,
Still, stomp up the price of a box at the play;
Go there with a magistrate after the milling,
And you'll find, that he'll fine you no more than a shilling.

V.

Choose some one you think to be weaker than you—
You can boast of your strength in the court, if you do;
If you're sure you could beat two such men at a milling,
For your pluck, you deserve to get off with a shilling.

VI.

Give a jaunty account of your breach of the law,
Your friends on the bench with a choral guffaw;
Will merrily take your account of the milling,
And release you at once, with the fine of a shilling.

SHUT SESAME.

WHEN a deputation from the Licensed Victuallers' Association waited upon the Governor, on Monday last, the question arose, whether reporters should be admitted—the Governor objecting, perhaps prudently—to the publication of accurate reports of what takes place on these occasions. The Private Secretary, however, came to the rescue with a most brilliant suggestion.

"The Private Secretary said there was no objection to the presence of a short-hand writer, but only to his taking any notes."

It would be impossible to improve this. There is an unparalleled shrewdness about this discovery of wherein consists the peculiar harm of a short-hand writer. Who, but the Private Secretary would ever have thought of analysing the evil like this? Who but he, would have known how to take the sting out of a reporter so completely in a moment? There is a delightful confidence too about the way in which the proposition is put, as if it must recommend itself at once to every intellect, as getting over the whole difficulty of the case. One can fancy the Licensed Victuallers troubled with a short-hand writer, as the congregation in Mrs. Gore's story were with their self-playing organ that they set going, but did not know how to stop. What a gush of light it must have been to them, when the Private Secretary published his mode of making short-hand writers innocuous—simply by not letting them write short-hand.

Mr. Goodman, M.L.C., has joined the Land League.

The Mount Alexander Railway will open for traffic in about three weeks.

LIFE INSURANCE.—A Life Insurance Company has issued an announcement this week, that the premiums to literary men will be raised, in consequence of the decision of the Melbourne Bench in the case of Bernal.

SEEKING SERVICE.—King Kerr and the Right Worshipful, in their determination to enforce their claims upon the Emerald Hillites, are resolved to call in the aid of the police, or military, if necessary. *Punch* thinks, that as the battle is to begin with an attack upon the Chairman, the Rifle Brigade should be put under arms, to give them a chance of "seeing Service."



AN EDITOR'S ROOM IN MELBOURNE.

FURNISHED IN ACCORDANCE WITH A LATE MAGISTERIAL DECISION.

Three Months' Later News from England.

(BY DIAMETRIC TELEGRAPH.)

Punch, renouncing the ordinary dilatory means of postal communication, which convey to us about Christmas, intelligence of the events which have occurred in Europe at the previous Midsummer, has established a diametric telegraph of his own. He freely publishes the news he has received by this special and exclusive medium, without flching an extra sixpence from the pockets of each of his subscribers, by the issue of an "extraordinary," and he hopes that his daily contemporaries, when they transfer the subjoined intelligence to their own columns, will acknowledge the source from whence they derived it:—

London, Sept. 25, 1855.
5, p.m.

The ex-Emperor Alexander, continues to live in retirement, at Claremont. At his pressing request, Elihu Burritt and Joseph Sturge occupy apartments in the mansion; and it is said that his Imperial Highness has consented to preside at the forthcoming meeting of the Peace Society, at Exeter Hall.

Mr. Barnum had an audience of the Home Secretary, on the 20th inst. His object was to open a negotiation for the hire of the deposed Czar, for an exhibition tour of six months, through the United States. He was prepared, he said, to offer her Britannic Majesty's Government 1,000,000 dollars for the use of the illustrious exile, during that period; but the Home Secretary intimated to the enterprising gentleman, that the Court of St. James's had simply rendered itself responsible for the safe custody of the ex-Emperor, and that neither the Government of France nor of Turkey, would sanction such a proceeding as that contemplated by the speculative American. Mr. Barnum thanked the right honourable gentleman for the courteous attention he had paid to the proposition, and shortly afterwards withdrew.

A notification appears in the *Corriere Mercantile di Torino*, that the King of Sardinia has declared Sebastopol a free port. The Genoese have succeeded in raising the Russian vessels, sunk at the entrance of the harbour.

The site of the demolished Redan and Malakoff Tower, has been converted into a public garden, and Signor Monti is engaged in the execution of a beautiful group in sculpture, to be placed upon the sum-

mit of the monumental mound, and intended to perpetuate the memory of those who fell upon the fatal 18th of June.

Two barques, laden with emigrants, sailed from Leghorn on the 18th instant. It is their intention to settle on the western coast of the Crimea, which, since its cession to Sardinia, has attracted the attention of the "uneasy classes" throughout the whole of the north of Italy.

Prince Czartoryski had an audience of her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, on Monday last, and delivered his credentials as Ambassador from the Court of Poland.

By advices from Pesth, we learn that the King of Hungary has organized a Ministry, M. Kossuth taking the portfolio of foreign affairs.

The inauguration of the Lombardic Republic, was the occasion of a public festival at Venice on the 1st instant. High Mass was celebrated at St. Mark's; a *Bucentaur* constructed upon the model of the original vessel, conveyed the President, the members of both the Legislative Chambers, and the principal inhabitants of the city to the Lido, outside of which, M. Mazzini, in the name of the Republic, revived the ancient custom of wedding the Adriatic. In the evening, the Piazza, Piazzetta, and the Merceria were splendidly illuminated, and a public banquet was held in the Ducal Palace.

The result of the investigation into the causes of the King of Prussia's premature demise, has been the unanimous conclusion of the court physicians, that His late Majesty's disease, was accelerated by an over dose of champagne.

According to our Paris Correspondence, a *Senatus Consultum* is to be held, to consider the propriety of imposing some restrictions on the liberty of the Press. Ever since the accession of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, the freedom of opinion and discussion, accorded to French journalists, has been notoriously so unlimited, and has been so grossly abused, that some check to the license of the Press, has become absolutely necessary. His Majesty, it is said, objects to the imposition of any restraints whatsoever, assigning as his reason, that the whole of his previous career, equally with his present actions, will bear the severest scrutiny, and is equally safe from censure and from ridicule. It is believed, however, that the benign and gentle policy of the Emperor, will be overruled by his cabinet.

Three *pronunciamentos* have occurred within the last week at Madrid, but they have resulted in no bloodshed, only in three successive changes of the Administration.

Our domestic intelligence is singularly barren of interest. A rumour was current in London yesterday, that your colony had declared its independence, and that the Provisional Government were preparing a scheme for the annexation of Great Britain to the Victorian Republic. It is right to add, that public feeling in the city, is adverse to the proposition, unless you will assume the responsibility of our national debt, which we scarcely expect you will be insane enough to do.

The Bill for the Abolition of Hereditary Peerage, and the Constitution of an Elective Upper Chamber, has been read a third time in the House of Commons, and is expected to pass through the House of Lords *sub silentio*. In fact, the events of the late war have so completely destroyed the *prestige* of the aristocracy in Great Britain, and the Administrative Reformers have so thoroughly denuded that body, not only of its power and patronage, but of its self-respect; that the most distinguished members of the Upper House, have resolved upon making a graceful concession to public opinion, by offering their support to the "Hereditary Peerage Abolition Bill," and thus voluntarily abdicating their privileges and position.

I regret to say that a serious accident has befallen Sir Archibald Alison. While reaching down a volume from the shelf in his library, a volume of his own history of Europe fell upon his head, and the ponderous tome so severely crushed the voluminous baronet that his life is despaired of.

With regard to literature, art and the drama, I have little to communicate. A volume of poems is announced from the pen of Colonel Sibthorp; and the third volume of Mr. Macaulay's *magnum opus* will be ready for publication, it is said, before the close of 1855. A drama, founded upon the biography of the admirable Crichton, is in course of rehearsal at the Princess's; and Mr. Charles Kean is reported to have already expended £10,000 upon the scenery and appointments. Owing to the tragedian's great influence at the Palace, the Queen, it is rumoured, has consented to Prince Albert sustaining the principal character. Grisi and Mario have accepted a starring engagement at the Standard, in Shoreditch.

The capital has been subscribed for a submarine tubular railway from Dover to Calais, and operations are to be commenced forthwith.

I am besieged with applications for permission to transmit messages to Melbourne by your Diametric Telegraph, but in obedience to your instructions, I have steadily refused them all.



A CELESTIAL DELICACY.

HOW-QUA-A-TSOHA : *I say ; how much you Cook him for—'hat one Ca!*

YOUNG PERSON : *Cook the Cat, Sir!!*

HOW-QUA-A-TSCHA : *Yas, you sabbee! Roast em Cut—me eat em Cat—vary good.*

YOUNG PERSON : *Lawk, Sir : The Cat aint to be heaten. (Aside.)—Did hever hany one see sich Cannibal Inguns.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATICUS.—We certainly have not heard that Mrs. Chisholm is engaged by Coppin to appear at the Olympic, in a dramatised version of her own life, entitled "Our Benefactress," in five eras. If her "Useful Man," (John Foster), were to get up a similar entertainment, he might, perhaps, compete with Lola Montes, and there would be every prospect of his securing a greater amount of compensation, by this means, than that which the Legislative Council were asked to vote. There would be more *plot* in the drama, too!

HISTORICUS.—The Battle of Agincourt was fought on Sunday, the 5th of January, 1306. The minnesingers were commanded by Horatius Placcas, poet laureate, and commander-in-chief of the Huns; and the Ashantees were led into action by General Bernadotte. The engagement lasted for five weeks; and 3,693,847 infantry, and 192,946 cavalry soldiers were slain in the conflict. The *Arc de Triomphe* at Paris, was erected in commemoration of the victory.

W. L. K.—Alexander Smith, the author of a "Life Drama," and Albert Smith of Mont Blanc notoriety, are twin brothers. The former was born at Glasgow, in 1798, and the latter in London, 1805.

BYRON JUNR.—Strictly speaking, "prism" does not rhyme to "his'n;" nor "hansom cabs" to "palisades;" nor "Grimes" to "signs;" nor "chains" to "barns." We reply to your other queries in the affirmative.

KEPLER.—The co-tangent of the differential sine being exactly equivalent to the outhanasia of the oxydized parallelogram, it follows that the synthetical calculus must represent the circumferential equinox of the hybernating logarithm.

JAMES R.—N.—The "bills," spoken of by old English historians, differed essentially from modern acceptances. They were duly met whenever presented; were always drawn upon the enemy, and usually ran—him through.

A PONDEROUS LEVITY.—The Melbourne correspondent of the *Portland Guardian* communicates the following weighty intelligence to the readers of that journal:—"We have had a great deal of rain lately, and Melbourne mud is again in the ascendant." We are perfectly well aware that our volatile dust is frequently in the ascendant, but that mud should be "looking up" is a startling novelty, and can only be accounted for, by the operations of some new and hitherto unknown law of natural science. Has the mud a declination as well as an ascension? And if so, at what period does it pass the meridian? "We pause for a reply."



EARTHQUAKES IN MELBOURNE--THE NEXT SHOCK.



A FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY.

R. FASTEMANNE having, late one evening last week, asked two young ladies to accompany him to the Theatre Royal, is utterly confounded by the new regulation respecting half-price. MR. FASTEMANNE is aware of a deficit. The unconscious young ladies wonder what he is waiting for.

(ADVERTISEMENT).

TO PUGILISTS AND OTHERS.

WANTED an Editor.—Literary qualifications not required, but he must be up to anything under twelve stone. Apply office of this paper.

(ADVERTISEMENT).

TO EDITORS AND OTHERS.

THE recent decision of the Bench of Magistrates in the case of Mr. Bernal, emboldens Messrs. COLT and BOWIE to call renewed attention to their very superior assortment of

REQUISITES FOR AN EDITORS ROOM.

These will be found to include

FIVE AND SIX BARRELLED REVOLVERS,
By the best English and American makers.

VERY SUPERIOR LIFE PRESERVERS,
Of extra size and weight, to suit heads of peculiar thickness.

SWORDSTICKS, BLUDGEONS, AND CANES,
In every Variety.

Messrs. C. and B. would call particular attention to their

EDITORS' INKSTANDS,

With compartments for Bullets, Caps, and Powder; also to their

RULER DIRKS AND AIR GUNS,

A very superior article, manufactured expressly for the Melbourne market.

N.B.—A few very superior thorough-bred bull-dogs on sale.

The Bad Time Coming.

There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming;
From what took place the other day,
We must be very near, you'll say,
To the bad time coming.
Punch may wield a potent pen,
But brutal force is stronger;
Each foe relies thereon for aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming;
The club shall supersede the pen,
And bullies hector better men,
In the good time coming.
Blows, not worth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledg'd stronger;
The magistrates have ruled it so—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming,
When wit in all men's eyes shall be,
A monster of iniquity,
In the bad time coming.
Writers shall not argue then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor folly shrink 'at satire's touch—
Wait a little longer.

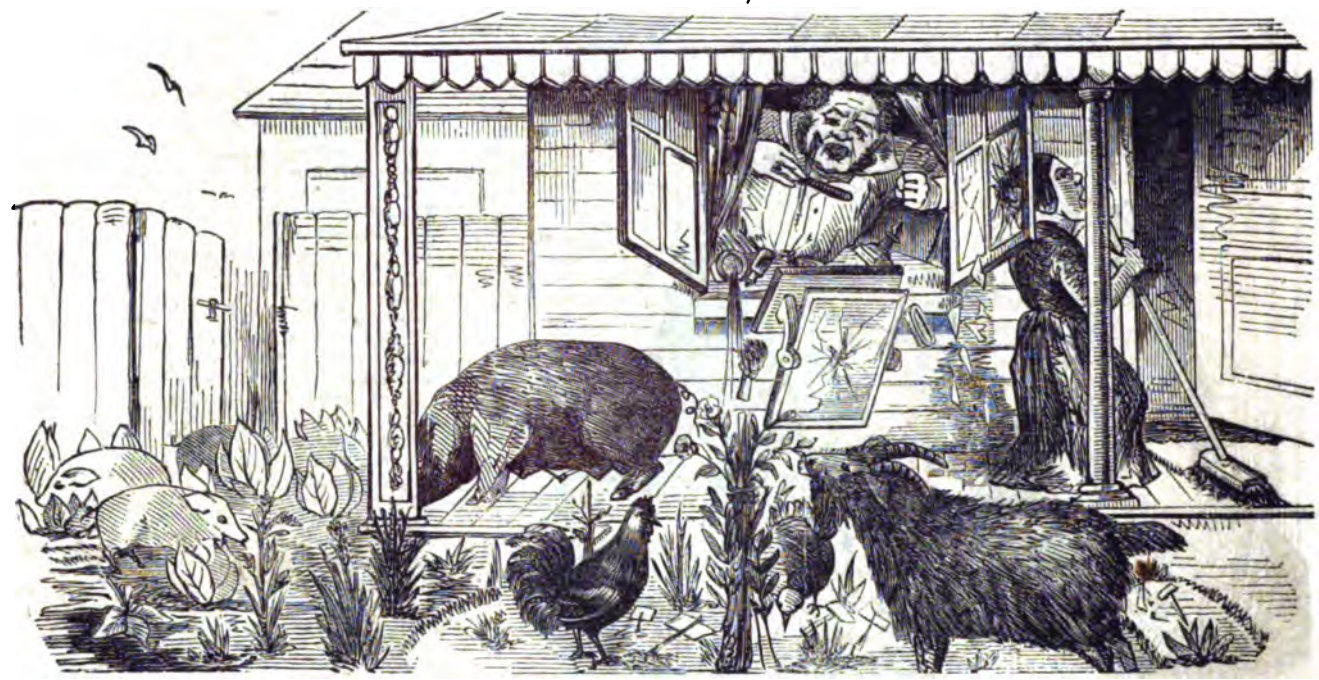
There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming;
Six grave justices decree,
Lynch-law in full force shall be
In the bad time coming.
Humbug then shall have free scope,
And flourish all the stronger;
And coxcombry shall reign supreme—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming;
When the press, no longer free,
An abject, servile thing shall be,
In the bad time coming.
Every writer then will need
To make his right arm stronger;
The bigger man, the happier he—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming;
When bowie knives will be our judge,
And Colt's revolvers grace our side,
In the bad time coming.]
Ready all for instant use,
To make our cause the stronger;
Hurrah for steel and bullet then!—
Wait a little longer.

There's a bad time coming, boys,
A bad time coming;
So the Melbourne Bench declare;
To resist them who shall dare!
In the bad time coming.
Cowhides, horsewhips, clubs and fists,
Daily growing stronger;
Some will hold their sway supreme—
Wait a little longer.

STRIKING PROOF OF THE TRUTH OF MESMERISM.—There is such a mesmeric sympathy among actors, that no living tragedian has yet recovered from the sore throat Edmund Kean caught in his youth.



HORTICULTURE AT PRAHRAN.

ELDER GENTLEMAN AND ENTHUSIASTIC FLORIST HAPPENS TO LOOK OUT OF WINDOW WHILE SHAVING.—Tableau.

A Dishonored Bill.

ONE of our fast contributors, whose epistle has evidently been composed under the combined influences of seediness, soda-water, and a sick head-ache, encloses us the following bill of costs, which he taxes with being extortionate, and of which he implores us to publish the items, in order to guard the unwary from relying for support upon "limbs of the law," when their own legs fail to perform their rightful office. We defer to his wish, but demur to his taxation of the costs. Judging from our own experience of legal charges, and looking at the value and variety of the services rendered, we think the account sent in by our correspondent's legal adviser and boon companion, is a very moderate one indeed, and we should recommend its immediate settlement.

*Algernon Plantagenet Cavendish Fitz Fibbs, Esq.,
To Smug, Mug, and Ripper.*

Attending Court—cause in paper—a long way down—no likelihood of its being called on for some time—conferring and advising with you as to the necessity of our adjourning to Hayward's Supreme Court Hotel, just "to keep the cold out," when you approved thereof	0 13 4
Adjourning accordingly	0 8 8
Attending ordering the necessary materials for "keeping the cold out," and inspecting same	0 6 8
Attending, conferring, and advising with you as to the necessity of my sending the "office boy" over to the Court, to watch your case when you approved thereof	0 6 8
Attending the "boy," informing him of our determination, and instructing him accordingly, when he absolutely refused to go, unless he first had "a glass of peppermint and a sandwich, as he was troubled with wind on the stomach"	0 6 8
Attending you, informing you thereof, consulting as to whether we should comply with the "Boys'" request or not, when I was of opinion that we ought	0 6 8
Attending ordering refreshment for the boy	0 3 6
Paid for same	0 1 0
Having failed in "keeping the cold out" effectually, attending conferring with you as to the advisability of our making a second attempt when you approved thereof	0 6 8

Many like attendances and consultations in the course of the day and evening	2 2 0
Paid for the necessary materials	3 17 6
Attending you on our having been both summarily ejected from Hayward's at 12 p. m.; advising and conferring as to 'the next move on the board,' when we determined to 'reel home like sober citizens'	0 18 4
Attending reeling home accordingly—attempting to crow like a cock—giving you specimens of my vocal abilities, &c., &c., &c., when we were taken into custody by X 51	0 18 4
Attending being carried on a truck to the watch-house—sympathising with you on your being capsize by X 51, and remonstrating with him <i>per viam</i> on the absurdity of his conduct. (Long attendance, and very special)	1 1 0
Attending long conference with the watch-house keeper, which he concluded by thrusting us both violently into a cell	0 6 8
Threatning him with an action through the key-hole	0 18 4
Attending Mr. Sturt the next morning, when, after some discussion, we were requested by him to contribute 40s. each to the public revenue	0 18 4
Attending, conferring and advising with you as to whether we should comply with his request or "take it out in stone," when you unhesitatingly decided upon being benevolent	0 6 8
Contributed accordingly	4 0 0
Attending you on our release, conferring and advising with you as to your personal appearance, when I was of opinion that you were decidedly "seedy," and "fishy about the gills"	0 6 8
Paid for soda-water, 6 bottles each	0 6 0
Paid cab-hire to office	0 10 0
Attending court, when I found that your case had been called on in our absence and struck out	0 6 8
Attending you, informing you thereof, and that upon you paying all the costs on both sides, it would come on again at the next sittings	0 6 8

£19 6 10

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. X.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

In pursuance of the resolution which I mentioned to you in my last, I have given up digging, and gone into a new occupation. I have joined one Mr. M'Tavish—a Highlandman, as you may guess—in a cattle buying speculation. M'Tavish is a huge, good-natured fellow, a splendid bushman, a great judge of stock, and well acquainted with the country in all directions. He belongs to the old race of "Overlanders," adventurous hybrids, half drover, half explorer, who, in days gone by, worked their way with mobs of cattle from "the Sydney side" to Port Phillip, and to Adelaide. On his first overland expedition, he was six months on the journey, and had many wild adventures, of which I have gathered occasional stray hints and scraps, in the confidence of a pipe over the camp fire.

When we left the diggings, we had before us a journey of about three hundred miles to the station, where M'Tavish proposed to purchase the cattle. We took, beside the two we rode, two pack horses with us, as, for a considerable portion of the distance, we were to be beyond reach of stations, and should therefore be obliged to rely on the provisions we carried with us. The first two days and nights of our journey passed without any incident worth writing. We slept at the houses of settlers, with whom my companion was acquainted. They entertained us very kindly, though there was about their manner a peculiarity, something like that of a mastiff who gives a bit of a growl at you at the same time that he comes up with a slow wag of the tail to make acquaintance. When we reached the stations, we dismounted, and proceeded to take the saddles off, and put the hobbles on, without waiting for an invitation. On the second night, we had turned the horses out, and were carrying the "swags" into the house before our host came up. He did not ask us in, and M'Tavish did not wait to be asked, but civil growls were exchanged, and the hospitality was taken as a matter of course on both sides. Our host belonged to "the old school," and had troubled himself little about the improvement or adornment of his station. He lived in one slab hut, and there was another larger one for the men, and a stock-yard, completed the improvements. M'Tavish walked up to the fire-place and lighted his pipe; I followed his example, Mr. Johnson—our host—was already smoking, and we sat down on the bunks, and said little to one another. Presently, Johnson asked what was the price of beef in town; M'Tavish answered, and then there was silence again.

"Going far up the country this time?" asked Johnson. "Up to Skinners," said M'Tavish, and then there was more silence again for five minutes.

"You'll find the Muddlerowie Creek up," said Johnson.

"I expect so," said M'Tavish.

Smoke, smoke, smoke.

"See any B X brands coming along?" asked Johnson.

"I saw a yellow B X cow, with a calf, a mile on this side of the heifer station, and a red bullock along with Dick's mob, on the creek"

"Wide horns?"

"No, down horns; blotch brand near ribs. There were some strangers there too. Something like a key brand on the off shoulder."

I noticed then, and since that M'Tavish always seems to see and carry in his head, the peculiarities of all the cattle that pass within sight, and I find I am instinctively acquiring the habit of examining every mob too, so as to be able to give an account of them if necessary.

Presently, a man brought in a big tin-dish of beef, a big damper, a big tea-pot (with a second handle over the spout) and a couple of tin plates and pannikins. We helped ourselves without waiting to be asked, Johnson silently smoking his pipe the while. Having done full justice to the supper, we went in again for serious smoking. About an hour afterwards, he dived into some mysterious cupboard and brought out a case bottle of whiskey, a glass and two cups, (one without a handle) and then dipped a quart pot full of water out of a bucket standing in the corner of the room. The glass was allotted to me as the greatest stranger, and Johnson showed that he was acquainted with the dues of hospitality by taking the cup without the handle himself. Over the grog, the gates of speech were opened a little more widely than before, and intermixed with the talk about cattle, were some re-

ferences to the gold fields and to the probable effect upon the squatters of a new Constitution, which it seems we are to have some of these days. Then there was a warm debate between M'Tavish and Johnson, as to the medicinal properties of emu oilish; and strong encomium by the former, on the virtues of a certain bull-bitch as a killer of wild dogs. Altogether, however, I was not sorry when the time for turning in came, for we had had a long day's ride, and I had not been on a horse, before starting on this journey, for some months.

The next day's route lay over extensive plains and stony ranges, and at night we put up at the hut of a shepherd. The shepherd was a German, and lived by himself without any hut-keeper, preferring solitude and somewhat extra wages to less money and a companion. There was another guest at the hut also—a "cockatoo settler" from a small run some thirty miles off. As he was there before us, he occupied the only bunk; M'Tavish and I sleeping in our possum rugs on the ground floor. The shepherd went out at about nine o'clock to sleep in his watch box alongside of the sheep fold, but before he went, we had lots of talk, as he was very communicative. As well as I could make out, he had been a peasant in some semi-civilized Austrian dependency, where he seemed to have lived under very strict feudal discipline, for when I asked him which he liked best, Australia or Germany, he said "me like dis country best, mein Gott me no get de stock here as in Yarmar." Then he told us with great glee, of the way in which he had swindled a policeman in a bargain over a watch, some time previously. "Me had got von vatch, he no go von bit, and I say to de policeman, he shall have it for two pound. De policeman say he will take him if he get right roo de night, and he take him and put him under him boots under him head. By and by de policeman him plenty sleep and den me take de vatch and put him to six o'clock. In the morning I call de policeman and he find the watch all right by de sun, and he gives me de two pound. Den de vatch not go von bit, and ven de policeman come again, he call me 'Yarman.' Me no care, me got de two pound. Ha, ha, ha" "Yarman, Yarman, Yarman." Me do de policeman; ha, ha, ha."

In the morning our high principled Teutonic acquaintance called us early. I asked him to give me something to wash in. He stared a little but presently brought me a frying pan without a handle, with which I shall wash I did the best I could. The settler watched me with great interest, and seemed to think the idea of a morning wash, rather a good one, though novel, for when I had done, he said he didn't know but as he'd have a wash too, as his eyes felt rather gummed up that morning.

The shepherd let his flock out of the fold before breakfast and afterwards followed them with his dogs. The storekeeper went on his way, and M'Tavish and I got on our horses, and pursued our journey before the dew was off the ground. We here struck away from the stations to make a short cut through an unsettled part of the country, and for some succeeding nights, and until we arrived at the place from which I am now writing, we camped out. Of our further proceedings on the journey, however, you shall hear more in my next.

Your affectionate brother,

GEORGE CHISLEHURST.

MISSING FRIENDS.

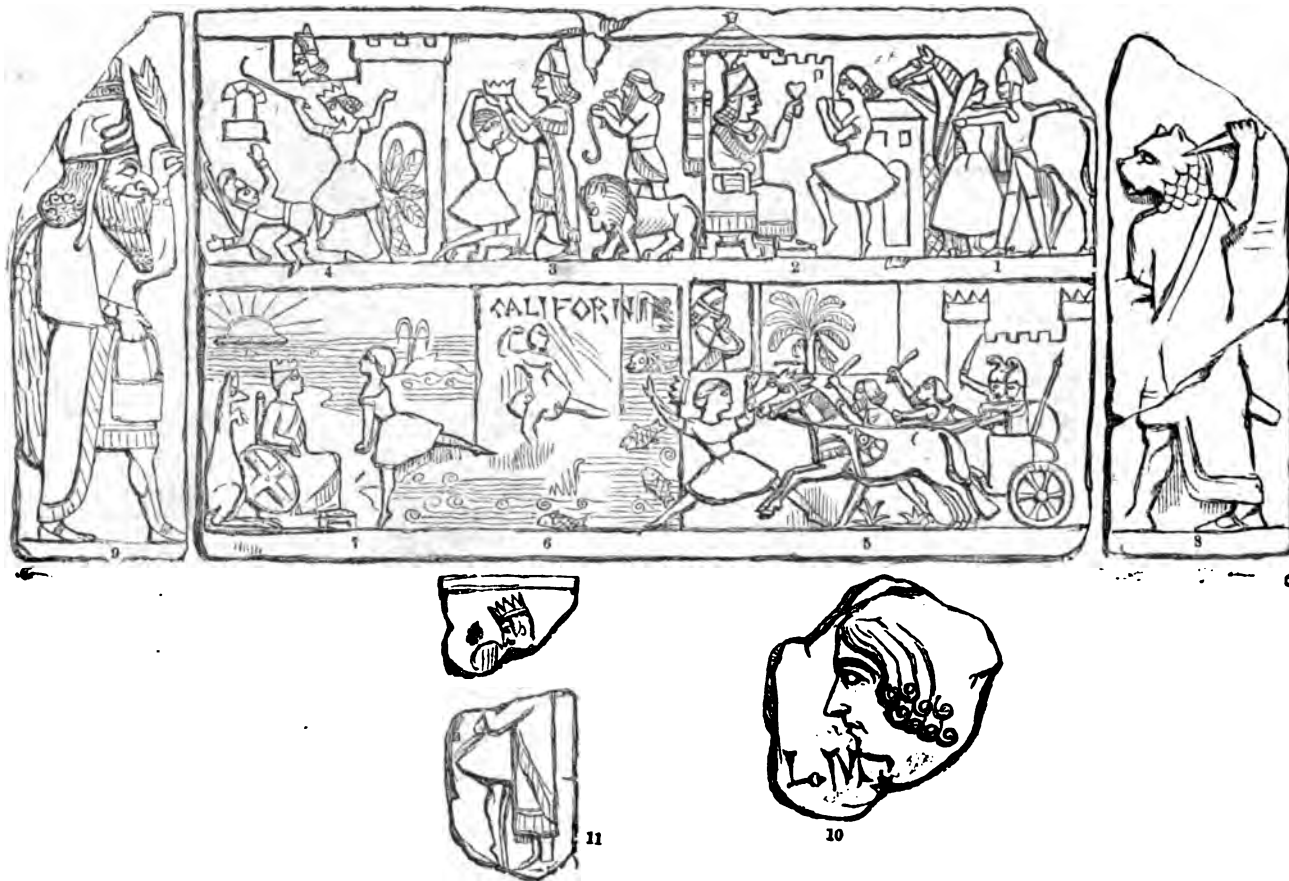
SHOULD this meet the eye of Mr. Goode Tymes, who arrived in Victoria, in the year 1851; he is requested to communicate immediately with his brother Dulle, who is now staying in Melbourne.

RICHD. RHINO.—Your numerous friends miss you very much, and are most anxious for your presence. Pray communicate with them immediately.

MR. JOHN SMITH, whose acceptance for eight hundred and sixty-two pounds three shillings and two-pence, came due on the 1st of April last, and who has not since been heard of, is requested to call at the Insolvency Court, where he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.

A. PONCHO.—Why did you desert me after the ball was over? Your warm embrace, as we went thither, led me to hope greater constancy. Return, and all shall be forgiven.

E. G. M., who left his home on or about the 14th of last July, and who is now supposed to be working at the Ovens, is requested to write at once to his disconsolate friends.



NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES, BY MR. LAYARD.

By the Champion of the Seas, Mr. Punch has received a letter from his particular friend, Mr. Layard, which is of so much public interest, that he (Mr. Punch) hastens to lay it before his readers, omitting only those passages in which Mr. Layard expresses his gratitude to, and affection for, Mr. Punch and his family, and also those in which Mr. Layard details his political plans, and asks advice. These are confidences that it would not be right to divulge:—

"Dear Punch,—

You will remember that I have long been of opinion that the Assyrian races were more addicted to colonization than is now generally supposed. While I was at Nineveh, I came upon some curious half-effaced slabs, that appeared to indicate a multitude of men, women, and children, with horses and chariots; but the lines were so worn with time, that I could make out nothing distinctly. I was gradually struck, however, by finding these slabs repeated in various places, and yet more so when I discovered that wherever I found them, they were so placed that the mass of figures seemed migrating in a north-westerly direction. At length I came upon one slab more perfect than the rest, and bearing an inscription in the well-known cuneiform writing, from which I gathered that, during the reign of Semiramis, a considerable horde had left Assyria, travelling in a north-westerly direction, and had never been heard of again. Ever since this discovery, my mind has frequently reverted with wonder to that emigration; and I have longed to discover some traces of the wanderers.

During the last recess of Parliament, I was strolling through Germany, and at length found myself in Bavaria. I avoided the principal cities and went among the peasantry, who easily supplied the few wants of myself and a friend of kindred spirit, who accompanied me, and

were more than satisfied with a few groschen by way of reward. One evening we reached a small village about ten miles from Munich, and on the left bank of the Iser, where I was struck with a curious looking mound, somewhat resembling one of those near Mosul. I was dilating on the circumstance to my friend, when on a sudden, I was struck by something else—to wit, a piece of stone, which a child, standing on the mound, threw at me with the innocent sportiveness of youth, "Verdamtes kind." I began in my best Anglo-Saxon, "warum shiest du den stein," and I determined to lodge a complaint against my assailant, and procure for him a whipping at the strong hands of his mother. I stooped to pick up the stone to carry with me as evidence, when all other thoughts were absorbed in astonishment and excitement at the discovery on one side, of three or four distinct cuneiform characters. I rushed to the spot where the child stood—who, thinking I was bent on vengeance, ran off shrieking wildly. A hole had been dug for the foundation of a mill, and among the excavated rubbish, I met with repeated traces of Assyrian writing.

I became wild with excitement, and the contagion presently communicated itself to my companion. We neither of us slept that night, but the next day we procured the assistance of some labourers, and proceeded to excavate the mound. We found numerous slabs covered with figures and writing, and though they were evidently of later date than the majority of those at Nimroud, and though, also, in some respects the dress and manners of the colonists had in the process of time undergone alteration, the main characteristics of the Assyrian race had evidently been preserved.

I shall not trouble you with a description of any of the bas reliefs that we found, except of those of which I enclose you a sketch, and which are now in the British Museum. These were all in one room; Nos. 1 to 7 occupied one wall; Nos. 8 and 9 were on each side of the entrance. The remaining walls were all defaced and broken, the only fragments to be deciphered being those represented in Nos. 10 and 11.

Nos. 1 to 7 obviously represent one continuous story—apparently the life of a dancing girl. I have called this collection of reliefs, "An historical drama in seven eras."

No. 1 represents a peasant girl embracing a warrior. In No. 2, we see her dancing before a King, who rewards her with a golden heart. I presume this heart to be symbolical of his passion, for in No. 3 he is represented, placing a coronet upon the head of the favorite. A lion and a scribe—probably recording the transaction—complete the picture. In No. 4, we find her apparently in the plenitude of power, striking a falling soldier. The monarch is looking out of the window of a castle with a pleased expression upon his countenance.

No. 5, I take to represent a revolt, brought on, probably, by the caprices of the royal favorite. She is seen flying before warriors in chariots and on foot, while the Monarch weeps at a window.

No. 6 is very much defaced, so that little can be made of it, except that in some way the history of the dancing girl is continued in it. Over the figure are some cuneiform characters, of which I can make nothing, although it has been pointed out to me that their arrangement produces an odd casual resemblance to the word "California."

No. 7 is, to my mind, by far the most remarkable slab of all. The girl, I apprehend, is represented as leaping across a sea, as indicated by various fish, and particularly by a whale. But what country has she reached! She advances towards a crowned and throned figure, on whose right sits—I feel persuaded—a kangaroo! My inference is a startling one, but leads to a most interesting conclusion. The Assyrians must have visited Australia!! Some of the earliest members of the family of man must have occupied those lands which we, with the conceit of civilization, supposed had been reserved for Anglo-Saxon discovery and occupation. This is a problem well worth your investigation; and I strongly recommend you to persuade the colonists of Victoria to give up digging for mere gold, and to devote themselves to the far more interesting search for Assyrian relics, and cuneiform writing.

No. 8 is a dog-headed human figure, which your father—for whose judgment in these matters I have the highest respect—declares to be the Assyrian TOBY.

No. 9 represents a god, and somewhat resembles yourself in features. I identify this figure with one common at Nineveh, amongst other things by the vessel of water which he carries in his right hand! In his left, however, the usual fir cone is replaced by a pen.

No. 10, I presume to be the head of the heroine of the "Historical Drama," while No. 11, doubtless, represents a not uncommon episode in her intercourse with the King.

I had almost forgotten to tell you, that in the course of my labours, I experienced some obstruction from the Bavarian authorities, who pretended to think that the bas reliefs were of modern workmanship, and bore reference to the history of the well known Lola Montes. The absurdity of this supposition, I need not demonstrate to you. * * *

Your grateful and affectionate friend,

A. H. LAYARD.

THE "AGE" & THE INKSTAND.

Apropos of the recent presentation of a testimonial to the late editor of the *Argus*, the *Age* had a leader, giving Mr. Wilson credit for a bold and straightforward disregard of fear and favouritism in his conduct of the former journal. Considering the rancorous and personal way in which the *Age* has hitherto abused Mr. Wilson, the writer's change of tone makes applicable to him, Mark Antony's reference to Cleopatra,—

"*Age* cannot, wither her, nor custom stale—
Her infinite variety."

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned, who have hitherto been carrying on business under the style or firm of PROFIT & LOSS, have dissolved partnership. Mr. Loss will retain the wholesale establishments in Melbourne and Geelong, and Mr. Profit will take the inland branches at Castlemaine, Ballarat, Sandhurst, Kyneton, Kilmore, and elsewhere.

Witness, Edward Argus.

HANSOM PROFIT,
D. D. LOSS.



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.
("I KNOW A BANK.")

New Words to an Old Tune.

AIR—THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I.

I'll sing you a fine new song, made by my blessed mate,
Of a fine Australian squatter, who had a fine estate;
Who swore by right pre-emptive, at a sanguinary rate,—
That by his rams, his ewes, his lambs, Victoria was made great—
Like a fine Australian settler, one of the olden time.

II.

His hut around, was hung with guns, whips, spurs, and boots and shoes
And kettles, and tin pannikins to hold the tea he brews;
And here his worship lolls at ease, and takes his smoke and snooze—
And quaffs his cup of hysonskin, the beverage old chums choose—
Like a fine Australian squatter, one of the olden time.

III.

When shearing time approaches, he opens hut to all,
And though ten thousand are his sheep, he featly shears them all;
E'en to the scabby wanderers—you'd think no good at all,—
For while he fattens all the great, he boils down all the small—
Like a fine old Murray settler,—one of the olden time.

IV.

And when his worship comes to town, his agent for to see,
His wool to ship,—his beasts to sell,—he lives right merrily;
The Club his place of residence, as becomes a bush J. P.,
He darkly hints, that Thomson's run, from scab is hardly free,—
Like a fine Australian gentleman,—one of the olden time.

V.

And now his fortune he has made, to England straight goes he,
But finds with grief he's not received, as he had hoped to be;
His friends declare his habits queer, his language much too free,
And are somewhat apt to cross the street, when him they chance to meet—

This fine Australian gentleman—one of the olden time.

THE SMITH MONUMENT.

We have great pleasure in laying before our readers a design for a monument, which it is proposed to erect in honor of the present distinguished Mayor of Melbourne. The material is to be brass, and the figure of the size of life. The following inscription has been suggested:—

ERECTED IN HONOUR
OF
JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq.,
MAYOR OF MELBOURNE;

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS NUMEROUS
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE VIRTUES:

And of the Credit with which, both
AS A MAN AND AS A MAGISTRATE,

He has played his part in various

REBATIONS OF LIFE.

The whole of his career illustrates the truth, that a strict adherence to lofty and virtuous principles and pursuits, is sure to be rewarded with honour and success, and sets a noble example to Australia.

A.D., 1855.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATICUS.—George Coppin was born at Vilikinitz in Bohemia, at fifteen minutes past ten o'clock, on the morning of Monday, the seventh of April, 1782. He made his *debut* at the Theatre of La Scala, in Milan, as Leperillo, in the opera of Don Giovanni. An Austrian Archduchess, who was present, conceived such a passionate fondness for the youthful vocalist that it was deemed expedient he should quit Lombardy; and a dramatic engagement having been offered to him by the managers of Drury Lane, he opened at that theatre as Hamlet, which is still considered to be his master-piece. For our own parts we give the preference to his Lear. Mr. Coppin is the author of "The New Way to Pay Old Debts" (falsely attributed to Massenger), and played Sir Giles Overreach, for four hundred consecutive nights at the *Theatre des Varietes*, in Paris.

X. Y. Z.—The author of the lines]

"Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little long."

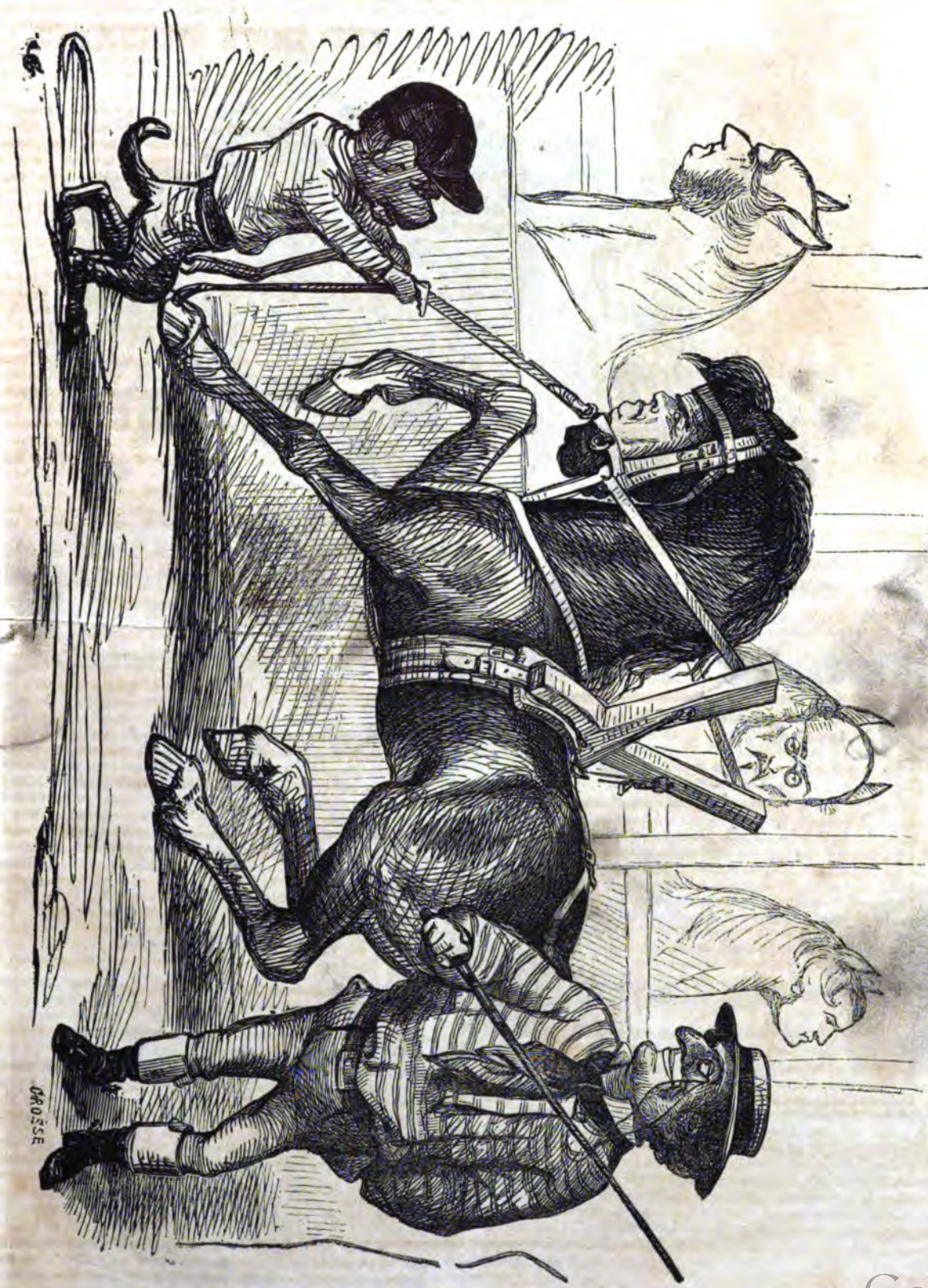
is Dr. Watt; the passage will be found in the seventy-second canto of Don Juan.

JAMES TICKLETOBY.—Your letter is too full of dirty allusions to admit of its insertion in *Melbourne Punch*. Send it to the *Herald*, where it will have the advantage of appearing in large type, and is pretty certain to catch the eye of ladies and children. The translation of a filthy expression into French adds to its piquancy without rendering it a whit the less intelligible to the generality of readers.

THE PEACE OF AMIENS.—George Washington, M. T. Cicero, Colonel Sibthorp, Miguel Cervantes, and Sir Charles Hotham, were contracting parties to the treaty referred to.

BLACKSTONE JUN.—An ordinary rule of evidence is to examine witnesses before adjudicating on the case. Captain Vignolles, we believe, reverses the order, and examines witnesses after passing sentence.

LUNGING A VICIOUS MARE.



MASSIE



RESPECTABLE MATES:

A FEW OF THOSE WHO CALLED UPON AN ADVERTISER FOR "A RESPECTABLE MATE TO PROCEED TO THE DIGGINGS."

Important Inquiry.

Punch had the honour, last week, of presiding over a Commission of Inquiry, appointed to examine witnesses and collect evidence, respecting the present *Coiffure a la mode Imperiale*, adopted by a portion of the ladies of this city, of whom *Punch* professes himself to be the profound admirer, and devoted servant. The great decrease which has taken place, not only in the number of marriages, but in that of matrimonial offers, since the prevalence of the fashion adverted to, has occasioned great agitation in the female mind, and has led to the appointment of the above-mentioned Commission of Inquiry.

It is due to the witnesses who gave the subjoined testimony, to state that their attendance was entirely voluntary, and, that they gave their evidence with a fluency of language and a grace of expression, characteristic of their sex, and very delightful to the ears of the President of the Commission.

LOUISA BLONDEL, examined: Has worn her hair in the Imperial mode for the last twelvemonths. When she began to do so was engaged to an officer in the —th. His attentions gradually cooled towards her, until they fell to freezing point, when the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent. Has never had a second offer. Believes that her *coiffure* did all the mischief. Persisted in adhering to the mode, partly out of pique, and partly because it was the mode. Knows that it does not become her, and never saw a face that it did. Is not obstinate,—only firm. Shall not change till the fashion changes.

ISABEL EBONARE: wears her hair *a la Imperatrice*, because the Empress Eugenie does so. Thinks it very becoming. Has a rude brother—Tom, who is always teasing and worrying her. Every morning, when she comes down to breakfast, Tom asks her if her dreams have scared her! or if that enlargement of the forehead don't denote water on the brain! or whether her head wouldn't look better if it were all forehead! Thinks such remarks very objectionable, and wonders Papa does not interfere and reprove them. Is not aware that the fashion was in vogue among ladies of equivocal character, in the

Courts of Louis the 14th, and Charles the 2nd. Would discontinue the fashion if Emily A, and Maria B, and Elizabeth C, and Margaret D, would do so.

MARGARETTA DOLCEBOCCA: Is an Italian by birth. Studied drawing at Bologna. Has visited most of the galleries of sculpture and paintings in the south of Europe. Artistically considered, the Imperial mode of dressing the hair is indefensible. Perfectly remembers the Venus de Medici, the Venus of Canova, the Virgins of Raffaele, La Gioconda of Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione's Queen of Cyprus, and Andrea del Sarto's Madonna del Sacco. Considers that they present the highest ideal of the female face. In each case the hair is disposed Madonna-wise. Believes that Watteau Le Sueur, Kneller and Lely painted Court beauties with their heads dressed in this unnatural and meretricious fashion; but the labors of these artists were quite superfluous, for the ladies they represented were accustomed to paint themselves. In her opinion, the fashion under consideration does violence to nature, and is destructive of beauty. Speaks feelingly upon the subject, having fallen into the mode herself, and frightened away a lover, thereby.

(At this stage of the proceedings, the witness fainted, and her examination, therefore, was not proceeded with).

MARIA GRIG: Thinks the fashion perfectly detestable. Owing to the strain upon her front hair, by reversing its natural tendency and direction, has lost nearly the whole of it, Rowland's Macassar, and Rosalie Coupelle's "Celebrated Crinutrium" to the contrary notwithstanding. Has a broad face, which looks still broader, owing to this ridiculous arrangement of her hair. Was mistaken for a China-woman, the other day, by a party of Celestials, in Swanston-street, and almost deafened by their chorus of exclamations. Understands the fashion is of Chinese origin, but does not think it is any the better for that. Is quite tired of it, for the borders of her forehead are gradually retreating towards the back of her head. Is afraid to contemplate the ultimate result; and will abandon the fashion as soon as her acquaintances do. Hopes the Lilliputian bonnets will disappear simultaneously with the disappearance of the *Coiffure a la mode imperiale*; as, otherwise, deaths from sun-stroke will be very numerous during the ensuing summer.

(Commission left sitting).



A SUGGESTION
FOR IMPROVING THE STREETS OF MELBOURNE, SO AS TO MAKE THEM PASSABLE BY FOOT
PASSENGERS IN RAINY WEATHER.

The Poetry of a Schedule.

It has recently become the practice among Melbourne accountants—Mr. Punch may particularly mention with praise, Messrs. Kilgour and Montgomery Martin—to adorn their reports of insolvent's affairs with so many literary graces, that what used to be the dulllest of all reading, has become as interesting as romance. Metaphors and poetical imagery fall from the pens of these gentlemen, like the diamonds and pearls from the lips of the maiden in the fairy tale.

Mr. Punch, however—being always in advance of everybody else—conceives that the improvement which Messrs. Kilgour and Martin have so happily commenced, might be carried farther, and that the lofty language and beautiful figures of speech which vary the figures of arithmetic, in their reports, ought to have the advantage of metre and rhyme, to set them forth fully. Accordingly he issues a model report for the guidance of accountants henceforth:—

THE TOUCHING HISTORY OF FIGO AND CO., GROCERS.

Even as a bark, that on the slumbering seas,—
Beneath a tropic sun,—
With flapping sails, awaits the lingering breeze,
Was Figo's voyage begun:
His voyage of life, his voyage of life,
What tumult, trouble, pain, and strife,
Is Figs doomed to know.
As yet he fears nor shock nor fall;
The ills of trade, he dares them all,
And courts the fated blow.
At length the wind is raised, and now]
Before the prosperous gale,
"With sloping masts and dripping prow,"
Alas, too heedless where and how
He flies with bellying sail.
Warned by his fate, my fancy's rein'
I draw, although with grief and pain;
For on that joyous time—
The exulting sense the pulse's play,
That thrilled him on his trackless way,—
I'd fain expand my rhyme.
But see, alas, my Courtney's face
Enquires for more detail—
And Wilkinson! thy ardent looks,
Are bent upon this pile of books;
Pathos may not avail.

"'Twas in the springing of the year,"
Figo commenced his fleet career;
Oh, be not on him hard.
"Italian warehouse," did he call,
The house that saw his rise and fall—
It was a grocer's shop withal,
And joined unto it was a small
Coal, coke, and timber yard.

Leave we the yard—examine well the
store;
Still my mind's eye beholds the
choice contents.
The shelves and windows let us now
explore;
Oh, Wilkinson, thy soul I see consenta.

From far off balmy Indian seas,
The fragrant spices came—
The swarming son's, of China's soil,
For many a week have had to toil
For those which Figo well might name
"Very superior teas.
Such hysonskin and strong Bohea,
We never, never, more shall see.
And next the thememymouse must sound
Of his choice coffees, whole and ground.
See, too,—his chrystal sugar lies
Sparkling, in light, as the clear eyes
Of beauty, when her brightest rays
Are kindled by her lover's praise.

Behold the radiant pickle jars—
Behold the massy soapen bars,—
Thine anchovies Gorgona! show
Lucca! Thy oil, we all may know,
Harvey, thy sauces stand alone,—
Their fame is spread from sone to sone—
Deny it whose please.

The argosies of Heap and Grace,
Brought hither all that Patna rice;
(White, though it be, it cannot bear
Comparison with that more fair
Which grew in Carolina's air.)
Oh, Yarmouth! yield thy bicoters, fine;
Westphalia! let those hams be mine,—
Oh, Cheshire! for thy cheese!

Such were the goods, and many more,
That made the wealth of Figo's store.
"Figa and Co." the legend ran
In golden letters, fair;
But yet, I ween, that never man—
Peasant, or peer, or high, or low,
May greet the coming of that Co. ;
'Twas but a Co. of air.

"Time rolls—his ceaseless course;" those goods were sold,
And others purchased with the acquired gold.
Fresh buildings on the timber yard encroach,
And Mrs. Figo has a covered coach;
Figo, himself, is now far oftentest seen
In auction rooms, where with determined mein—
More and more land incessantly he buys;
Fresh speculations ever more he tries;
Fresh, and fresh kites, successively he flies.

Why should I linger o'er the hapless tale;
The bill dishonoured the enforced sale!
Why should I weigh down my too mournful rhymes,
With the dread pressure of the tightened times!
Why recapitulate his list of debts;
Or seek to magnify his small assets?
For him alone one course at length was clear—
He filed his schedule—and you have him here.
I trust that with a system good and sound—
The estate will give you two pence in the pound.
My tale is told—Oh, Wilkinson to thee,
My Figo's fate must now confided be.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XI.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON

DEAR HARRY,—

When we left the hut of the German shepherd, M'Tavish communicated to me a design he had for protracting our journey for a few days, in order to look for "a bit of good country" of which he had heard rumours, as lying forty or fifty miles to the left of our direct route. Now that the country is so much occupied as it is, it is by no means easy to find an available run that has not been "taken up" long ago. The consequence is, that in spite of the uncertain tenure by which squatters hold their runs, the goodwill of a well watered, well grassed run is of considerable value; and squatters in the remoter districts are always alive to any rumour, brought by natives or otherwise of any unoccupied available country. To discover and "take up"—that is take out a license for the occupation of—such a tract of land, is like discovering and taking up so much capital. M'Tavish had some time previously heard of the good country, on which his thoughts were now bent, from a semi-civilized aborigine in his employment as a stock-keeper, and he had taken great pains to keep the rumour from spreading until he should have an opportunity of examining and giving himself the first refusal of the reported prize. We now proposed that we should investigate the matter, and take up and stock the run together, if we found it available.

The substance of the story given by Billy the black stock-keeper, was, that in the midst of a region of barren stoney ranges, void of fresh water and grass, and from which cattle and their owners had hitherto alike turned away in disgust, was a fertile valley of considerable extent, and abounding with permanent springs. The account was tempting enough, although M'Tavish admitted that it was vain to place implicit reliance on such black fellows' stories, which often lead too credulous persons through all manner of intermediate danger and difficulty to sheer ultimate disappointment. Their great defect—or one of them—even when they desire to give an accurate account of country, seems to be a perfect inability to convey any true idea of size and quantity. M'Tavish told me that he had spent much time in vain in searching for what the blacks had given him to understand were extensive runs, but which, upon investigation, turned out to be mere patches, incapable of supporting a hundred sheep. In the same way when asked about water, a black will tell you "plenty oowie," with a vehemence of gesticulation that would suffice to emphasise the description of another. Lake superior, when perhaps in fact the reference is to some little native well, about the size of a wash-hand basin. Such a well, if supplied by a spring trickling at the rate of a few quarts an hour, constitutes plenty of water to a party of travelling blacks, and it is difficult to make them estimate wants greater than their own.

We had been travelling three days from the hut of the German shepherd, when we came to the place whence M'Tavish proposed turning off from our direct line of march. We camped for the night beside a small swamp, surrounded by a good belt of reeds and grass; and the next morning we "planted" the pack saddles, and such other things as we did not need to take with us, and hobbling the two horses that were most fatigued with the journey, we saddled the other two for our exploring trip. There was some risk about leaving the two horses we turned out, but they being old campaigners and tired withal, and the feed and water at the immediate spot being good; while there was small temptation to wander, M'Tavish determined to let the two remain behind and refresh themselves, in preference to taking them with us on an expedition that they would only have encumbered while unnecessarily fatiguing themselves. Accordingly we placed in front of us on our saddles, a five or six days' supply of flour, tea, and sugar, and started soon after daylight. At about nine o'clock, after scrambling for some miles along the dry bed of a deep and rocky creek, we came to a place where it opened out in a small grassy plain, of a few acres in extent. M'Tavish, with his bush instinct, at once rode up to a clump of scrub, in the midst of which we found a little native well, about eighteen inches in diameter, and three or four feet deep, filled with capital water. Here we unsaddled, and fitting a Mackintosh coat into a little hollow in the ground, we poured water into it with our quart pots, and so gave the horses as much as they cared to drink. Here also, M'Tavish shot a couple of parrots, on which, with a pot of tea, and a few leather jackets, we made a capital

breakfast. By the way, I remember you are an ignoramus, and may not know what leather jackets are. They are simply thin discs of flour and water dough, rapidly baked upon hot embers. While I am on the subject of bush-cooking, I may as well also tell you how to make a pot of tea—an operation which, when you have the wherewithal, you repeat three times a day in bush travelling. You fill your pot with water, and put it on the fire. As soon as it is fairly "on the boil," you take it off, and put in a moderate handful of tea. This almost immediately sinks, and then orthodoxy requires you to place over the top, two pieces of twig cross-wise, these being supposed in some mysterious way to make the tea "draw." When you think it has "drawn" enough, you put in a quantity of brown sugar, and stir up the whole with a stick. The delicious beverage is then ready.

From the place where we breakfasted, a lofty hill was visible, over the surrounding ranges, at a distance of about twenty miles, and this hill M'Tavish at once concluded to be the one referred to in Billy's description; and at the foot of it we expected to meet with a creek containing fresh water, by following which down, we should reach the valley whereof we were in search. After resting for rather more than an hour, we accordingly steered for the hill, by as straight a course as we could. The day was intensely hot, and the route utterly desolate and terribly rugged. For the greater part of the way, we had to lead our horses up one steep and stony range and down another, and in spite of all our efforts to travel in a direct line, we were compelled by the nature of the ground to make a wide detour. Towards evening, in a very hot, tired, and thirsty condition, we approached the hill. At its foot there was a creek, but the most anxious and diligent search revealed no traces of water. We tied our horses to a tree, and clambered up the side of the hill to a considerable altitude, to reconnoitre, but without being able to see any signs of water. We saw, however, that we had selected by no means the best line of march, and that by keeping more to the left we should have saved some miles of distance, and avoided much of the worst ground over which we had travelled. We now saw too, that either Billy had altogether deceived M'Tavish in his description, or that we had been steering for the wrong hill. The appearance of another large hill many miles to our left, and separated from us by apparently impassable ranges, induced M'Tavish to think the latter; and as it was now getting dark, I made up my mind for a night of thirst and discomfort, and to travelling back the next day to our morning's camping place, and thence making a fresh start. M'Tavish, who had been for some time attentively studying what he calls "the lay of the country," at length asked me what I thought we should do. I only saw one expedient for it, namely, that which I have just mentioned, and said so. "I don't know how you feel," said M'Tavish, "but I'm preciously hungry: I think we should do best to get back to the well to night."

The idea was so fascinating that I at once jumped at it, though I told M'Tavish that I thought it quite impossible to find our way back in the dark. We were at least twenty miles from the well, and the way had been so bad, that leading the horses, even in the day time, had in many places been somewhat ticklish work. He, however, thought, that by keeping considerably to the right—to the left of our upward route—we should avoid the difficult country, and be able to get back. It seemed to me an impossible thing to travel twenty miles through unknown country in the dark, so as to pitch upon the particular clump of bushes concealing the native well which we desired to reach, but as M'Tavish was inclined for the experiment, I would say nothing to baulk him, and accordingly we again got on our horses and started. For the first hour or two after night fall, we had a young crescent moon to give us a little light, but then the moon went down, and we had nothing but the stars to help us. Even these were occasionally somewhat hidden by clouds, and it seemed perfectly incredible to me that we should be able to find the way to the well. However, I could see by the stars, that we were generally travelling in the right direction, and I therefore felt satisfied, that whenever we came to a stand still, we should at least be the nearer to the water the next morning the farther we travelled that night, and I was therefore content to proceed. The horses went at a slow walk, and were evidently very tired, and occasionally we had to get down and feel our way. For some hours we proceeded thus, and had long been jogging on in perfect silence, when all of a sudden, M'Tavish aroused me by saying, "do you hold my horse a bit, while I look about, I think it's somewhere here."

I could not recognise anything, and I growled out something to the effect, that we should do better to lie down and not go any farther till daylight, but M'Tavish threw me his reins and disappeared. In about a quarter of an hour he came back, and leading his horse for about a couple of hundred yards, to my intense astonishment, brought us to the

very spot we had left so many hours before. Then and now it seemed and seems to me, that his organ of locality must have been at least as strong as that of a carrier pigeon, but he took the matter very coolly and would endure no compliments on his success. The first thing we did was to take a copious drink of the welcome water. We then took the saddles off, watered the horses according to the same plan we had adopted in the morning, made a fire and boiled some tea. We were too tired and sleepy to care about eating however, and very speedily arranged our saddles for pillows, and rolling ourselves in our possum-rugs, were soon in the enjoyment of "great nature's second course."

(Mr. Chislehurst's eleventh letter was so long, that Mr. Punch was unable to find room for the whole of it this week.)

Childe Hotham.

OUR insane contributor has forwarded us a poem in four cantos, and four hundred and ninety five stanzas, with a modest request that *Melbourne Punch* would immortalize the writer by introducing *Childe Hotham's Pilgrimage* to the colonial world. We beg to call the attention of our contributor's friends in general, and Dr. Bowie in particular, to the following specimens of the poor lunatic's composition, believing that they will justify his being immediately placed under proper restraint:—

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

I stood in Melbourne on a bridge of size,
A barrack and a station on each hand,
I saw the distant hill of Emerald rise,
And more remote the long low Ridge of Sand,
Around me close-wedged, thronging thousands stand
Who rend the air with one consenting voice,
Greeting the ruler of the golden land
In thrilling accents that his heart rejoice
"VICTORIA WELCOMES QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHOICE."

II.

He looked a lean sea-captain, fresh from ocean,
Rising to bow to the plebeian bow-ers,
With airy manner and incessant motion,
A ruler of the waters, "by the Powers,"
And so he was;—for life's most sunny hours,
Childe Hotham on the quarter-deck had pass'd;
Nathless on him this youthful empire showers
Her wealth of welcome, nor doth e'er forecast
How that new comer will be scorn'd at last.

CLXXV.

But I forget—my Pilgrim's goal is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His irresponsible career is run;
For lo! a white sail flutters on the sea:—
Swift be thy course, since thou dost bring with thee
The charter of a people's rights. The Childe
Discerns thy coming and desponds, for he
Strip of despotic masterdom and sway
Fades into utter nothingness away.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
And bear from hence the Childe whom we disprize
Far from the land once curst by his control.
His advent brilliant as the rocket's rise,—
His exit as when falling from the skies,
Charred and extinct, it drops like any stone
Down to the depths where shipwreck'd treasure lies;
So sinks that rocket-stick with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd and unknown.



A WARRIOR OF VICTORIA IN COSTUME OF THE PERIOD. LITTLE FOOT-PAGE ATTENDING.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

WANTED an Invoice of reasonable Colonial Puns, warranted new and guaranteed not to hang fire. Any person having a genuine invoice of this description of article, may hear of an immediate purchaser, on application to W. M. A., *Argus* Office, and J. S., *Age* Office.

TREASON IN THE COUNCIL.—It is confidently asserted by the Austrian journals, that the Emperor of Russia looks forward with great expectation to the sitting of the Legislative Council of Victoria. The great slaughter which was made amongst the Queen's English during the last session, by that learned body, leads His Majesty to expect the utter annihilation of his enemies next sederunt.

REGAL CONDESCENSION.—It is stated upon good authority, or rather, we ought to say, in "fashionable circles," that His Majesty, King Kerr, has for some time past, been initiating the *elite* of his subjects in the mysteries of the Caledonian violin, and that a grand concert will shortly take place at Toorak, when the amateurs, under their royal patron, will muster in full strength. Amongst the tunes, we are told "Caw me Claw Thee," and "Rab me o'wr wi' whips o' Straw," will be greatly dwelt upon. We cannot have a doubt but the will come off with great *eclat*, or as his Majesty pronounces it—a *claw*.

KING JAMES AND KING KERR.—King James I., a countryman of our Melbourne Potentate, on being interceded with by the lady of a gallant knight for her husband's pardon, thus replied—"I maun hae the lan', I maun hae't for Kerr." Little did King James think that a descendant of his favourite would one day encircle his brows with a diadem; but in honor to James, it is only fair to add that when King Kerr was implored by his subjects for their just rights, indignantly answered, "I maun hae the rights, I maun hae them for my sel."



8

STUDY OF AN AUSTRALIAN MENDICANT,
RECENTLY ENCOUNTERED ON THE ST. KILDA ROAD.

THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

THOUGH *Punch* has had reason to impugn the judgment of the Chief Magistrate of this City, he has no quarrel with that functionary's taste. On the contrary, *M. P.* approves of the Fancy Dress Ball, appointed to be given on the 31st instant. Furthermore, *M. P.* desires to express his gracious approbation of His Worship's proposal, to open the ball with a Shaksperian Quadrille. *Punch* is confidentially informed, that the following distinguished individuals will take part in this "characteristic" dance, and that around the arm of each, will be bound a fillet of white satin, having imprinted thereon in letters of gold, the mottoes he has transcribed beneath. If he had been consulted, *Punch* believes he could have improved upon some of them, and that certain of the characters have not been well cast, but let that pass—

MACBETH—SIR CHARLES HOTHAM.

"*Malcolm*—If such a one be fit to govern, speak!
Macduff—Fit to govern! No!"

Macbeth—Act 4, Scene 3.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK—THE MAYOR.

"I am a fellow o' the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether."

Twelfth Night—Act 1, Scene 3.

AUTOLYCUS—THE EX-COLONIAL SECRETARY.

"I knew him once a servant of the Governor; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the Court."

Winter's Tale—Act 4, Scene 2.

WARWICK—THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment.
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law—
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw."

Henry VI, Part 1—Act 2, Scene 4.

FALSTAFF—THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS.
"A good portly man, i' faith and a corpulent."

Henry IV, Part 1—Act 2, Scene 4.

PERDITA—MISS HAYES.

"When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ordering of your affairs
To sing them too."

Winter's Tale—Act 4, Scene 3.

HOLOFERNES—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument."

Love's Labour Lost—Act 5, Scene 1.

DOGBERRY—CAPTAIN VIGNOLLES.

"A good old man, sir: he will be talking, as they say—when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! It is a world to see!"

Much Ado about Nothing—Act 3, Scene 5.

KING JOHN—THE TOWN CLERK.

"It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By willing slaves that execute their warrants;
To levy rates on verdant mountaineers,
And, on the winking of authority,—
Enforce an unjust law."

King John—Act 4, Scene 2.

TIMON—MR. HENRY MILLER, M.L.C.

"Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt."

Timon of Athens—Act 4, Scene 2.

JACK CADE—MR. MOONEY.

"I vow reformation. There shall be, in Melbourne, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am King (as King I shall be), there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me—their lord."

Henry VI—Part 2, Act 4, Scene 2.

TOUCHSTONE—THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

"You'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days."

As You Like It—Act 1, Scene 2.

ADAM—DR. MILTON.

"In my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter—
Frosty, but kindly."

As You Like It—Act 2, Scene 3.

YORICK—GEORGE COPPIN,

A mad rogue; a fellow of infinite jest, of excellent fancy.

Hamlet—Act 5, Scene 1.

MERCHANT OF SYRACUSE—MR. A. R. CRUIKSHANK.

"I am invited, Sir, by certain merchants,—
Of whom I hope to make much benefit."

Comedy of Errors—Act 1, Scene 1.

GRATIANO—MR. CHAS. SOUTHWELL.

"He speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search."

Merchant of Venice—Act 1, Scene 1.

BOTTOM—MR. HENRY KEMBLE.

"My chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play Eroles rarely, or a part to hear a cat in, to make all split. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'"

Midsummer Night's Dream—Act 1, Scene 2.

Interrogator: What did Sir Wm. A'Becket do, when he came out of harness?

Interrogated: Bray!

Interrogator: Nay.



MR. NEWCHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCES AS A CATTLE FARMER,
No. 5.

MR. GREEN, at an out-station, having been told that it will be necessary for him to kill a beast next morning, passes a night of anxiety examining his stock of weapons, and studying a work on bovine physiology.

HOSPITALITY AND ETIQUETTE.

Punch has received the following letter, and humbly apologizes to the writer for not having issued an extraordinary on the day of its receipt:—

Sandridge, 5th October, 1855.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

DEAR SIR,—

Among the representatives of sable potentates who attended the amateur performance given at the Chusan Hotel, by the Sandridge Coast Guard, for the benefit of whom it may concern, my name is mentioned as having been present. I grieve to inform you that I was absent, through the neglect of the check-taker in not providing me with a front seat.

I am, yours truly,

MOUTON DE CHAMPIGNON.

We conjure our readers to pause, after reading this momentous communication, and to reflect upon the consequences which will probably follow the flagrant neglect of, and studied insult thus offered to, the representative of his majesty Oki Peki; the powerful monarch, into whose hands has been confided the glorious sceptre of the Cannibal Islands.

We do not hesitate to assert, that when the present number of *Punch* (printed upon white satin, for the special uses of the Court) is opened by the Foreign Secretary of our faithful ally, the letter, which has been addressed to us as above, will set both court and kingdom in a blaze. Court and kingdom would be as incombustible as asbestos, if they did not kindle an inextinguishable conflagration.

What, deny a front seat to Mouton de Champignon, and yet furnish a whole form (placed close to the orchestra) to the chairman of the Emerald Hill Municipality and his retinue! Is this a fitting return to the distinguished individual who gave a dancing tea to the wives and daughters of the Fire Brigade? Is this the gratitude which we display to the accomplished host who entertained the Sandridge 'byemen' at a public dinner, and who is entitled to the admiring homage of every Victorian? It is a disgraceful and lamentable proceeding,—an ignorant and brutal infraction of the laws of hospitality,—an——. But

let each of our fifty thousand readers pick out the longest and strongest words of reproach in the dictionary, and hurl them at the head of this despicable check-taker.

For three days has *Punch* been engaged in the effort to subdue his own enormous indignation at the great blunder which has been committed,—the national insult which has been offered, and the tremendous scandal which has arisen from this most untoward proceeding,—not until he had been relieved of twenty ounces of blood by cupping,—not until he had been leached, blistered and refrigerated by innumerable shower baths, did his pulse regain its even action, and his wrath subside into a calm abhorrence of the malignity—the inexcusable malignity of the immortally infamous check-taker.

What dark motive could have influenced him? Of what diabolical schemes of policy is he the instrument? Who were the instigators of the deed? And what is the reward he is to receive for so flagrant a disregard of the laws of hospitality and etiquette?

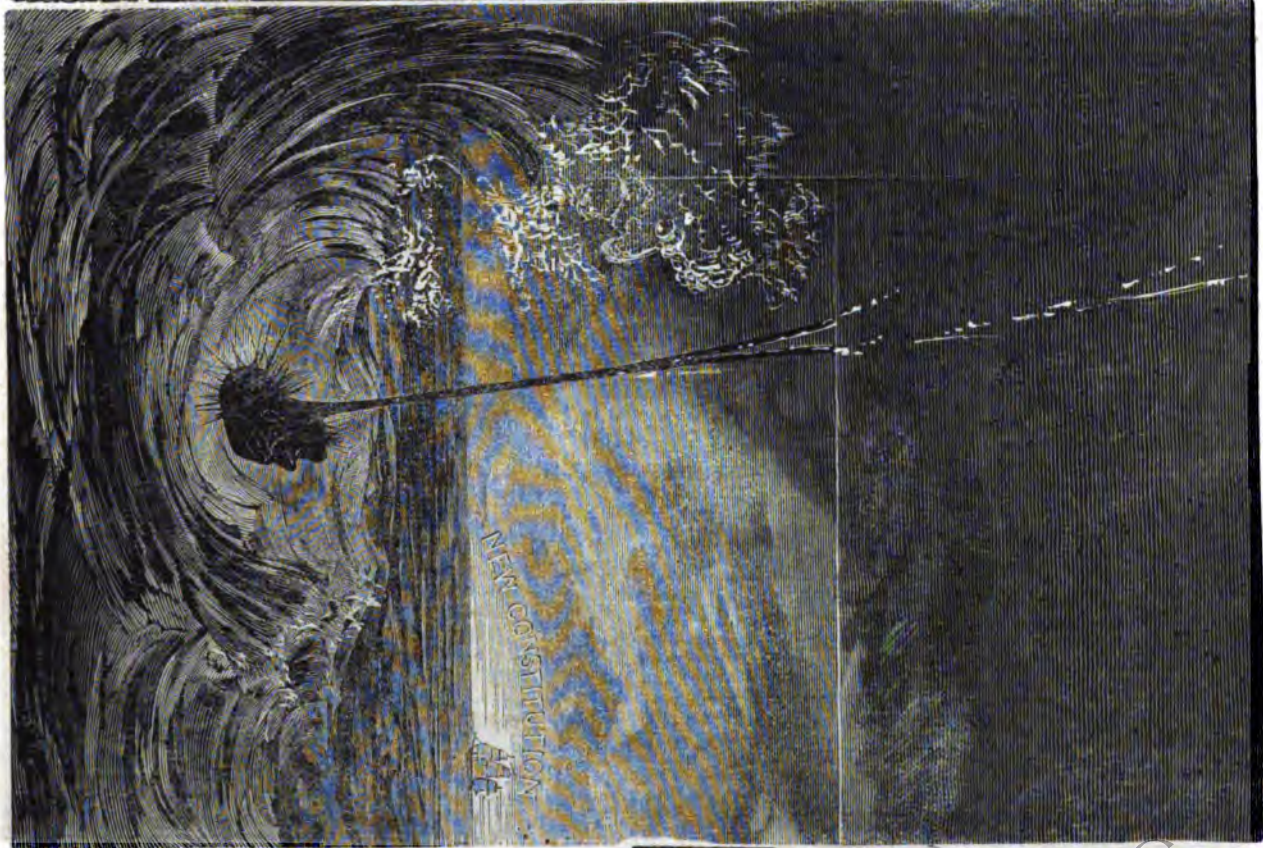
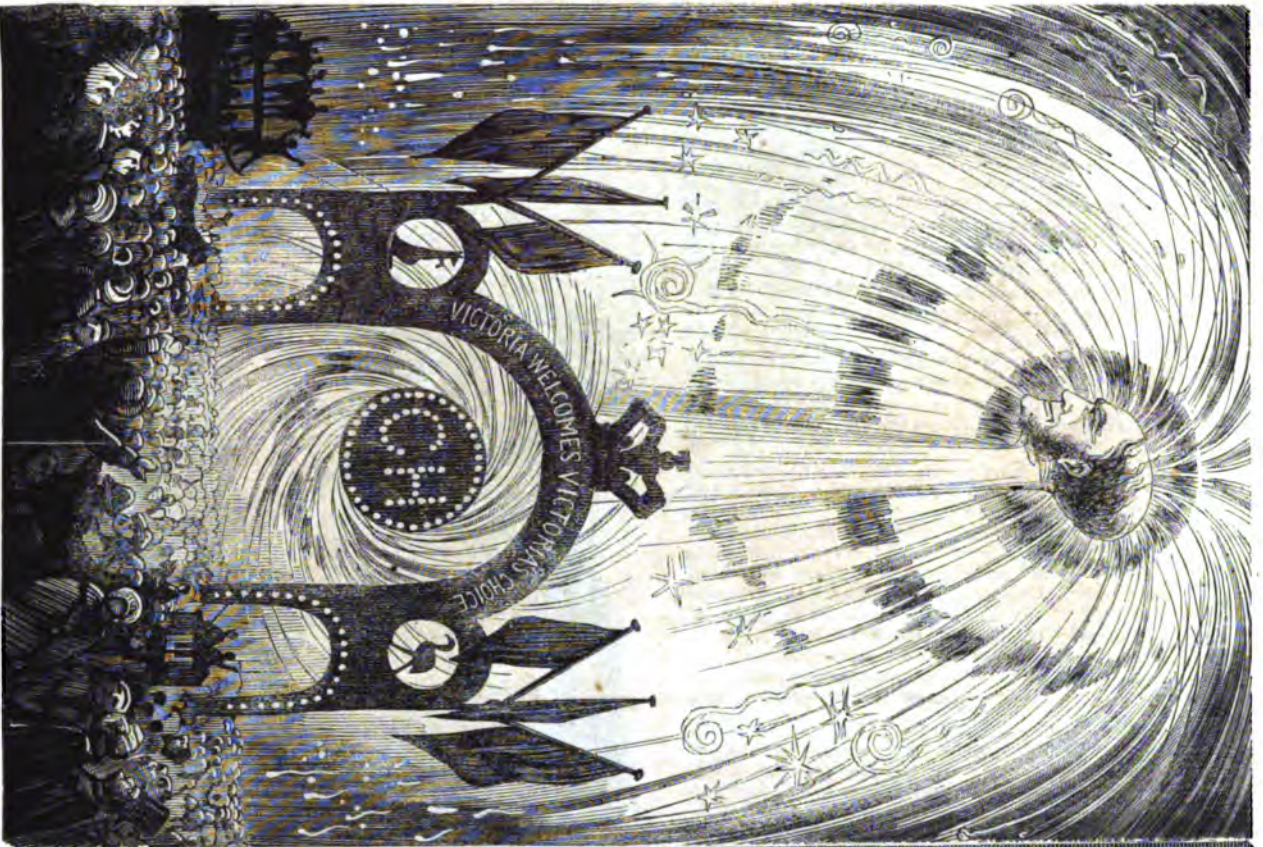
Let him confess his infamy, vacate his office, and implore forgiveness of the past and oblivion for the future: happy, if no rupture of the alliance which now subsists between the all-powerful Oki Peki and the youthful Victoria, should result from the publication of this letter:—happy if it is not regarded as a *casus belli* by the monarch of the Cannibal Islands. Did not the wars of Marlborough owe their origin to a cup of tea spilt upon Mrs. Masham's silk dress? And what was the upsetting of a cup of tea compared to the hot water in which the colony has been plunged by a malignant check-taker, wilfully blind to the homage due to a Mouton de Champignon?

THE PASTORAL MIND.—A squatter, on the Goulbourne, wishes to know if the run of nine nights, which the newspapers talked of *Holla Montes* enjoying, was a cattle run?

NEW ORDER OF MERIT.—Before leaving Melbourne, Mr. Murphy received from Sir Charles Hotham the order of the *Malt-ess* cross of Toorak.

THE VACATED SEAT.—Mr. Murphy's resignation of his seat has been followed by the complete resignation of his constituents to the loss of their member.

MARKETS.—Our Commercial Reporter (an Irishman) notices a slight improvement in prices generally, but particularly remarks on the saleable character of unregistered dogs' tails, which fetch 2s. 6d. per head in any quantity at the Police Office.



THE HOTHAM ROCKET.



DOG REGISTRATION.

INSPECTOR.—“That dog registered, marm?”

ELDERLY LADY.—“Registered—no—what does the man mean?”

INSPECTOR.—“Sorry to do it marm, but in that case I must kill him, and take his tail to the Police-office.”

(Sensation.) In the back ground are seen two Celestials, who have followed the Inspector on his rounds to pick up the game.

The City Election.

A member for Melbourne, a member for Melbourne,
Wanted a member of Council for Melbourne;
For Murphy has gone and left us forlorn,
And where shall we turn for a member for Melbourne.

Here's Mooney comes rushing, and says he will stand,
And give every man a vote, rifle, and land:
But no one but Mooney thinks Mooney is fit,
So though he may stand, he may swear he wont sit,
And his proposition don't help us a bit.

In our present dilemma, what think you if we
Should apply to our excellent friend G. V. B. ? —
Mr. Brooke we all know is a man of great parts;
And think how his action, his sighs and his starts;
Would affect at St. Patrick's all law making hearts.
With a passage from Shylock, on bonds I'll be bound
He'd beat Mr. Miller upon his own ground—
O'Shanassy, putting the Council to school,
As an “Irish tutor,” would look like a fool,
By the side of Gustavus in “Doctor O'Toole.”

But the “serious business” of murder and love—
To croak like a raven and coo like a dove—
So occupies Brooke, he declines to engage
In political farce, but will stick to the stage.

Then what shall we say to George Coppin his friend ?
We all of us know he can talk “to no end.”
And “Billy Barlow,” with his popular rhymes,
Would be more than a match for Philosopher Grimes.
While “Aminadab Sleek” would be “sound on the beer question,”
Which for candidates lately has proved such a queer question.
But Coppin declares he would rather by far
Remain as he is, with his theatre and bar.

If he comes into Bourke-street at all, it must be
To assume the position of Royal lessee;
Then where shall we look for our new M. L. C. ?

Oh, say shall we turn from the buskin and stage
To the press, and seek council and wisdom from *Age* ?
Nay, rather dear *Herald*, thy classical page
Shall guide us to him whom we fain would engage,
In the hall of St. Patrick our battles to wage.

Great star of the *Herald*, all words are too faint
Thy wisdom, thy virtue, thy merit to paint.
Oh, how did we live in the darkness of night,
Ere blessed with the rays of thy wonderful light—
(How we got on at all seems incredible quite.)
Beloved effulgence ! oh, come forth I pray
From thy chosen retirement in that cabinet,
Thou makest allusion to day after day.
Quit, quit for a season the drains and the sewers—
Those sweet illustrations exclusively yours.—
Oh, leave the poor hard worked “old Roman” at peace,
And give a half-holiday even to Greece.

Then, come to the Council and tell, as you can tell,
Of the breakfast (on board the good ship Coromandel)
Which you ate it appears in the year thirty-six,
And which made you so knowing in our politics.
That the eggs and the doctrines—now nineteen years old—
You swallowed that day have since never grown cold.

Oh, refrain not to speak of the giants you slew,
In that “infamous den” where “the Downing-street crew”—
Have been living for years in great terror of you.

In language suggestive of Wakefield—and—water,
Give your well known account of the terrible slaughter.

You wont be persuaded !—it's really not fair,
Then your cruel refusal must drive us to Blair;
Dear and reverend David, whose pen and whose voice,
Contribute to make thee the popular choice.
Open up once again thy vast flood-gates of speech,
And thy sermons henceforth in St. Patrick's Hall preach.
There, silence awhile the political din,
And gives us your views of “original sin,”
Of “self consciousness” and above all the “intense,”
“Inward working” of that which you call “moral sense.”

What, Blair too refuses !— then *Aryus* thy door,
Thou must open while I thy recesses explore,
“Develope resources,” my *Aryus* once more,
Great *Artium Magister* respected A. M.
Thy modest seclusion I'm forced to condemn;
To statistical tables no more be confined,
Nor to circulars give, what was meant for mankind.

Oh, patient collector of figures and facts,
Compiler of tables—compresser of acts ;
Who troublest thy brains every day to add more,
To thy now overflowing statistical store,
But who—bless thy innocent heart—know'st not what,
To do with the facts thou already hast got—
Well, bring the whole cart load along if you choose,
But to come to the hustings, oh do not refuse.

What ! you “think that an editor ought not to be,
A member of council as well”—oh dear me.
With what expedition you've caught up the cue.
Alas, for a member, what what shall we do.

I feel that in spite of our labours and pains,
We shall still have to look to “organic remains.”
Come out then some “mastodon” come from your slime
It is not worth while to embalm you in rhyme;
One's as good as another—it's no matter which,
Provided you're properly stupid and rich.

Assyrian Relics at Creswick's Creek.



Messrs. J. J. Blundell and Co., have published a very inaccurate engraving of a piece of wood carving, found sixty feet below the surface at Creswick's Creek. The *Argus*, with characteristic assurance, affirms a belief, that the resemblance between "the piece of the root of the "Eucalyptus" discovered and a human head, is quite accidental. Now though it may be all very well for writers in the *Argus* to carry about with them proofs of the identity of the human head and a lump of wood, we altogether object to the following commentary on the Creswick's Creek discovery:

"Notwithstanding the testimonials which accompany the publication, it is difficult to believe that the object represented, is what it appears to be. There can be no doubt but that at the stated depth, on the locality named, there was found something which appears on examination to be a piece of the root of the eucalyptus, much changed in character; that adjacent to it were found large quantities of wood, of existing species, similarly altered; that the root in question bore such a resemblance to a human head, that the discoverers were induced to believe that it had been designedly carved into that shape by the art of man, and somehow buried there. If it be so, the work must have been executed at some remote period, and this coun-

try must have been then the residence of a people equal, if not superior, physically and mentally, to the cultivated race who have lately taken possession of it. Not having seen the curiosity itself, we are rather inclined to think that it is some freak of nature, and that the resemblance to a human face, is in some measure to be ascribed to the imagination and skill of the artists, through three of whom in succession the representation of it has reached the public."

That the artists are very much to blame for having mis-depicted the curiosity, there can be no doubt, and Mr. Punch accordingly hastens to supply the accompanying correct representation, in which the cuneiform characters on the forehead may be clearly traced. It is painful however to see a leading journal blundering on the confines of a great truth, yet deliberately turning aside into the wrong path—of course the carving is of a "remote period," being obviously of Assyrian workmanship. In Mr. Layard's letter, published last week by Mr. Punch, ample reason is given for supposing that the Assyrian race had visited Australia; and we now have irrefragable proof of the accuracy of Mr. Layard's inferences. He stands in the same relation to the discovery of Assyrian relics in Australia that Sir R. Murchison did to the discovery of gold, and the fulfillment of the remarkable predictions of these two eminent men, confirms the reliance which Mr. Punch has always placed on truly scientific investigations.

If any doubt still linger on the mind of the reader as to the Assyrian character of the Creswick's Creek relic, it should be dissipated by the following passage in a letter from Mr. Thomas Burr, a Government surveyor:—

"It may be as well to observe, that, in connection with the carved head here shown, there was a large quantity of wood, similarly altered in appearance or substance. This wood belongs to *Genera* and species, identical with that at present growing in this part of the continent of New Holland, namely, *Eucalyptus*, *Casuarina*, and *Bankia*; the cones of the latter, more especially, being met with in profusion, and beautifully preserved."

The presence of these cones is conclusive. The fir-cone is one of the most constantly recurring symbols in Assyrian sculpture; and no doubt in Australia the cones of the *Bankia* were substituted. In conclusion, Mr. Punch can only recommend the discoverer of the remarkable specimen of early Austral-Asyrian art to prosecute his researches. Mr. Punch trusts he is not too late in offering this piece of advice, although some persons say that the discoverer has left the colony, or in other words, has already cut his stick.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. MURPHY.

We are very happy to learn, that prior to the departure from the colony of Mr. Murphy, the eminent brewer, and lately the eloquent member for Melbourne—he was invited by a number of his constituents, to a public dinner, at which he was presented with a silver beer-barrel, as a token of the esteem and respect felt for him, as a man and as a legislator.

The cloth having been removed, and the usual loyal toasts having been given and responded to, Mr. O'Shanassy—one of Mr. Murphy's distinguished colleagues—to whom the duty of presenting the testimonial had been confided, rose, and in very excellent Irish, delivered the following oration:—

"Sir, it is with feelings of the utmost pride and pleasure, that on behalf of your constituency, I—one of themselves, (Cheers,) have undertaken to present you with this, I trust not, inappropriate memento of our respect and affection. If there be one virtue which rises above the many that adorn your political character, it is your perfect consistency. I have never heard you contradict yourself in Council on any single occasion, or make a speech advocating principles in the least irreconcilable with those advanced by you in previous addresses to the House. Some misguided individuals, indeed allege, that this is in consequence of your never having spoken at all; but I will not insult the understanding of my hearers, by demonstrating how completely this is beside the question. (Hear, hear.) That you have displayed remarkable continency of speech, I admit, and I maintain that this is a great advantage in a legislator. (No, no, from Messrs. Greeves, O'Brien, Myles, and Others.) I say yes, yes. In fact, in consequence of the volubility of some of my honorable friends and colleagues, I am often unable to get in a word edgeways myself. Indeed, during the course of the past session, there have been some subjects on which I have been unable to speak at any length, and I have often wished that other honorable members would have followed the noble example set them by yourself and Mr. Henty. Your abstinence from voting, and indeed from obtruding your presence on the Council at all, has done equal credit to your modesty and your judgment. In other relations of life, you have equally endeared yourself to us all; but I shall allude to them no farther than to thank you in the name of society at large, for the admirable manner in which you have aided His Excellency in carrying out the splendid scheme of hospitality that has distinguished his reign. The pain we felt when we parted with you on a memorable occasion at Toorak, was a forerunner of the heart-ache we feel as you leave us now—although then, if I may be permitted to say so, our sufferings had another locus in quo. (Cheers.)

Mr. Murphy made a feeling reply, but his eloquence, like that which has so often dazzled the Legislative Council, was of a kind, unsusceptible of being reported. He concluded by saying, that "there was plenty more where that came from, at £4 per hog'shead."

The company broke up at a late hour, after an evening spent in the most harmonious conviviality.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. X.—We were not aware that Mr. Syme had quitted the "Age," and acted as violin accompanist to the Tyrolean minstrels, at Coppin's Olympic. We admit, however, that appearances justify the rumour.

MARTIAL.—It is not true that six of the V. & V. Rifle Regiment were shot at the late ball practice of this gallant corps. The casualties of the day were—17 ramrods stuck and broken; 7 cartridges swallowed, and 22 fainting fits from excitement.

GALEN.—The medical men of Victoria have unanimously agreed to present Dr. L. L. Smith with a magnificent testimonial to his skill and ability, as also to the virtues of his pills.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XII.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, Esq., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

(Continued).

Though we had lain down late, we were 'up again early. The process of dressing did not occupy long, consisting of little more than an exchange of the nocturnal horizontal for the diurnal perpendicular attitude—the exchange being accomplished with a shake that adjusted one's garments to a nicety.

Being rather particular, however, I had a rapid wash of face and hands in the Mackintosh horse bucket I have already described. We did not let the horses drink, however, till after breakfast, the object being to let them get warm and thirsty in the sun and inclined to drink abundantly, which they will seldom do very early in the morning when the night has not been hot. It is important to observe this precaution in travelling, where one is not certain to meet with water, as your improvident Dobbin never acquires the Dugald Dalgetty philosophy; and if he starts without a good drink in the morning, is apt to get knocked-up in the course of the day. As one seldom goes out of a walk on such trips as the present, there is no harm in letting your horses drink as much as possible immediately before setting out.

We started at about eight o'clock, on a compass bearing which we guessed should bring us to "Billy's Hill," and travelled through much easier country than that which had troubled us the day before. Though the country was very barren, it was not without beauty, the interstices of the rocky ranges sprouting with various bushes, and the higher mountains in the far distance making a good back ground. In several places too we found an abundance of native peaches or quondonga, as M'Taviah called them. The fruit is at least very acceptable where none other is to be got, though it must be confessed, it consists but of a very large stone covered with a very thin pulp and a bright red skin. A well grown well covered quondong bush in the right season, is however a very beautiful thing, apart from its merit in setting an almost unique example of generosity to its inhospitable brethren of the Australian bush.

At about half-past nine o'clock, we came to a gully particularly rich in quondonga. While we were busy at one of the bushes, M'Taviah's quick eye caught sight of a group of natives, who stood watching us without moving or speaking. We immediately advanced towards them, and, for the first time, I met an unsophisticated Australian black. In manners and appearance they differed considerably from all that I have since fallen in with. They were six in number, and dressed like Adam before the fall. They were in good condition, which perhaps accounts for their having been also exceedingly good humoured. They were not in the least apprehensive, but grinned and chattered in the most friendly way, and helped to fill our handkerchiefs with quondonga. They could not speak a word of English—not even of the queer stock-keeper slang that the natives rapidly acquire if at all in the habit of visiting stations. M'Taviah was of opinion that they had never seen white men or horses before; but if so, they wonderfully soon reconciled themselves to the strange phenomena. We presently gave them to understand by signs that we wanted water in the direction in which we were travelling, and a couple of their number, with perfect readiness and confidence, accompanied us to show where it was to be got. At a distance of about a couple of miles, they turned aside; and, after taking us at least a mile out of the way, brought us to a small hole in a rock, containing no more water than our horses would have drunk up in a few minutes if we had really needed it; and this we understood them to say was all there was in the neighbourhood. As we were standing by this sorry little puddle, a parrot made its appearance, and lighted on a neighbouring tree. I thought this a good opportunity of trying the stoicism of the two natives, and cautiously disengaging my gun from the saddle, I shot the parrot without any warning. The two natives did not seem in the least startled however, though satisfied with the performance, and quite willing to accept the bird. Match lighting and pipe smoking were regarded with equal indifference by the dark philosophers; nor did they even beg for tobacco—conclusive evidence of the fact that if they had ever seen, they must have seen very little of white men—smoking being the part of civilization first acquired of all—even before swearing—by a black fellow when he begins to hold intercourse with our superior race.

On our pointing in the direction of "Billy's Hill," and then at the water in the rock, the natives nodded, and we understood them to say

we should find abundance. They seemed unwilling to accompany us however, probably on account of the distance, until M'Taviah lifted the smaller of them on to his horse, and led him gently along. At first, the black was apparently a little frightened, but presently recovered himself, and seemed much pleased: And to cement our alliance, I gave him a handful of brown sugar, which, on my setting him the example with a pinch, he demolished in no time. As we proceeded down the gully, the black cooied loudly and incessantly, his cooies being answered from the scrub, through which his friends must have been travelling on a course parallel to our own, though they kept out of sight. As he made no attempt to get away however, I don't think we were guilty of invading the liberty of the subject in taking him with us.

On emerging from the ranges, through which we had been travelling since the morning, we came upon a wide and arid plain, bounded in the direction of our march by a range of hills, over which at a distance of some miles farther, we could see peeping the crown of "Billy's Hill." We were several hours crossing the plain, the sun being intensely hot, and we taking it in turns to walk. Poor Darkey suffered considerably, for not being used to horse exercise, and being as I said, dressed a la Adam, he became more and more uncomfortable on his saddle as he proceeded. Then in endeavouring to shift himself into an easier position, he was perpetually losing his balance and tumbling off. My huge companion on these occasions, tossed him up again with the greatest ease, for the black fellow had become sulky and wouldn't walk, so as we were resolved that he should guide us to the water, he had to ride all the way. At about half-way across the plain, while I was leading his horse, the blackfellow all of a sudden began chattering and gesticulating vehemently and pointing to something—I could not see what—on the ground we had passed over. Of course his animation lost him his perpendicular, and down he came for about the twentieth time. Jumping up and running back half a dozen yards, he produced from the ground the object that had excited him in the shape of a large lizard, which he immediately killed by biting it in the back of the neck. The possession of this prize restored the child of nature to good humour for a considerable time. He grinned and shouted over his lizard, held it up to us to admire, and in the prospective joys of his stomach, seemed to forget his present sufferings elsewhere.

With the exception of tormenting swarms of flies, the lizard was the only living thing we encountered on the whole plain.

When we reached the first range of hills, M'Taviah turned up a little gully with his gun, to look after some parrots that we heard. While he was away, and while I was thus encumbered with the two horses, the black fellow managed to tumble off, and immediately darted away among the scrub and rocks among which I lost sight of him. "A d—d ungrateful vagabond," said M'Taviah, when he came back and found that our darkey had absconded, "after the trouble we've had with him all day, to think of his bolting like that." I was sorry he got away, but I don't know that we had established any strong claims upon his affection. On his departure we held a council of war, and determined to push on for "Billy's Hill," for though M'Taviah thought that our lost guide might know of some hole in the rocks of the range on which we stood, whence to get enough water for himself, the "lay of the country" did not look "likely" for a permanent supply, and we felt tolerably sure of meeting with some farther on.

I must pause in my narrative now however, for an opportunity occurs of sending what I have written, by a stock-keeper, to the post-town of A—; but, as I am obliged to remain in my present quarters with very little to do for a few days longer, I shall describe the rest of our journey; for travelling far in the bush, with your only hotel accommodation strapped to your saddle—a horse for a railway carriage—and a captive black for your "Bradshawe"—differs materially from that of which you have had experience.

Your affectionate brother,

GEO. CHISLEHURST.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—We understand that Dr. Milton has accepted an invitation to the forthcoming Governor's ball. His refusal to attend the last, was on principle; the worthy Doctor never visiting at houses, where any intoxicating liquors are consumed.

UNLOCK THE LANDS.—We have to caution the public against a fraud about to be practised upon them by one of the squatters. The person alluded to, was heard stating to a friend at the Port Phillip Club Hotel that he intends taking a run over to England. What if this example should be generally followed?



GRAND HISTORICAL PICTURE.—THE REGISTRATION OF TOBY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A FAST MAN.—You are perfectly correct in your surmise. The Monsieur Fleury, whom the Parisian papers of the 16th of July represent as having been created a Count, and presented by the Emperor with a dotation of fifty thousand francs on the occasion of his marriage, is the gentleman who directs the orchestra at the Salle de Valentino. The lady whom he has honoured with his hand is La Marquise de Montmorenci.

JUVENIS.—Copenhagen is the capital of Poland. It was annexed to Spain by the treaty of Tilsit, in 1804.

THESPIS.—Your question has been answered, on a moderate calculation, ten thousand times, in as many different newspapers in Great Britain. Once for all, then, Madame Vestris was born in 1712, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1724. Subtract 1712 from 1855, and the difference will indicate the age of the lady referred to.

ARCHAEOLOGIST.—St. John's Tavern was built A.D. 1524, by the knights of that order, but after a lapse of more than three centuries it was converted into an hostelry. A highly influential civic functionary of the period also erected and maintained a nunnery at the same place.

A STUDENT OF HERALDIC DEVICES.—The dramatic critic of the *Herald* probably believes that Mr. Rogers, the comedian, is gifted with the power of being in two places at once, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird. According to Heraldic authority, Mr. Rogers was playing the part of Polonius, in the tragedy of Hamlet, at the Theatre Royal, on Tuesday night: according to fact, the actor was ill in bed at home.

A NEW IMPOSITION.—Mr. Wills, M. L. C., intends on the meeting of Council, to propose a tax on dogs. Attacks on dogs, we believe, gained his election.

WHY should poundkeepers be especially careful in their accounts? Because if they take care of the pence, the pounds, will take care of themselves.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S BEST.—R. N., can't understand people's being disappointed in Sir Charles Hotham. What, he asks, can they expect from *The Plate*, but a Spoon?

The Descent of Tootal.

(FROM THE NORSE TONGUE. SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM GRAY'S TRANSLATION.)

Uprose the "prior" of Tootal Browne,
And wrote the mystic letters down;
Dire lament he made, and groan
About the Gabrielli loan.
For thrice six months the trusted bond,
Had purchased been by buyer fond;
For eighteen months the cash was paid,
And still the issue was delayed.
To Grimes, at length, his way he took;
Delay he could not longer brook.
There, where Grimes his office keeps
Though clerk may snore and porter sleeps;
Tootal takes his desperate way.
To seek the cause of this delay.

From where red tape tangled lies,
Thus a voice at length replies:—

Voice—Deeply I apologise,
But I really didn't see,
That you needed—he! he! he!—
Any signature of mine,

To those blessed bonds of thine.
I really don't know where they are,
But I trust they are not far;
Though I know not where they be,
No doubt they're "somewhere"; he! he! he!

Tootal—A merchant unto thee unknown,
Is he that calls, but say my son—
Where the bonds are thou shouldst know,
Where to seek them shall I go.

Voice—Very likely the Town Clerk,
In his civic corners dark,
May know where the bonds are stowed
Unto him then take thy road,
Unwilling I my lips unclose,
Leave, oh leave me to repose.

Tootal—Once again my call obey;
Edward Grimes, arise and say
What dangers bond-holder await!
Who is the author of his fate?

Voice—William Kerr, for aught I know,
May tell you, if to him you go,
Now my weary lips I close,—
Leave, oh leave me to repose.

Tootal—Edward Grimes, my spell obey;
Once arise again and say
Where shall I the paper get?—
The paper that I have not yet.

Voice—All that I may now declare
Is, that the paper is "somewhere."
This reply, I prithee take;
My deep repose oh do not break.
Now my weary lips I close,—
Leave, oh leave me to repose.

Tootal—Yet, awhile, my call obey;
Auditor arise and say
Why should I to Kerr repair
For the bonds bestowed "somewhere."
To the Government I looked,
When the debt I rashly booked.

Voice—Merchant! ah, I know thee now;
To thy powerful heat I bow.
The hour has come, and many times,
Must I sign the name of Grimes.

Tootal—Idle Auditor, away;
My potent call and spell obey.
Thy long and listless limbs bestir;
Seek, thyself, the den of Kerr.
Get the bonds, and take the pen,
Sit thee down and sign them then.
I will to the "Chamber" go,
Thy secret ways the world shall know.



SQUATTER FUND.

We hear that numberless suggestions have been made to the squatter party as to the best mode of spending the £6000 subscribed by that oppressed and impoverished section of the community for the defence of their unquestionable rights.

From Chancery-lane and Temple Court have come schemes for sending a competent Colonial lawyer, to put the matter in its true light before the Privy Council.

Some eminent persons of talent, as undoubted as unrecognised by the world, recommend the establishment of a new daily newspaper, which they severally propose to edit, and which is to advocate the neglected and betrayed squatting interest.

Another proposal is, that the Theatre Royal should be leased, in order that a series of pastoral dramas may be produced, displaying the downfall of wrong and the triumph of pre-emptive right.

A gentleman, whose eloquence was unrivalled in a celebrated Dublin debating society, has declared his ability and readiness to put the squatters in their proper position in the Legislative Council, provided he be supplied with the requisite property qualifications, and a competency sufficient for the maintenance of his political independence.

These overtures have been rejected, however; and we learn that, up to the present time, the committee entrusted with the administration of the squatocratic fund, have only resolved to give a handsome premium to the author of the best essay demonstrating the great truth, that black is white.

LESSONS IN THE GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF BRITISH LEGISLATORS.

PRIOR to his embarkation for Australia, *Melbourne Punch* was a pretty frequent visitor at the Colonial office. If any information was required in reference to either of the colonies, it was to *M. P.*, that Her Majesty's Ministers looked, in the hour of their emergency. His facts and figures have figured, in fact, in many a debate and many a despatch; and more than once was it hinted to *M. P.*, that if he would abandon his determination of blessing Victoria with the light of his countenance, a peerage and a pension should reward his services to Her Majesty's Ministers, and his adherence to his native land. The plebeian Jones Lloyd had been transformed into the patrician Baron Overstone, for a much smaller consideration, and a coronet (it was persuasively hinted to *M. P.*) would grace the brows of the wise humorist, far more worthily than those of the heavy financier *M. P.* refused the offer and migrated to the antipodes; and if anything could lessen his feeling of satisfaction at the change, it would be the lamentable blunders perpetrated by the lawgivers of Great Britain, whenever they have arisen to speak upon Australian subjects, in either House of Parliament, since the time when *M. P.* withdrew himself and his counsels from Her Majesty's advisers. For their guidance, in general, and for that of Lords Canning and Montague in particular, *Melbourne Punch* has compiled the following manual of information,—small but precious, like the Queen of Spain's jewels.

M. P. wishes his noble friends and quondam associates to be assured that he disclaims all expectation of reward. His old associates in Downing-street, he is well aware, would offer him no appointment less important than the Governorship of South Australia (for the limits of which, see below); and *M. P.* could not consent to accept a post, less influential than his own, and one which has been rendered so ridiculous by the folly and incompetence of former holders. No, my Lords and gentlemen, *Melbourne Punch* distributes knowledge as freely as the sun distributes light and warmth, disseminating it as liberally among the peerage as among the people.

South Australia is the general designation of the continent occupying the whole of that space of the South Pacific, which is bounded by the Equator on the north, the Antarctic Circle on the south, the Meridian

of Greenwich on the east, and the one hundred and fiftieth degree of longitude on the west. It was discovered by the expedition which sailed from Birkenhead, in the third year of the reign of William the Conqueror, under the command of Sir Walter Raleigh, Christopher Columbus, and Vasco de Gama. The first immigrants came out in the reign of Elizabeth, and being mostly tailors by trade, who had been ruined by the general employment of needlewomen by Moses and Son (Her Majesty's habit-makers); the new comers obtained from the aborigines the name of "squatters."

South Australia is divided like Yorkshire, into three Ridings or Provinces,—New South Wales, Victoria, and New Zealand. Melbourne, the metropolis of South Australia, is situated at the confluence of Swan River and the Murray. Its population is 2764, inclusive of 493 natives, who cultivate a reserve of Crown land, set apart for that purpose on the northern side of Collins-street. The only other populous towns in the Colony are Wollongong, Gawler, Bagdad, and Footscray: but as, in the absence of any roads to these towns, all inter-communication is impossible, the Government authorities have no knowledge of the extent of their population.

The natural products of the soil are gold, grease, and gum-trees, kangaroos, wool and wombats. The habits of the population are very simple and unsophisticated. Their chief articles of diet are damper, mutton (cut in chops from the living sheep, according to the Abyssinian fashion), pickles, (the chief article of import from England), and a liquid of miscellaneous flavor, which has obtained the plural designation of "noblbers."

A blanket forms the garb of the aborigines; but the white population cover their heads with a broad straw hat, and wrap their limbs in the skin of a wild animal, called the jumper. During the prevalence of the hot-winds, however, (which endure without intermission from the 1st of October to the 1st of April), the prevalent costume is the full-dress suit of the Ojibbeway Indians—a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. To this is added (when the wearers are travelling in the interior), a belt, in which is carried, for offensive and defensive purposes, a brace of Colt's revolvers, a dirk, a bowie-knife, a lasso, a garotte, and a life-preserver.

Owing to the large immigration of Chinese and the paucity of Europeans, nearly every office under Government is filled by celestials; and the *Government Gazette*, and the only daily paper in South Australia are both printed in Chinese characters.

Untrustworthy maps and books, published in England, mention the existence of a district called Tasmania, and affects to define the whereabouts of two townships, fancifully designated Sydney and Adelaide; but *M. P.* begs to assure the *M. P.*'s and hereditary senators of Great Britain, that the existence of that district and of these townships is purely mythical. The whole of the continent, formerly known as New Holland, is comprehended within the limits of South Australia; Melbourne, as aforesaid, is its capital; *Punch* is the greatest authority in Melbourne; *eryo*, Tasmania, Sydney, and Adelaide are a geographic fiction.—Q. E. D.

The position of South Australia being exactly antipodal to that of England, all the laws of the physical world produce inverse results. The sun rises in the west, instead of the east; spring precedes, and autumn follows winter; the day has only eight hours and the night but six; there are no tides in the surrounding seas, and the moon is always at its full.

As soon as these elementary truths have been mastered by the weak minds of the honorable and right honorable gentlemen for whose particular instruction they are intended, *Melbourne Punch* will be happy to give them a second lesson.

SCENE AT "THE UNION."

A gentleman eating his dinner, and reading a paper. Another enters.

2ND GENT: I'll look at that newspaper when you've done with it, Sir.

1ST GENT: It's not a newspaper.

2ND GENT: No? What is it then?

1ST GENT: It's the *Melbourne Herald*.

2ND GENT: Oh! then I won't trouble you.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Mr. Childers has explained his apparent leaning to the Pastoral Interest. He finds that in this Colony—where the aristocracy are so little respected—a squatter is almost the only man who knows how to keep his station.



THE LINE
(OF BEAUTY AND GRACE).

Letter from the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston
to Melbourne Punch, Esquire.

PER SHALIMAR.

House of Commons, June 18, 1855.

MY DEAR PUNCH,—

Want of leisure and not of inclination, has prevented me from corresponding with you so regularly as I promised, before your ever-to-be-lamented departure from the land of your sire. What with this troublesome war, Cabinet-dinners, and the preparation of my pleasantries for the debates in the House, I have barely time to show myself at the Club, or for a cantar in the Park; to say nothing of those sacrifices to the graces which are incumbent upon a nobleman at seventy-three.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

With you, my dear *Punch*, I can be both sentimental and confidential. I am not an evergreen; and as the Teian poet sings (by the way he lived to be eighty-five, and might have attained to ninety, if it had not been for that abominable grapestone)—

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face.

But few can conceal them so well as my valet and I can.

Let me hurry on to politics, however. LORD JOHN IS OUT. There is a hard, solid, substantial fact, to begin with. We have been associates, but never friends, ever since the formation of my administration. Between ourselves, the weak-witted, self-willed little diplomatist made a sad fool of himself at Vienna. Our instructions were definite enough, but he received counter instructions from a certain illustrious personage very near the throne, and acted upon them only too faithfully. A lingering feeling of respect for the author of the Reform Bill, induced us to retain him in the Cabinet until his retention imperilled the safety of the Ministry, and then he was politely requested to retire. He accepted the invitation in a huff, and so your colonies have lost an inefficient Secretary, and I have got rid of a refractory and mischievous subordinate.

I wish you were at hand, that I might have the benefit of your advice in regard to the appointment of his successor. I think of offering the colonies to Molesworth, but his dispatches would be as interminable and as metaphysical as some of his articles in the old *Westminster*. That Ballarat affair inclined us to suppose that South Australia would proclaim itself a republic, and Sir Charles wrote home the most doleful despatches. He apprehended nothing less terrible than a revival of the *jacquerie* and the Reign of Terror. So far as I am individually concerned, I should not care if you had started in national business on your own account, and closed your account with the firm in Downing-street. It is an insufferable bore to be compelled to attend to the government and grievances of forty or fifty (which is it!) colonial dependencies. *Mais n'importe*, the Royal assent was given to your Government bill (South Australia and Victoria are synonymous terms, are they not!) last Monday, so that I hope we shall have very little trouble with your affairs for the future.

There is no prospect of a termination of the war. The people are beginning to betray an "ignorant impatience of taxation," and an anti-aristocratic agitation is on foot, which gives great uneasiness to Lady Palmerston and the noble lords and ladies who attend her receptions. Peers and Peeresses shake their heads at the riots in Hyde Park, and talk about the Parisian riots which preceded the revolution of '92. Moonshine, my dear *Punch*, mere moonshine. Society will last for my time, and, *apres moi, le deluge*, as old Metternich and young Maidstone said.

The bell is ringing for a division. Adieu, *mon cher Punch*,

Yours ever,

PALMERSTON.

LAW-MAKERS SHOULDN'T BE LAW-BREAKERS.—We regret to learn that the Town Clerk has not yet been registered in accordance with the provisions of the dog act. As the *Aryas* observes, "it is high time that the useless *Kerres* which infest our suburbs should be destroyed."

THE "MELBOURNE HERALD."—We are informed that the name of this journal is again about to be changed to "The Calm and Classical," or "Mrs. Jarley's Autobiographical Register." To quote the words of another contemporary, "it is almost unnecessary to say, that no change will occur in the policy or principles upon which it is conducted."

ULYSSES DRIVING AWAY THE SUITORS FROM PENELOPE.





A SKETCH IN THE STREETS.
 ("UNSAFE SHIP-BUILDING, A NATIONAL SIN.")

THE STATE OF THE MARKETS.

BOOTS AND SHOES are not easily disposed of, especially after walking some distance. Ready-made goods occasionally tight. We have heard of some lots going off, but these must have been on the feet of their wearers, and were probably soled for immediate use.

BUTTER—not quite so firm, owing partly to heavy imports—partly to the warm weather.

CHEESE—was rather animated.

DRUGS—are a drug

FLOUR—Market well supplied, but prices high. Mem. We notice the establishment of a bone mill.

HAMS and BACON—Rather high, especially if not properly packed for passing through the tropics.

HAY—Holders are operating for a rise—but old birds are not to be caught by chaff.

PAPER—Stationery; the supply is abundant, especially of accommodation paper.

RICE—in great demand for the Chinese, and chop-sticks wanted

SOFT GOODS—The hardest to be got rid of.

SPICES—Demand slack, and holders peppery in consequence.

SLATES—Recovering, in consequence of a number of tiles having been blown off by a strong sou' wester; large consumption at the Age Office, for slating the Governor.

WINES—Port in (log)wood abundant: the other sorts scarce.



Posthumous Salimony.

THE following lines were discovered in the spectacle case of a digger, who in a fit of disgust cursed the country in rhyme, and then threw himself down an hundred and fifty feet "shicer," which he had sunk with the enthusiasm of a newchum in search of gold. Like Curtius, it is believed, he sacrificed himself for the general good. He left behind him, with the manuscript, a pair of green spectacles, which may account in some degree for the jaundiced complexion of his views, and his morbid leaning towards "the dark side of nature."

Know ye the land where the sheoaks and gum trees,
 In shadeless deformity darken the wold;
 Where the blast of the north and the chill of the sea-breeze,
 Now scorches to fever, now pierces with cold.

Know ye the land contrariety sways,
 Perverting the laws common nature obeys!
 Where black swans and magpies in whitened array,
 With water-rats, duck-billed, come forth to the day!
 Where the trees shed their bark, as the serpents their skin,
 And the stones of the cherries are outside, not in.
 Where the crowing of cocks, in the midnight is heard,
 And beasts breed their young in a manner absurd.
 Where enjoyment a fiction is, comfort a myth,
 And the heart of an esculent hardens to pith.
 Where a wooden pear offers the toughest of fruit,
 And the laugh of the bush jackass never is mute.
 Where the dust of the earth, and the glare of the sky,
 Are a plague to the breath, and the skin, and the eye;
 And water is brackish and rivers are dry.
 Where the lode star of life is the gold in the mine,
 And the spirit supreme is the spirit of wine.

'Tis the land of the south,—'tis the refuge of crime;
 Oh! well may the convict possess such a clime.
 The felon there lurking by gully and hill,
 Can dart on his victim to rob or to kill,
 While his children are nurtured in felony still;
 For dire as the curse upon everything there,
 Are the deeds that they do and the thoughts that they bear.

NEW PATENT.—We are informed that letters patent have been applied for, for a new invention, called by the patentee the "MECHANICAL STUMP ORATOR." The mechanism is of a highly ingenious character, combining the principles of Mr. Southwell and a barrel organ. It can be worked advantageously by wind, or by a high or low pressure steam engine. The patentee assures us, that in contemplating stump oratory, he has long been persuaded that in most cases it is purely mechanical, and that while listening to Mr. Southwell, at the late meeting in the Criterion Hall, the nature of the mechanism became clearly apparent. The patentee expects that in all cases where the desideratum is simply a speech of given length and violence, his machine will be preferred to the very imperfect human instrument at present in use. Modern science has certainly shown that most operations of a purely mechanical nature are best performed by machinery, and as we agree with the patentee of the "Mechanical Stump Orator," that a great deal of popular speech making can evidently be got through without the exercise of thought or intelligence, we think he has a very fair field for the application of machinery, and wish him the success he deserves.



DOMESTIC BLISS IN AUSTRALIA.

MR. JONNYRAWE ANSWERS AN ADVERTISEMENT CONCERNING "THE COMFORTS OF A HOME IN A QUIET FAMILY."

ESMERALDA.

I waited for the train in Flinders-street,—
I hung, with oads and police, on the bridge,
To see what might transpire, and there I shaped
The Emeralders legend into this.—

"Not only we, who landed yesterday—
New chums—that green as yonder Emerald mound,
Think ourselves wise—have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them taxed; but he—
Chairman, municipal, upon that hill
Did more; made protest firm, and was distrained,—
For when a tax was laid upon the mound,
And mothera brought their children, clamouring—
"Our husbands are away at Bendigo,
And if we pay, we starve," he sought the king.
And found him on his throne in the Town Hall,
His Eldermen before him, and the Mayor
Standing behind. He told him all his woe,
And said, "If this rate's paid, we starve;"
Whereat the King did stare, and lifting up
The magnifying lens that bridged his nose,
Replied, "I gave you warning fair, 'twas I
Who told you of your certain 'fix,'
Should you withhold allegiance."

"But we shall die," said he, "our nuisances
Cry out and shame us in the face of day."
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by George,
And pointing to the clause within the act
Answered, "We'll try it on;" and then,
He laid down all the law among his dogs.
Deep pondering, the chairman brought his mind
To bear upon the matter for one hour—
In firm resolve, he sent the bellman forth,
And bade him herald to the householders
Their hard condition—and to warn them well,
When tax collectors came upon the hill
To muster all in swarms without their doors;
Then hied he to his store, watching remote
The doubtful ends of all his policy.

Thereon there cometh from the puissant King
A man of brass—the city auctioneer—
Who, armed all in high authority,
Proceeded to try service of distress.
Then did the bellman peal a mighty peal,
Until a peeler came.
The children hooted in a wild hurra,
The women rated at their window panes,
The townsmen threatened stones.
The man of brass grew pale; he saw
The time for valor's better part was there,
And wisely beat retreat.
At eventide the chairman bold came home,
He learned how well his orders were obeyed,
How, with his Emerald constituents,
He'd built himself an ever-verdant name.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XIII.

JOAN SLAGGE, ESQ., TO ROBT. POPPE, ESQ., LONDON.

DEAR BOB,

I got your last two letters about wanting to come and join me here, and of course it's all very well and blessed sentimental for friends to help one another and that, but I didn't exactly come out to make a nest for you, though I'm quite willing in reason to do what I can to help you. I've cast the thing about in my mind a bit, and I think I see a way in which we might do some good for one another. Perhaps if I'd been doing quite as well as I thought to do, I mightn't have mentioned it, but somehow though I haven't any humbugging parson's kind of notions to keep me back, I've been rather falling to leeward lately. I've had some d—d law suits with fellows that tried to make out I'd done them. One in particular, a soft sort of chap—a teetotaler and methodist, that I'd worked round as well as could be worked—wouldn't come up to my views at all, and threatened an action about some goods I had for sale for him, and wouldn't believe in my account sales at all. I thought it was all right and referred him to my solicitor, and never dreamed he'd have the pluck to go into court; but he did, and then I found the deceitful beggar had got suspicious a little time before, and had bought some of his own things of me through a friend, and found that the money I credited him with didn't quite tally with what his accomplice had paid. I did the best I could—made out it was all the mistake of a clerk, and dismissed a fellow to make it look all right. He only got the difference on the particular transaction, and couldn't show that I hadn't dealt with him on the square about the rest of the things. But somehow the evidence was thought to tell against me, and several merchants I did business with, got shy in consequence. Still I was looked upon as a warm man, and I am a pretty warm man mind you, but it wasn't what it used to be. People seemed to lose confidence and it cost me a mint of money in friendships and dinners to keep things well in trim, and with all I did in that way, some of the best men hung back and would do nothing with me but a beastly safe close kind of business that left no room for much. I dealt as liberal and square with them as could be, and made more losses than I could afford, trying to get up a first-rate name, but it was no good. They let me suffer the losses and wasn't a bit more confiding afterwards, I shant lose that kind of way again in a hurry but mean to be as sharp as a knife. What bothers me, is, I can't get into what I call a first-class trade. A seedy kind of men come to me that can't get credit with regular first houses, and though I get very good prices out of 'em all, I've made some losses in particular directions, that quite took the gilt off the ginger-bread.

When I last wrote, I remember telling you I'd gone in for a Wesleyan connection, and I turned some money with it too; but there was all kinds of charitable subscriptions and things to be kept up according to what I'd given out to be my means, and every time I had to sign a cheque for this sort of unprofitable investment, it made me so mad, that one day, I burst out at a methody parson, that was at me about building a chapel, more than I ought to do, and I lost pretty near all the ground I'd worked and spent and given to gain. It's deuced hard for a poor fellow to be giving away pounds upon pounds in charity and to lose all the good of it for a few hasty words, but that was my luck, and I've made up my mind it's a mistake to go in for that sort of thing. The business costs more money and bother than it's worth, so as men will make out that I'm strict and sharp in business. I don't pretend to be anything else any longer. I find that pays best too. Those that want you, come to you, and you haven't got the aggravation of giving money for chapels and distressed widows and that kind of thing, without finding it to do a bit of benefit.

Now about the way in which you and I might do one another some good. Of course I came here to make money and that's what you want to do too, and it dont do to be nasty particular, as to your means. There was a fellow convicted the other day for selling spurious nuggets, and when I come to hear the evidence I felt it served him right too—he went to work such a shallow silly way. If he'd made the nuggets with any sort of science, he'd have been all right, and if you were to be wiser than he was, we might do a little profitable trade together. I think I could put about twenty thousand pound into my pocket comfortable and you might make a pile that would pay a beginner uncommon well. What you've got to do, is to study chemistry and

electro-typing well, and I'm sure nuggets might be made, that would answer all purposes, considering the loose way people buy gold here. I aint up to the thing quite myself, and there's no good opportunities for study here, and that's why I speak to you about it. The great difficulty lies in the weight, because false gold if it's made badly, is understood directly when an experienced hand gets a lump of it into the scale. What I want you to do, is to find out some alloy of platinum that's about as heavy as gold, and then coat small nuggets with that, so as to resist aqua fortis. I know I could, mix them up with small gold and sell any quantity. A good many people have a stupid notion that platinum is more valuable than gold, and this keeps them from trying on the dodge, and the first man that does it may make a regular pile of money at it I know. My business would be to place it where it would get well mixed with large lots of gold, and when they come to be assayed at home, there couldn't be the least suspicion against me I know.

After all too, there'd be no great harm in it—no more than in dozens and dozens of mercantile transactions, that quite respectable men are known to go into, such as mixing bad American flour with good, and selling the whole as Adelaide flour, and so on. These kind of things are all fair as long as you're not found out, and I've no doubt dozens of leading men have got rich in worse ways. People tell you, the kind of thing I'm talking about, don't pay in the long run, and point out a lot of stupid fools that had failed from trying on these sort of dodges. But I should like to know how they tell the number that have succeeded. It's only the failures that can come out—the successes never get known and I dare say some of our first class men do the same thing, or have done it in their time. People try to make out that parties who don't act on the square always come to grief in the long run, and to make good their words, show you how bad it fares with them that are found out not to act on the square. I wonder men aint ashamed to talk such deuced illogical nonsense. It's a very good gag however to make out, that if you get on, you must be all right in your dealings, and that way, one clever thing only paves the way for another.

If you turn this over in your mind, I think you may fulfill some of your hopes, and I know you didn't used to be so particular as to make it necessary I should beat about the bush more in talking to you. If you do your part well, you may make a very good thing of it, and I don't doubt I may live yet to be pointed to, as your old Governor used to say, as "an illustration of meritorious success and of the truth, that honesty is the best policy." I should'n't have spoken quite so freely perhaps, if I didn't know you knew I had a pull upon you in the affair you know of. But under the circumstances, I may trust you, and remain,

Your's sincerely,

JOHN SLAGGE.

GEORGE CHILKERURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

If I remember rightly the narrative in my last letter left off where we were suddenly bereft of our black Bradshaw, and had to find the comforting stream supposed to run under "Billy's Hill" for ourselves. Nor were we disappointed so far as supplies for that night were concerned. After riding on till the sun began to get low, we came upon a small pool of water, and we at once determined to camp at this place. The water lay in the sandy bottom of a creek that elsewhere seemed dry. On one side rose a considerable rock, and the trunk of a prostrate tree, surrounded by many dry and broken branches, offered the tempting material for a camp fire. When I am camping out I can never resist the inducement of firewood, and be the weather hot or cold, always raise as big a bonfire as I have materials for. Many a growl have I had to endure from M'Tavish on this same score, for when the means were accessible, I have generally raised such a blaze that we could not approach it to put on the quart pots, and have been fain to construct small cooking places for utility apart from the great show fire. On the present occasion, the ambition to set the great trunk of the old gum tree in a blaze was so strong upon me, that I put myself into a tremendous heat in dragging together smaller logs to set it going, and at last, when I was successful, I had to draw off to a considerable distance to cool and enjoy my triumph.

I was left to make the tea, and prepare the grub while M'Tavish roamed down the creek to explore. We had nothing to eat but some flour, of which I prepared dough to be converted into leather jackets as soon as he came back, and he proposed to shoot something, if any thing were injudicious enough to come in his way, in order to remove the tameness of compulsory vegetarianism. I was beforehand with him

however, for when I had got everything ready—when I was waiting for his return—and when it was getting thoroughly dark, I heard the swoop of wings, and a couple of bronze winged pigeons alighted to drink at the water-hole. I am no great sportsman, as you know, but can play my part after a fashion when the pot is empty, so I waited till I got a raking shot at the savoury innocents, and bagged them both. I had scarcely got hold of them and retired behind a bush, when down came some more pigeons, and I had another victim with the left barrel. M'Tavish had got the main supply of ammunition, but I had a few charges in my pocket and I rapidly loaded again, and more pigeons became my victims. The darker it grew the more abundantly they came down, and at last I could only fire at the place where I heard them alight. Finally, all light and all my shot were exhausted together, and I had more pigeons than we could eat. When the pleasurable excitement of this unjustifiably murderous work was over, I began to get fidgetty about M'Tavish's absence, and one nervous feeling begetting another—I thought of blacks and spears, and of a humane practise of the aborigines, that of extracting people's kidney fat and smearing themselves therewith. So I loaded my gun with a couple of bullets I had in my waistcoat pocket, and retired under the rock and out of the light of the fire till M'Tavish's return.

This occurred presently afterwards; he had found no water and no game, but had gone beyond the reach of the sound of my gun so that he was agreeably surprised when he returned to find what admirable materials for a supper I had collected. Dearly beloved brother, the bronze winged pigeon is made to be eaten. Not merely is he round and plump and delicious when cooked, but the feathers he carries about him so compactly during life, come off after his decease in the easiest and cleanest way, and leave him after a minute or two of plucking, as bare as the palm of your hand. Then his internal arrangements—to which some birds stick when they can use them no longer with the most provoking tenacity—come out from him like the stone of a peach. In fact, the killing, cooking and consumption of a bronzed winged pigeon is but a succession of enjoyments. Of the latter enjoyment we partook together for a considerable period, the brethren of the departed swooping down to the water with audible wings incessantly the while. Then came possum rugs and sleep.

We were up at grey dawn, and were again at work upon tea, pigeons and leather jackets when the sun rose: And gloriously the sun did rise; dispersing the night vapours that hung over the plains, and gradually drawing up and dissolving the curtain of the hills. While we were at breakfast, we saw what struck me as about the most beautiful sight I had seen in Australia. A flight of many hundreds of the brilliant little "shell parrots" or "buggerygars," as the Sydney-side settlers call them, came down to drink at the water-hole. No regiment of soldiers that I ever saw, seemed to turn and wheel by such an instantaneous and common impulse as these bright little birds. Every flap of the wing seemed to be done in concert. Now they rose up in a cloud and twinkled like stars, flashing alternate rays of green and gold. Then they suddenly swept down and ranged themselves like a fringe all round the pond, dipping their beaks into the water, and then looking warily up and around them. When I waved my arm, they all rose in an instant, and then when we sat motionless again, after fluttering for half a minute in the morning sun-light they dropped down once more and resumed their drinking. We did not attempt to molest them, and only got up to collect our traps and saddle the horses when the flight had swept off. In their honour we christened the pool the Birds' Water-hole.

We now assumed ourselves to be on a branch creek, leading into that valley which Billy had described, and followed down the dry water course accordingly. The Birds' Water-hole was evidently not permanent, and was already rapidly drying up; but the country about it looked grassy and promising. As we followed down the water course, it became much deeper and bolder, and though containing no water or signs that any had recently been present, there were marks of occasional floods, of a very tremendous character. Great logs and enormous bundles of sedge reeds, and drift of all kinds, were lodged in the forks of gum-trees, at a height of twenty or thirty feet above the dry bed of the water course; but, from the growth of underwood and other circumstances, M'Tavish conjectured that some years must have elapsed since the last flood. At about noon, we came—at the junction of this creek with another—upon a large rocky water-hole, on which swam some wild ducks, of which we succeeded in shooting two. We also fell in with some natives, but they were in a state of uncontrollable alarm. There were about half a dozen of them by a fire, as we rounded a turn of the creek, and came upon them unexpectedly. All that were able, ran away, leaving one old man standing by himself.

He did not attempt to move, but stood chanting some kind of exorcism I presume, the tears running down his cheeks the while, and every limb trembling with alarm. I got off my horse, and took a handful of sugar out of my swag, and with this as a letter of introduction endeavoured to make friends, but it was of no use. As I approached the old gentleman, his terrors rose higher than ever, and as a last resource, I suppose against the horrible white monster approaching him, he stooped down, dipped his hands into the fire, and flung out burning embers between us. As I saw it was useless to hope for a friendly alliance, I put back the sugar (waste not want not, on such trips as ours), and we rode on. For a considerable distance the country, on each side of the creek, was moderately good, though not equal to what Billy's account had led M'Tavish to expect. There was abundant water also in deep rocky holes, generally at about a quarter or half a mile distant from one another; and, as we went along, we roused numerous flights of ducks, of which we shot several. At about three o'clock, I got down to take a drink of water, but found it so brackish and disagreeable that I postponed my draught till we reached the next hole. There, however, the water was worse; at the next it was worse still, and afterwards the water in every hole was as salt as the sea. The country also began to get desolate and barren; and, as from the top of high hill, we saw no symptom of improvement, we returned to the last fresh water-hole, and there "camped," feasting royally on pigeons and wild duck.

Hints to Writers.

If you are an M.L.C. and a barrister, stick to the shop. Your exordium should be as minute and as circumstantial as a brief. In narrating, for example, the dissolution of the long parliament, by Cromwell, describe the personal appearance of the dictator, the size and color of his wrists, the tone of his voice, the pace at which he walked, the color and material of his sword-belt, the fit and fashion of his boots, who preceded and who followed him, up which side of the house he marched, upon whom he bestowed the honor of a passing wink, whereabouts the Speaker's chair stood, and what was the exact position of the stove. Dry details, diffusely and undramatically narrated, in language that is neither animated nor picturesque, is precisely that which is best calculated to rivet the attention of a civic audience, to most of whom, being "bankers, merchants and others," an hour or two in the busiest part of the day is of no object.

If you are a professional spouter, trading upon the shillings and the sweet voices of the multitude, season your rhetorical clap-trap with denunciations of the British aristocracy and grandiloquent bombast about a republic. The British aristocracy and a Victorian republic may have no connexion whatever with the matter in hand, but that, as Mr. Toots would say, "is of no consequence." Should you happen to have newly-arrived in the colony, do not hesitate to address a public meeting upon a topic of which you are profoundly ignorant. You can easily take refuge in generalities and high-sounding platitudes. Taking your stand upon the liberty of the subject, you may fling a hackneyed quotation at the head of "man, proud man, dressed" etc., etc., etc., with "stunning" effect, and be secure of a round of applause, when you arrive at the weeping angels. If a public man has acted unconstitutionally, you are fully justified in stripping him of his title and stigmatizing him by a quibbling nickname. The courtesies of life are inadmissible in the strife of politics, and scurrility is an excellent substitute for argument.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

TENDERS.—Tenders will be received at this office for the unmentioned works. The whole to be completed within twelve months in a sound and workmanlike manner, and to the satisfaction of Mr. Punch. The contractor to find all necessary plant, and to give security for the good and efficient performance of his contract. In consequence of the great inconvenience caused by the breaking down of former contractors for these works, sureties will be held rigidly responsible. Any old building materials removed, to be the property of the contractor:—

- I. THE TAKING OF CRONSTADT.
- II. DO. DO. SEBASTOPOL.

For plans and specifications, apply to

"MELBOURNE PUNCH."



A UNITED HAPPY FAMILY,
SKETCHED AT COPPIN'S OLYMPIC ON MONDAY LAST.

ETYMOLOGICAL.—The "Herald" announced, a few days back for the edification of its readers, that Mr. Pond, the caterer for the Theatre Royal Hotel, was the same gentleman who exhibited so much efficiency in the same department at Mooney's National Hotel. The long disputed question as to the source of the Mooney Ponds is of course now cleared up.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE STATE OF THE TIMES.—We perceive from the papers, that Mrs. Fortune has at last arrived in one of the vessels that lately entered Hobson's Bay. We trust that the advent of that lady was simultaneous with the departure from Melbourne of her relative—*Miss Fortune*.

FOR WEAL OR WO!—By what appears to us a piece of redundancy, the *Government Gazette* contains an advertisement calling for tenders for the supply of four (K)naves. Query—are these wanted for the common wheel? The Governor has put his spoke in it long since, and the State is tired of him already.



UR LIBRARY TABLE

Water Supply in Hobson's Bay, by David Wilkie, M. D.; Blunder and Co., Melbourne.—In this work Dr. Wilkie follows up his former investigations into the Yan Yean scheme with a book of equal value to his last; and

we regret to say the conclusions to which he irresistibly leads us, are of a most alarming character. Within a few years, there can be no doubt, Hobson's Bay will be nothing more than a pestilential swamp. Dr. Wilkie, by a series of careful observations, has ascertained that the drainage-area from which Hobson's Bay is supplied, amounts to 83,246 acres, on which the annual rain-fall amounts to 56.034791 inches. Assuming then the mean temperature to equal 79 degrees of Wedgewood's pyrometer, and the consequent evaporation at 10-536 feet per week, while the supply now only amounts to 14,000 gallons per minute, and is daily decreasing, we have before us the dreadful certainty of the Bay being exhausted of its contents in less than five years. Of course as the influx and efflux of water through the Heads are nearly equal, no supply of water from the Pacific can be expected to alleviate the difficulty: In fact the observations of tidal ebb and flow in the Channel tend to indicate a loss rather than a gain, and the author recommends the construction of a lock at the Heads to postpone the evil day. The uniform correctness of Doctor Wilkie's calculations, compels us to accept his assurance that the water level in Hobson's Bay has been known to fall at the rate of six inches per hour, and this for several hours consecutively.

On the operation for Strangulated Hydrocephalus, by M. B. Jackson, Esq., O. E., Griffith and Co., Swanston-street.—This lively and amusing brochure, contains the observations of a writer whose long experience and known success in treating the disorder in question, give warranty for the depth and reliability of his dicta. Mr. Jackson took the pewter medal at the Glasgow Medical College, in 1846, for his researches into the flow of the animal fluids in "the natural gates and allies of the body," and the paper before us contains notes on the collection and accumulation of water in the cavity of the skull. It appears that the only means by which the absorption of this remarkable secretion can be effected, is that of exhibiting bland diluents such as brandy and water or eggnog to the extent of a gallon or even more every half hour. The necessity for this course is demonstrated by a train of close and logical reasoning in which the writer makes plain, beyond shadow of doubt, that the more fluid is introduced into any cavity the less there will be found in it: and negative evidence is also found in the fact that the accumulation of water on the brain is aggravated by stopping the supply of liquid nutriment. We com-

mend this work, the value of which is only equalled by its modesty, to the medical profession; and especially direct attention to the parenthetical diagnoses, which are inter-tabulated between the clinical incubations.

It is truly gratifying to find professional men thus extending their researches beyond the narrow limits of their own particular callings, and imparting valuable information to the world on technical subjects which the writers could not *a priori* have been expected to know anything about.

Comical Manifesto!!!

ADDRESS TO THE COLLINGWOOD FLATS.

FELLOW QUIDNURCS!—

Believing that the credulity of the public is inexhaustible, that humbug must therefore be successful; that the fluctuations of public property are but as the ripple of that tide in the affairs of men which those who know how, should divert to the channel of their own interest; that the impecuniosity of individuals is clearly owing to the heat of the weather; and that the colony only therefore needs a pellucid and verbi-fluous style of talking, I hasten to declare the things I should like to see done, and things I should strongly object to, whether elected or not to misrepresent you in the Executive Council.

THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO DO:

Advocate without desert, unlimited right of speech and compulsion of listeners—vote by nobblers—nonsense qualification—equity of all other people, and elevation and payment of myself.

Demonstrate to every sufficiently practical mind that it is not the public who should be taxed to support the Government, but the Government that should find money for the people.

Propose any plans that may or may not come into my head, where there is now "ample verge and room enough," which will effect the fruition of the personal objects with which I take my seat.

THINGS I SHOULD STRONGLY OBJECT TO:

Vote one farthing of public money to the support of any other sect than my own, or to the benefit of any body who does not comply with my wishes.

Hesitate to proclaim that a legislature without me will be a humbug.

Allow public speaking by dependence on common sense to become a normal means of public education.

In any manner connive at the orderly conduct of business, hard work, and social obligations.

From the terms of this Manifesto it is plain, that unlike Mr. Orator Southwell, I represent no particular party, except the Party of Self. bunkum and word-spouting; and shall not be ashamed to obtain your suffrages by pledging myself to any conceivable course of action.

JOHN NORTHILL.



MR. NEWCHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCE AS A CATTLE FARMER.

No. 6.

Mr. Green, while walking in the bush, perceives a number of painted savages. Mr. Green climbs the nearest tree for concealment, but when the savages commence dancing at the foot, Mr. Green, unacquainted with the mystery of the corroboree, gives himself up for lost.

Kerr's Last Verse.

We know not whether to respect the Town Clerk most as a man or as a poet. The immortal inscription over the triumphal arch, at Prince's Bridge, was due to the versatile genius of this truly great man, and we hold that this fact alone thoroughly justifies the corporation in their election of Mr. Kerr to be honorary poet laureat to the city. His first effort in his new capacity has been to write some lines, subjoined, which are to appear at the Mayor's ensuing ball, at the foot of a splendid transparency portrait of that most inestimable ornament to society.

Please to remember
The Ninth of November,
Civic elections and all ;
I see good reason,
For choosing this season,
To give a grand fancy dress ball.
Chorus—"Holler boys."

Mr. Kerr has kindly undertaken to sing the above song and lead the chorus at intervals during the evening. To carry out the pleasing leading idea of the verses yet more completely, Mr. Kerr will accompany their recital with a varied running prose commentary, somewhat after the following style :—

"Holler, boys, holler ! Please, sir, give us a vote for poor old Smith—to make a Mayor of him again. Only once a year." etc., etc.

L I N E S,

(BEING A CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENT ON SOME OF BYRON'S.)

A spouter there lived, and his name was Charles Southwell ;
This spouter could balderdash spout from his mouth well ;
He spouted such streams of nonsensical stuff,
That the public declared him an ignorant muff.
One day his effrontery urged him so far,—
He ventured to stand for the city ; ha ! ha !
But he very soon found that his reckoning was out,
And the spouter, at length, found himself—up the spout.

ATROCIOUS CANNIBALISM.—The *Serious Family* at the Olympic, we have it upon the indubitable authority of the "parlous" critic of the *Herald*, have "drawn in and swallowed down at a gulp" a flock of "expectant victims," the "parlous" critic himself included. Two important phenomena have been developed by this act of cannibalism,—first, that the *Serious Family*, though many-headed, have but one mouth and one alimentary canal; and second, that it is quite possible for a critic to write fluent nonsense after having been swallowed alive; albeit, on his own showing, he was "consigned to respectable oblivion (1) and a jocular grave." By the way, hath oblivion respectability, and is there any jocularity in the grave ?

PROROGATION OF THE TASMANIAN COUNCIL.—Sir Henry Young has farther prorogued the Tasmanian Legislature till the 20th of Nov. Dr. Hampton is said to be the rogue pro whose benefit this step has been taken.



GRIMES SEARCHING "SOMEWHERE" FOR THE BONDS.



DOMESTIC BLISS IN AUSTRALIA.

If you use Fitzrumburg and Co.'s patent waterproof gossamer tent calico, you may defy Australian rain—as did the happy pair above depicted.

Punch's Court of Review.

La Sonnambula.—A LYRIC DRAMA, RENDERED INTO ENGLISH, BY
J. WREY MOULD.

"Rendered into English?" Umph! Why not have said rendered into Norse, Erse, Sanscrit, Choctaw, Japanese, or Esquimaux? Has not the translator of this libretto forgotten his own language, and omitted to provide himself with a substitute? "What do you read, my Lord?" enquireth the Danish Chamberlain of the Danish Prince; "Words, words, words!" responeth the Danish Prince to the Danish Chamberlain. "What do you write, Mr. Mould?" enquireth *Punch* of the poet, "Words, words, words!" responeth the poet unto *Punch*. Marry, and very senseless and sonorous words they are.

Sample the First:—

LISA (Sings)—Sounds so joyful, notes of gladness,
All their senses stealing,
Give to my heart bitter feeling,
Though a bright mien compell'd to wear;
Ev'ry tribute they are bringing
All the beauty they are singing,
As a viper through me stinging,
Nurse in silence deep despair.

Punch respectfully submits the following queries to Mr. Wrey Mould. Whose "senses" are stolen by the "sounds;" and is the theft an act of petty larceny or highway robbery? Is the "bitter feeling" heart-burn; or whence arises the acridity complained of? What is the "bright mien," which that sanguinary force-pump is "compell'd to wear;" and how, when, and where is the cheerful garment (is it a garment?) worn? By whom is the "tribute" brought, and to whom is it paid? By whom is the "beauty" sung, and wherefore do "they" sing it? Who, which, or what possesses the "viper"ous sting, and who, which, or what is the "silent nurse" of "deep despair?" Is it the tribute, the beauty, or the viper? and if it is the viper, how does that reptile nurse its profound and gloomy

infant without arms? and, being a nurse, why is the viper silent? Is not a gentle sibilation, a soft and soothing soporific? And why should the viper deny itself the expression of its natural language while superintending the slumbers of infantine despair? Or is the baby too "deep" to be lulled to sleep by such a viperous artifice; and "silence" thereby rendered compulsory upon the venomous Gamp?

Sample the Second:—

When dusky nightfall!
Doth shroud the sunbeam
And half repulses
The timid moon-beam;
When thunder boometh,
Where distance loometh,
Floating on mist
A shade appears.]
In filmy mantle
Of pallid whiteness
The eye once gentle,
Now glaring brightness;]
Like clouds o'er heaven
By tempest driven,
Plainly confest
The phantom nears.

Oh, for an historical painter to fix this picture upon the canvas!—to work up its wonderful details into a grand consistent whole, and collect the scattered rays of light, which fall in such luminous profusion from the poet's mind, into one dazzling focus! There would be first of all—as the central figure of the group, a female nigger ("dusky nightfall") "shrouding the sun-beam" in a 'possum rug; and coyly coquetting with our old friend Moonshine. Then there must be a "looming distance, floating on mist" (whatever that may mean), and plenty of indigo-colored clouds to denote that thunder is "booming." *Item*, a shade,—not a perforated shade, such as careful wives set up for late husbands, but a substantial apparition with one eye (a tame Cyclop formerly, and "gentle" as a lamb, but now "glaring" frightfully);



ACTIVE MEASURES ON THE PART OF THE CORPORATION FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE THISTLES.

and the painter must represent the one-eyed shade as "tempest driven, like clouds o'er heaven." *Punch* will make the artist a present of the concluding lines, to apply to what use he thinks proper:—

"Plainly confest
The phantom nears."

Finer scope for the imagination no painter could devise. Denser obscurity was never veiled in five short words. The pencil might translate them, like the cloud of Polonius, into a whale, a weasel, or a camel, and still keep on the windy side of probability. *Punch* cannot solve the dark enigma of their meaning, nor define the awfully mysterious outline of the "phantom" which they conjure up.

Sample the Third (and positively the last), with a running commentary by *Melbourne Punch* :—

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS AND ALESSIO.

Be observant : 'Tis his number.

(Presumably a party of pickpockets, watching a detective, asleep.)

Due advantage let us take ;

(In the manner of the aforesaid thieves, when the officers of justice are caught napping.)

All is silent—his steady slumber

Shall we break, or not now break ?

(The question proposed to themselves by Messrs. Strahan, Paul, Bates, and Co., on the morning of their failure.)

Wherefore no ?

(The reply to this question depends on the state of the till.)

Who moot dissension,

Let them quickly budge from hence.

(A very satisfactory mode of getting rid of dissentients.)

If the village show attention,

Can my lord take aught offence ?

(Certainly not. His lordship ought to be very much obliged to the village for shewing him "attention.")

So, so, we venture

To approach a little further.

What is here ?

(*Punch* can only venture to reply conjecturally in the words of the ancient poet—

"A grenadier,
With a pot of beer.")

Strange adventure ;

'Tis not he, sirs, but another.

By the garment, and by the feature,

'Tis a female—female ? yes !

(Not a "he," after all ! Well, then, it is a she ; as appeareth "by the garments" and "the feature." Howbeit, some lingering doubt exists upon the subject, and hence the emphatic and reiterated asseveration of the fact in the last line, and the affirmation with which it concludes. Before arriving at this point, *Punch* was mortally afraid that the "strange adventure" would turn out like Master Slender's, in Windsor Park, when he found himself yoked with "a great lubberly boy.")

A bizarre event we weet here :

("Weet here !" That's a poser. *Punch* knows something of wheat-eats ; but what the Chorus of Villagers intend to convey by "weeting a bizarre" event, passes all divination. Metaphorically, one might speak of "weeding a bazaar," though the phrase would be far from felicitous, but to "weet a bizarre event" is to perform an indefinable action, by an indescribable instrument for an incomprehensible object.)

As for yonder sleeping woman,

How she came there, who can guess ?

(*Punch* meekly suggests that "she came there" on her feet. Why not ? They are the natural and ordinary means of locomotion, and those which a young lady would resort to upon the occasion of her retiring to rest. The "guess" is surely a shrewd one.)

"Mould" is the outward and visible sign of decay ; and verily the wits of the translator of this libretto must resemble a Stilton cheese in its last stage of decomposition.

TENDERS have been accepted for the removal of stamps in Hotham Ward.—What will the erators do at the forthcoming election.

SPECIMEN OF TYPOGRAPHY.—It is not generally known that at the Victorian Exhibition, a tin medal was awarded to the proprietors of the *Argus*, for specimens of typography. That enterprising firm has reprinted the elaborate composition in the *Argus* of Monday last, from which we extract it, to show what Applegarth's machine can do when it likes:—

A NURSEMAID, who lately accompanied a family from England, wishes to return on the same capacity. sees Mrs. ocFerry. Headede rMrs. M'Arthur, 21 Sept 24.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XIV. *

GEORGE CHILDEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

(Continued).

The next day we determined to leave our down track, and to get back to the place where we had left the pack horses, by a new course that would enable us to examine a portion of the country we had not yet travelled through. Before leaving our down track, however, we had some miles to travel along the creek we had followed the day before, and for that distance we designed carrying on our way against the wild ducks. Accordingly, we alternately led each other's horse while the other tried his luck with the gun. Thus the route of the sportsman sometimes diverged by a quarter of a mile or so from that which the equestrian took, in order to find the best road for the horses.

We had changed functions two or three times, without getting at a duck, and it was my turn with the fowling-piece, when I was gratified by the rising from a hole, a little in advance of me, of a small flock of ducks. I watched them for some distance, and saw them drop down again, on which I immediately made for the spot, and in so doing, failed to observe that I had got up a branch creek instead of the main one. The treacherous birds deceived me, and were away again long before I could get near them, and thus I kept pursuing them for some time, quite unaware of the mistake I had committed. I kept walking on, however, on my side of the creek, intending to do so until M'Tavish should overtake me on the other side with the horses. Thus I took no particular notice of the peculiarities of bends and turns till I became surprised at M'Tavish's long absence, and crossing the creek as soon as I could, I began looking for tracks to see if he had got ahead of me. I was not surprised at finding no up tracks, as this would only have indicated that he was still lagging behind; but when I found no tracks whatever, I became thoroughly startled. I had not seen him for at least a couple of hours; and on examining more narrowly the scenery with which I was surrounded, I could not identify it at all with that we had passed through the day before. At last I hit upon the truth, and found that I had been following up a branch creek instead of the main one, which I had consequently left an unknown distance to the eastward of me.

To have retraced my steps would have taken me back to within a few miles of where we had started from in the morning, while M'Tavish would have been an indefinite number of miles further on, on the backward journey. I accordingly determined to cross the hills and so again join the main creek at as near a point as I could. I steered by the sun and kept as straight a course as possible, but the steepness and rockiness of the hills often forced me out of my true course. I walked and scrambled as fast as I could, and got much heated both by anxiety and exertion. I found that the main and branch creeks had diverged more than I had conceived possible, and the hills between the two, seemed to rise in an interminable succession of ranges. Every time I got to the top of one spur I expected to see the creek at my feet, and again and again I was disappointed. The afternoon was wearing on, when thoroughly tired, thirsty and exhausted, I at last reached the main creek and lay down to drink at the first water-hole to which I came, I then began looking for tracks and speedily discovered those of our previous day's journey, but could find none indicating M'Tavish's return. I accordingly sat down to rest, hoping that he would soon come up; I kept straining my eyes and ears in the hope of seeing or hearing him, but in vain. I felt certain that he would not have left the place without me and that he would be as anxious to join me, for my sake, as I was to join him for my own. I had only two charges left besides those in my gun, and had nothing with me to eat, nor even a match with which to procure a solacing smoke, so I again sat down and forced myself into a calm consideration of what was best to be done. I was two and a half days horseback journey from where the pack-horses and the nearest supplies were left, but I concluded that I was not many miles distant from the camping place of the last night but one—the Birds water-hole, I therefore thought it likely that M'Tavish, when he found we had fairly missed one another, had supposed that I should have made for the spot and had taken a shorter cut to join me there. To this place then I resolved to go, intending if I missed him there, to affix a note to a tree, telling of my proceedings, and then at all hazards to make back for the place where we had left the pack-horses.

It was about four o'clock when I got back to the Birds-water-hole, but there was no M'Tavish nor any indications of his having been there. However, to my great delight, the fire I had made two days before, was still burning, so I got a fresh "aid to reflection" in the shape of a pipe, and then crept into a hole in the rocks to get out of the way of the sun and flies and to wait for my companion's hoped-for appearance. Abundance of rest and water, soon made me feel hungry again. Presently a flight of shell-parrots came down, and this time I was more impressed with their edible properties than their beauty: I took good aim as I thought, and fired, but strange to say did not hit one, and was equally unsuccessful in a flying shot I had at them as they rose. I loaded again and they presently came back, but I would not risk my last charges on such small and scattered game. I then became restless and walked down the creek for half an hour; I had some good chances at ducks but would not fire, as I had resolved to keep one barrel loaded for an emergency, and if possible, only to discharge the other if I could get such a raking shot as would supply me with food enough to take me back to the pack-horses.

To this journey I now began fairly to make-up my mind, as I knew that M'Tavish must sooner or later join me there, when his own stock of ammunition got low, even if he were to spend a day or two in looking for me. Still I felt extremely uneasy. I did not know to what extent he might push his benevolent researches, and I was uncertain as to my own capacity to get back to the pack horses. The temperature was about 100 deg. in the shade. I had no food, and water was scarce on the return route. I remembered the desolate plain, where the black fellow had picked up the lizard, and looked with downright horror to the notion of facing it hungry, thirsty, on foot, and alone. However, I had made up my mind as to the only course I could pursue, and walked about from water-hole to water-hole, looking for the raking shot that was to supply my commissariat during the march. I resolved, as soon as I could succeed in this respect, to lie down for the night, and go straight off in the morning. I had heard much of men bewildering themselves by running backwards and forwards within a narrow arena, and resolved that if I were to be finally lost, it should not be in this way, and that I would not waste my strength and time by lingering about the creek beyond the night.

Fate, however, seemed altogether against me, and so far from getting a raking shot, I did not get another chance at anything. I began to feel thoroughly done up, drank eagerly at every water-hole I came to, but felt as weak as possible. A long day's march of a hurried and anxious kind, with nothing to eat, and the thermometer at 100 deg. had its effect, and when next I came to a water-hole I resolved to go no further. The sun was setting, and I knelt to take a final drink before lying down for the night where I was.

"For the barring o' the door weel—weel—weel;
For the barring o' the door."

Such was the sound that startled me as I lay. I felt revived in a moment. The singer was still at some distance, but I knew that the aborigines were unacquainted with the modern Doric, and that from no lungs but those of my own M'Tavish could issue notes so eminently Scotch and discordant. I rushed towards the welcome discord, and was not disappointed. There was M'Tavish riding along and shouting at the top of his voice. The good soul had, it seems, been for hours turning his national melodies to account, by singing at intervals, in the hope that I might be within hearing, and had struck up "the barring o' the door" just as he came within ear-shot of the spot where I had resigned myself to a night of discomfort, to be followed by a wearisome and doubtful journey on the morrow.

I think he was even more relieved to see me than I was to foregather with him. Shortly after missing me in the morning, he had come upon a large party of blacks, and though they ran away at sight of him and the horses, he was very uneasy as to what my fate might have been if I had come upon them unexpectedly while on foot. He had found my footmarks, too, in such a position, that I must have passed within twenty yards of the blacks' party, but they must have couched down when I came near, as I was at no time aware of being near any human being. He then lighted a large fire and stuck a piece of paper to a tree, informing me that if I missed him he would wait for me at the Birds water-hole, but this paper and fire I missed, in going up the branch instead of the main creek.

He had resolved to linger about the place while his ammunition lasted, and then to make back for the pack horses if he failed to find me, so that our estimates of each others probable proceedings dovetailed very well. My impatience in leaving the Birds Water-hole instead of passing the night there, had, however, rendered my meeting with M'Tavish, much less probable according to the ordinary rules of

chance, although, as it happened, it advanced the meeting by about an hour. If he had not resumed his vocal exercises when he did; however, he would have passed me en route for the Bird's Water-hole—would have reached it when it was too dark for him to perceive my tracks, and I should have started for the pack horses the next morning.

However, we speedily forgot possible mishaps. M'Taviah had been more lucky than myself, and had three ducks swinging to his saddle when he came up, so we camped then and there; and after a good meal, and half-an-hour's smoking, congratulation and interchange of narrative, we "curled in" for the night, and by the next morning were fresh again to deal with whatever the fortune of war might send us.

I am going away from the station I am now at, for a couple of days, on a cattle mustering expedition, and some opportunity of sending what I have written may occur in my absence, so I shall finish my letter, and tell you about the rest of our journey in my next.

Your affectionate brother,

GEO. CHISLEHURST.

Political Manifesto.

ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF MELBOURNE.

FELLOW COLONISTS,—

Believing that the sources of humbug are inexhaustible, that the effrontery of political charlatans is enormous, that the toleration of such a nuisance is impossible, that the appearance of such froth upon the surface of society is an indication of the turbulence which agitates its depths; and that what the colony most needs is sound-principled, honest, intelligent, unselfish and enlightened political representatives, *Melbourne Punch* hastens to declare what things he would do, and what things he would not do, if chosen to represent you in the Legislative Council.

THINGS HE WOULD DO :

Advocate without reserve the abolition of political quacks, mount-banks, mercenary spouters, professional demagogues, utterers of base nonsense, vendors of political claptraps, and declaimers of flatulent fanfarronade. Demonstrate to every impartial mind that some knowledge of colonial politics is essential in order to qualify a man to discuss public affairs and legislate for the public good.

Endow a dame school for the purpose of instructing political aspirants in the rudiments of legislative science—shame noodledom—and carry into practice the theory of self-government, by excluding from the Senate, those who can neither govern their own tempers, their households, nor their secular affairs.

Propose a plan, simple and comprehensive, by which individuals having first of all acquired a proper modicum of wisdom in the regulation of their private conduct, should be deemed eligible to take a part in controlling and directing the conduct of the machine of state.

THINGS HE WOULD NOT DO :

Vote the value of a single number of his immortal publication for the sustentation of political impostors; hesitate to proclaim that pretention without worth is an insufferable sham.

Allow the Legislative Council to be degraded into an arena for the exhibition of "intrepid Ignorance" by unblushing Impudence.

In any manner connive at Folly, Indolence, Incapacity, Spurious Patriotism, self-seeking Demagogueism, Shallow Sophistry, and the Flunkeyism which is begotten of egregious conceit and rancorous envy.

From the terms of this Manifesto, it is plain that the undersigned represents a Party—the Party of Common Sense, Constitutional Progress, sound Legislation and Political honesty—and would be ashamed to ask your suffrages as the representative of a class, or as an oratorical charlatan.

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

October, 25, 1855.

CALM AND CLASSICAL.—Many persons have been surprised that no use has yet been made in the *Melbourne Herald* of the story of *Leda* and the Swan. Probably the explanation may be found in the natural reluctance of the conductors of that eminent periodical to suggest more than they can help, the connection between *Leader* and the goose.



PHRENOLOGY REFUTED.

BETTER HALF.—*What is the matter, my Love?*

WORSE HALF.—*Why, that fool of a Phrenological Professor says I have obstinacy and self-esteem large. I've a great mind to break his head for it. Nothing earthly shall convince me that, if there's any truth in Phrenology, it oughtn't to be firmness and benevolence.*

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD RHYME, FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE PRESENT AGE.

Who hither came from "Plata" wars,
Landing 'mid long and loud hurrahs,
Yet cared not for our weal two straws?

Why Charlie!

Who, at Geelong, 'mid many things,
Said—"All power from the people springs,"
And yet would keep them in leading strings?

Why Charlie!

Who to the diggings quickly went,
And on reform seem'd fully bent,
Altho' 'twas not his real intent?

Why Charlie!

Who guests invited, and being near,
Instead of wine gave "Murphy's beer,"
Which sent them, one and all, home queer?

Why Charlie!

Who'd rule us with an iron rod,
And make us kiss the ground he trod,
And worship him—the quarter deck god?

Why Charlie!

In answer to numerous enquiries, we beg to state that Dr. MILTON is not the author of "Paradise Lost," though he is the strenuous advocate for Adams's ale.



**E DIEU
ET LA
BAYADERE.
AS
DESCRIBED
BY
POLICEMAN
X.**

The seen of this
dramer is laid
in Kashmeer,
Which accounts
for the shawls
and the young
buy-a-dear,
And all the partic-
lars you'll
presently here

An elderly beak, which in fact is Coolong,
With very weak legs, and a voice very strong,
Was hearin the cases and taken the air,

As it seems is the custom with pleece courts out there.
—His pleecemen, all dressed in a uniform gownd,
Which it looks quite unnatural, was standing around—
When in comes a lot of young females in gauze,
To help, I suppose, in administering the laws.
The elderly beak gets excitable quite,
And with one of em tries for to make it all right.
He talks to her as haffable as ever you please,
And falls down before her, on his foolish old knees :
But he can't get a word from her—can't the elderly beak,
Because as how it seems she ain't able to speak ;
Mrs Hancock, as Ninka, tells the spoony old bloke,
As how Zoloe have never been known to have spoke,
Which it isn't the case with the most of her sex,
Leastways, I can answer regardin Mrs. X.

But though Zoloe can't speak, she's quite able to hear,
And the old gent says he'll give her a fortune a year ;
(He didn't, as I heard on, say anythink of marridge,
Nor promise her two thousand a year and a carriage,)
But he'd give her no end of gold, jewells, and shawls,
And do the thing handsome, as to parties and bawls.

The old gent, howsoever, come in for a sell,
As by signs and by dancing she makes out to tell,
She's in love with a younger and handsomer swell.
Then Olifour (that's the beak) gets as mad as you please,
And desires all the officers the young swell to seize
Which he's forthwith took up with the greatest of ease.
But instead of bein locked in a regular cell,
As would be much most lawful and safest as well,
They leaves him with Zoloe to dance and to sing,
What in his situation ain't by no means the thing ;
She makes out she loves him with the bestest of grace,
'Till I'd have given a trifle to have been in his place.

Then the beak and the pleecemen comes again on the ground,
But the young swell has mizzled, and aint to be found.
Next four young men comes in, a carryin a cheer,
Bein that's the kind of cab as they use in Kashmeer.
Then the young swell comes forward, which none on 'em perceive,
And steps into the chair without any sort of leave ;
And the beak, who don't know as a man's in the chair,
Makes Zoloe get, off the reel, also in there :
Of course Zoloe aint got no kind of objection,
And the two gets kerried off without any inspection.
(I wouldn't be so flat as them pleecemen and their beak,
To be made a lieutenant this very blessed week.)

The next seen shows a hut made of Singapore goods,
Which it seems is the Buy-a-dears home in the woods,
Then in comes poor Zoloe and her swell fancy man
Which he looks as big a muff as a party well can.
She makes him sit down, but then comes the rub,
She ain't got no money and she ain't got no grub ;
Then she takes out some jewells, as she can do well without 'em,
And rushes off madly into the bush for to spout 'em.
Having rescued her fancy man from all of his scrapes,
She tops it up by bringin him some liquor and grapes.
But they doesn't eat none of the grapes, and indeed
Both parties seems entirely off of their feed ;
And as for the liquor in the bottles—why lawks !
They don't go so fur as to draw one o' the cawks.

Then Ninka quite permiscous drops suddenly in,
And by singin, seeks the love of the young swell to win.
(If I was a female I'd sooner go without
Than bother about such a dull heavy lout,
But it aint of the least bit of good I expect,
To try to account for the doing of the sect),
Well stupid-head gets spooney on Ninka, one can see—
Leastways, so far as such a oyster can be—
Now this puts poor Zoloe in a doose of stew,
So off she sets dancing, bein all she can do,
And stupid-head at last gets sweet on her too.

But when Ninka and a young un as was with her, go out,
And leaves him with Zoloe—what does he set about ?
To talk to her, kiss her, and hug her and that !
No ! he lays down like a dog and goes to sleep on a mat !
While she stands like a angel, with one leg in the air,
And fans him with feathers as he's a laying there ;
Then she kneels down and kisses of his great ugly paw,
Looking all the while as beautiful as ever you saw ;
Then the heavy swell wakes and says he can't stand it longer ;
But just as he's going to come out rather stronger,
They're startled by the sound of some trumpets and drums,
And the voice of the old beak a singin as he comes.

Then stupid-head fearing to be took up once more,
Makes a bolt of it at onces and gets off as before,
Leaving Zoloe alone to do the best as she can,
(I wonder he's the cheek to call hisself a man).
Then the pleecemen and their beak rushes in in a rage ;
But the bird as they want has flown out of the cage,
So they ketch hold of Zoloe and bid her disclose
What's become of her fancy-man bein as she knows.
But she lets um understand they may all do their wust ;
But as for peaching on her fancy-man, she'll see 'em at Hong Kong
fust.

Then some on'em tears down the walls, and the while
The rest on'em makes ready a funeral pile,
Whereby poor dear Zoloe has to get on the top ;
But seein as they didn't 'and-cuff her, I wonder as she'd stop.
Well, they're just agoin to set her alight, but instead
The rocks behind bustes, and in comes Stupid head,
Which it seems, all the time he was a god in diguise,
Which I own that it took me very much by surprize.
Then down falls the beak on the flat of his face ;
And blue flames illuminates the whole of the place ;
Then through clouds and through fire the two lovyers arise,
Bein drawd up a inclined plain to bliss in the skies.
But if all Indian gods are of stuped-head's kidney,
For my part I'd sooner live in Melbourne or Sydney.

**ELECTIONEERING MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING
WEEK.**

MR. MOONEY receives his friends and supporters at the National
Hotel every evening. The piano taken by Mr. Nokes, at eight o'clock.
MR. RAN's friends meet at the Hall of Commerce, whenever they
happen to be there at the same time.

MR. CRUIKSHANK's backers meet in the street casually, and discuss
their own views upon any subject that comes uppermost.

MR. SOUTHWELL inflicts himself upon willing and unwilling
listeners alike, at the Protestant Hall, whenever he can get an audience
together.



MR. NEWCHAMP GREEN'S EXPERIENCE AS A CATTLE FARMER,
No. 7.

Mr. GREEN has gone out shooting, and has just fired both barrels without success, when a bull charges him. Mr GREEN remembers to have read in his youth, that if a man looks steadily through his legs at any wild animal, the wild animal immediately flies in dismay. With his usual presence of mind, Mr. GREEN at once makes the experiment, and with intense anxiety looks for the bull's discomfiture.

Another Voice from the Pantry.
TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ.
(Private and Confidential.)

Tworack, October 30.

HONNED SIR,—

The *James Banes* is in, and Sir Chawles is out, leastways resined, wick I am confidenshally informed has happened by Mr. Judge Barry's gentleman, which overherd it between the Collector of Honorable Customs and the Cloniel Socketary. As I remarked to Soosan, wen we was disgusting the suckumstance after tee, "I bare no mallis, Soosan, but then I'm mortal, and bein bootjakt and cussed by Sir Chawles on a certain memorable occasion, I'm not goin to shed krokodille's tears for the fall of the Guvner."

"Joseph," sez she, edgin her chare up to my corner of the table, "you would be a larfing hieener of you did. Hand me the tost." After a paw, Soosan resoomed her remark which havin bin lady-made to an actress in Paris, she talks like a book.

"In most hi plaices there's lots of vales, but as to vales at Tworack they're of no more valley than an hole shoo. Fifteen thousing a year, and no compani wuth menshuning, but a buth-nite bawl with lots of fluffy, snuffy, fluffy shopkeepers and their wives, who turn up their noses (and goodness nose sum of them needn't turn them up wus than they are) at beer and dips and the sandwichis; and go home and rite abooiv letters to the papers, which if they was Mourning Postes would refuse to publish them. When me and Maddemy Zell de Pessayde-leave was living in the Roo Rishloo, I've made as much as twenty franks a week by my vales, let alone gloves and other perkisits. But one mite as well be transported or berried alive as to be lady's maid to a Guvner's lady."

"Very troo," Soosan, sez I, "and it's wuss for the Guverner's gentleman as has been yewsed to meet *other* gentlemen down stares at the yewnited servias, and to jine the harristoxracy in a hairing in the ring; and to disgust the latest noose of a nite in the vestibool of the Italian Hopers; which they pretend to perform at the Royle; but law, Soosan, we who no, what the hopera is, are not to be imposed upon by such a kounterfit."

"And the roodness of the lore orders," sez Soosan, "puffickly unbareable. Sir Chawles was 'issed dredful on Munday nite—"

"Like a bad akter a playin a leadin part, which is not up in his bizness," sez I.

"Well," sez Soosan, "I've seen better Guvners on the stage than Sir Chawles; and they do say that theatrikle guvners is to be had for ten pounds a week, as can arang the people and ishoo proklamaahins and find their own close—"

We was pursooin the conversation, when a violent ringing at my lady's bell broak up our interestin tatur-tate, and set me a thinkin about Guvners and sallaries; which my conclushuns is, that it would be eekonomikle to kontrakt for all the Guverment works, the Guverner inklooded. At present, Her Grashus Majesty's repprysentatiff does nuthing for nobody but hissself.

Betwene ourselves, I dont believe as Sir Chawles has spent moar than three thousing pounds ains he's bin Guverner, so you may kal- kulate what is his pile.

If you've an openin in your establishment, I shall be disengaged in a fortnite; with humble dooti remain

Yours to Command,

JOSEPH WILKINS.

“DEFORMED TRANSFORMED,” OR THE MAYORS BALL.





HENRY THE EIGHTH AND CARDINAL WOLSEY PREPARE FOR THE BALL.



HENRY THE EIGHTH AND CARDINAL WOLSEY RETURN FROM THE BALL.

ELECTION CATECHISING.

MR. SPOUTWELL entertained a select meeting of electors the other evening with a lively exposition of his views on things in general. Having occupied a couple of hours in this pleasant but unprofitable manner, he submitted to be put through his facings, by any elector who felt a call thereto.

MR. O'QRRKK responded to the invitation. He said that he was a person of unbounded wealth, which he had accumulated by the practice of the liberal arts, and he possessed a controlling influence on the elections; it would therefore be well for aspiring candidates to pay attention to his questions. He would be glad to know whether Mr. Spoutwell intended to go to the Mayor's ball, and what character he intended to assume?

MR. SPOUTWELL was not clear whether or not he would participate in the festivities in question. The fact was, that although he had applied for an invitation, he had not received it; but, in compliance with the suggestion thrown out in a recent number of *Punch*, he had been at some pains to ascertain the correct costume of Gratiano, and had given Messrs. Lush and Co., *carte blanche* as to expense in the preparation of it.

MR. O'QRRKK asked, whether, having attended the ball, the candidate would feel himself bound to be civil to the Mayor afterwards; or whether he would attack the corporation tooth and nail.

MR. SPOUTWELL rather believed that if he was smarter at one thing more than another it was the art of attack. He was open to go in and smash anything and anybody, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

MR. O'QRRKK would ask one question more. What tippie was the orator's particular vainty? He demanded a direct answer to this question, as the unlimited election influence which he possessed, should be exercised in favor of that candidate only whose taste agreed with his own, and all others would he oppose, to their discomfiture and his own glorification.

MR. SPOUTWELL artistically played round the question for some time, in the hope of finding some clue to the expected answer; but falling in this, and being hard pressed by his catechist, declared that he—in short—he—was very partial to cold brandy-and-water—(a scowl from Mr. O'Qrrkk)—but thought it by no means equal to claret—(Mr. O'Q. looked intense dissatisfaction)—claret, however, was unsuited to the climate, so was colonial ale. (This seemed to be a successful hit). Champagne was better than any of them. (Here Mr. O'Q. jumped up and indignantly declared war to the knife against any puppy who was fond of champagne). "Softly, sir," said the orator, "I only approve champagne as compared with the other liquors mentioned;

eggnog and cocktail are far preferable. ("Thunder and turf!" shouted O'Qrrkk, "then, by jakers, you shan't go in for the city, wid yer Yankee notions, take my word for it"). Mr. Spoutwell here declared with much eloquence and tact, that he had thus enumerated some of the choicest and most popular tipples, in order more highly to extol, by comparison, the nectar to which he was devoted. (Intense excitement.) He was free to confess that, much as he liked all the wholesome, exhilarating, and refreshing liquors he had just had the honor of enumerating, ay, and many more, there was not one of them that could be mentioned in the same week with the mountain dew of old Ireland, which alone—(O'Qrrkk here frantically jumped upon the platform, seized the speaker by both hands, and bid him be sure of success, for himself would command all his tinantry, and that was half of Melbourne, to follow his vote, which his talented frind might rest assured of.)

MR. TOMKINS asked Mr. Spoutwell for an exposition of his views on lunar politics.

MR. SPOUTWELL thought that the operation of the present lunar dynasty were all moonshine; he approved the mercurial style, and endeavoured in his humble way, to fit (figuratively speaking) from flower to flower, sampling the honey of every odoriferous vegetable that presented itself to political view.

MR. DE SMYTH would be glad to know whether the speaker was hampered by any scruples as to consistency. Answer—Certainly not.

MR. O'QRRKK asked if Mr. Spoutwell would accept the post of Governor-in-Chief of the Australian Colonies, in the event of its being offered to him.

MR. SPOUTWELL indignantly scorned the idea. Never would he become a creature of British Despotism, unless by so immolating himself, he might advance the interests of mankind. In reply to an enquiry whether he possessed the necessary qualification, he stated, that he expected to be able to "work the oracle," so as to make the necessary declarations.

DOCTOR DIONYSIUS HUNTAMAN; H.U.M., having ascended the platform, and out-talked all other speakers, entertained the audience with a pellucid exposition of his own transcendent abilities, some small reflection of which he allowed to fall on his clever friend Mr. Spoutwell, to whom he liberally tendered an I. O. U. for 2s. 9d., towards the expenses of the forthcoming contest—he then modestly disappeared without waiting to be thanked.

MR. SPOUTWELL then moved, and put (to himself) a vote of thanks for his own able conduct in the chair, (the audience having departed), and having carried the same unanimously, he separated.



FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE.
ENTHUSIASTIC EMERALD ISLANDER.—Arrah, but them's the Praties
I like to be Diggins.

The Spent Bull.

Punch might fill the whole of the present number with a narrative of the small events, which, like the satellites of a planet, have circled round the great event of the week. He can only afford space for a few of the floating on dits.

Higgins, he is informed, was almost tempted to commit suicide in despair of either looking, walking, talking, or feeling like a nobleman of the Court of Louis XIV.

Higgins, was expelled from his lodgings by an indignant landlady, whose ears had been outraged by the thrumming of his guitar, while rehearsing the character of a Troubadour.

Higgins, who is very nervous, fortified himself for the ball, by so many nobblers, that he was found one morning, partially attired as Archbishop Fenelon, stretched upon the sofa in a sonorous slumber.

Stiggins was so overpowered by the weight of his armor as Richard Cœur de Lion, that he was compelled to ask the Sultan Saladin to charter a cab for him half-an-hour before midnight.

Wiggins, who had been reading up for Conrad, was dismissed from his clerkship for posting a long extract from the "Corsair" among the "Bills Receivable."

Jenkins exhausted the resources (and the patience) of three corset-makers in padding his bony figure so as to qualify it to pass for that of a passable Harlequin).

Brown might have been seen, walking bare-legged, for five consecutive nights, on Batman's Hill, in order to season his nether limbs to exposure in the garb of a Highlander.

Jones expended a month's salary in taking lessons in tumbling, which he considered to be essential before assuming the character of Pantaloon.

Robinson consumed fifteen boxes of cough lozenges, before he could rid himself of the hoarseness acquired by practising the war-whoop of the Red Indians.

Melbourne Punch to Kangaroo Bull, Esq.

MY DEAR BULL,—

You are the very image of your father. It was the emphatic affirmation of your nurse as, with snuff-stained fingers, she compressed that cartilaginous rudiment adorning the centre of your infant face, which has since developed into a shapely nose; in all respects, the very image of your father. I can imagine the parting advice with which he dismissed you from your paternal home, and I honor the desperate fidelity with which you have adhered to that advice.

"Beef, beer, and broadcloth, my boy," (was not this his valedictory maxim?) are the concrete bed upon which are laid the foundations of British greatness, and of the solid buttresses of the British character."

Qualis vir talis oratio. The maxim was worthy of your sire, and your literal obedience to the precepts it involves, is worthy of his son.

The carnal odours which arise, like morning incense, from ten thousand frying-pans, offer their savoury testimony to your devotion to beef, and to the strength of your digestion. Tumuli, pyramids, yea, mountains of empty bottles, silently bear witness to your unshaken attachment to your national beer. The dusky gloom, which your Sunday garb diffuses over the interiors of your churches and conventicles; and the sombre sadness which your "evening-dress" exhibits in your theatres and concert-rooms, darkly testify to your inheritance of the paternal predilection for British broadcloth. Very touching; and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired is this devotion to the beef, beer, and broadcloth of your ancestral Britain. Nature prescribes to you, in a warm and southern climate, a fruitful diet, light beverages, expressed from the juicy grape, and habiliments of a hue and texture that shall harmonize with the peculiarities of the climate; but the traditional usages of your forefathers are stronger and more imperative than nature, and, therefore, my dear Bull, you endure heat with the passive fortitude of a St. Lawrence, and undergo the horrors of dyspepsia with the heroic patience of a martyr in May-fair.

Punch was an admiring spectator of the magnanimity with which you, my dear Bull, and some thousand or two of the male members of your family, enveloped in British broadcloth, sat simmering in the pit and boxes of the Theatre Royal, on Monday night. Himself in motley not un-rebuked of the watchful janitor, *Punch* condoled with your sufferings and (with an eye that craved for satisfaction from cheerfulness, variety and harmony of color), he looked sadly upon that "black forest" of woaded wool, with the occasional sparkle of a scarlet uniform to mitigate its dismal dreariness, and he mutely soliloquized:—"Great is the power of convention; glutinous the tenacity of Kangaroo Bull to the customs of his forefathers, and the habitudes of the cold and foggy island in which he was born; wonderful his religious reverence for the ugly fetish, denominated Fashion; passing belief his docility to the despotic edicts of unreasoning etiquette. An assemblage like the present should have the brilliant and vari-colored aspect of a flower-garden; the attire of Mr. Kangaroo Bull and his brethren, converts it into a convocation of crows, a solemn sable congress of mutes and undertakers. With three thousand pair of lungs generating caloric, and sundry millions of billions of spiral ducts conveying the said caloric into the circumambient atmosphere; the garb of Mr. Kangaroo Bull and his brethren should promote this transpiration, but the dye, the fabric of the fashion of his 'inky' coat suppresses and prevents it."

Yes, my dear Bull, your allegiance to the beef, beer, and broadcloth of your ancestors, I must be permitted to remind you, is maintained at the expense of your health, your comfort, and your happiness. It is based upon a prejudice and perpetuated through sheer pusillanimity. Adapt yourself to the climate of your adopted country; act naturally, rationally, temperately, and firmly. Put your British prejudices in your pocket, snap your fingers at convention, and subscribe to

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

MR. RAE'S PRINCIPLES.—By some oversight our contemporaries have failed to take notice of one of the most important questions asked of Mr. Rae at a recent meeting. An *Elector* asked "was Mr. Rae prepared to put down the abominable nuisance of the candle-factory, at the south end of Queen-street. At present the stench arising there from that nuisance was enough to make any one sick that passed the place. Mr. Rae said he was no socialist, and though he admitted the nuisance, he respected the rights of private property too much to pledge himself to oppose its continuance.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XV.

GEORGE CHILBERT, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

We got back to the pack-horses without any accident or misadventure, and proceeded on our journey towards B—'s station, at which I am writing. The exploring spirit, however, once or twice again led us out of our course, and the consequence was, that as time drew on, our stock of provisions began to run short. When our stock of flour was reduced to about fifteen pounds we converted it all into one big damper, to save the trouble and waste of cooking leather jackets; but we were unfortunate in falling in with no game, so that, though we put ourselves for some days upon short allowance, we found, on taking stock one morning, as we ate a small slice of damper and a lizard for breakfast, at a brackish water-hole, that we had but just enough food left to carry us on the reduced scale to B—'s station, which M'Tavish computed to be still at the distance of about three days' journey. Accordingly, as the Yankees say, we determined to "make straight tracks" for B—'s.

We travelled all day through very unprepossessing country, uncheered by the appearance of a drop of water. We had changed our riding horses for the pack horses some time before, but the long and fatiguing journey was beginning to tell upon all of them, as well as upon ourselves, and it was weary work to drag along the led horses even though they had nothing to carry but saddle bags that were now nearly empty. The day was broiling hot, and we suffered severely for want of water, and though feeling somewhat weak as the hours wore on, we were not inclined to stop and eat. M'Tavish, who though a most stanch and excellent fellow, had some infirmities of temper, got very morose towards the end of the day, and growled and blasphemed a good deal, so much so, that he received the few pleasantries I had the heart to venture upon very dubiously. Indeed, after we had been toiling on for about a dozen hours, when I suddenly proposed to him that we should have some cold lamb and salad, and a bottle of iced claret for our supper, he so unequivocally refused to enter into the humour of the suggestion, that I relinquished all attempts to be agreeable, and we plodded on in silence, only broken when we cursed the pack-horses for hanging back upon their halters.

Towards sunset we reached a creek, which, though dry when we came to it, M'Tavish thought might very likely lead us to water without taking us much out of the way, and we accordingly followed it for many miles by moonlight after the sun had gone down. At last, however, we got so thoroughly fatigued and the horses so completely done up, that we could go no farther that night, and unsaddled, shortening the horses' hobbles by aid of saddle straps, to prevent their moving far during the night. Having nothing to cook, and being in no mood for fireside conversation, I began spreading out my possum rug at once, without even lighting a fire as usual. M'Tavish was groping among the gear to get out the damper, in order that we might fortify ourselves with a few dry mouthfuls if we could get them down, when, all of a sudden I heard him bursting out with such a flood of muttered imprecations as quite alarmed me. I was not long in learning the truth. Some branch in the course of our day's journey had penetrated the saddle bag containing the last mortal remains of our damper, which had accordingly fallen out, and had doubtless long before entered into the composition of the wild dogs!

The cup of our misfortunes now seemed as full as ourselves and our quart pots were empty. However there was nothing for it but endurance. There was still a little sugar left, of which we each ate about a table spoonful, and then lay down for the night which passed miserably and feverishly enough. We were up at the earliest streak of dawn, and found the horses standing dejectedly within a very few yards from the spot where we had left them over night. We soon saddled up, and were again *en route*, following down the creek as before. As the sun rose hot and cloudless, his rays seemed almost intolerable, but there was nothing for it but to go on. I began to feel that I would gladly sell my birthrights, if any one would have bought them, for one cool and copious draught, when at about nine o'clock there burst upon our sight (with a sense of relief which you will never appreciate till you have passed eight and twenty waterless hours in an Australian summer) a clear little pool, shaded by an overhanging rock. In a second, however, the horrible notion flashed upon me that it might prove to be salt, but in a few minutes that doubt was dispelled, and

we found ourselves abundantly supplied with the first physical necessary, beside which even food seems as nothing.

Long and deeply we drank, both man and horse, and then M'Tavish and I held a council of war. We determined to remain where we were for the day. The poor beasts were so knocked up, that we doubted being able to get them along if we encountered another day like the last, and here there was abundant water and grass for them to recruit upon. We had nothing to eat ourselves it was true, but M'Tavish thought it almost certain that in the evening at all events birds would come down to drink, and it seemed easy enough to go another day without food with plenty of water and nothing to do but to lie in the shade, and smoke. Towards the middle of the day, however, I loitered about a little with my gun, but saw nothing to shoot, so I returned to the water-hole to "take it out" in more water. While so engaged, I noticed a quantity of tadpoles swimming about. I have no fantastic prejudices against particular sorts of food, and remembering that the best culinary judges in the world eat frogs, I resolved to try what tadpoles were like. I accordingly made a net of the veil of my hat, and caught several, which I roasted on the ashes. It was a regular case of much cry and little wool, however, they shrank to about half the size of shrimps, and there was no more satisfaction to be got out of eating them than out of eating flies, so I quickly gave up that kind of fishing which, indeed, M'Tavish had scorned from the beginning, although he ventured gingerly to put one tadpole between his teeth.

Towards nightfall, we took up a favourable position for watching the pigeons, which we felt assured would come, but we were altogether disappointed. M'Tavish, however, shot a small hawk, which was exceedingly welcome under the circumstances. After a couple of days' rigid fast, quantity is of more consequence than quality, and the only thing we objected to was his size, which afforded us but a very scanty meal though we picked the tough muscles off his strong bones till we left them nearly as polished as ivory, washing him down with plenty of tea, of which our stock still held out. M'Tavish seemed wonderfully revived, and said that we could certainly manage to get to B—'s station, now, even if we got nothing to eat during the remainder of the journey, as it would assuredly come to an end the day after to-morrow. Oh, you who grumble at being kept waiting half-an-hour for your dinner, consider the comfort to be derived from knowing when already reduced by a two days' fast that you will get something to eat the day after to-morrow! However, I can't afford to preach, for since I have got into good quarters again, I am not one whit more patient in this respect than I was before.

Having breakfasted the next morning on the recollection of last night's hawk, we got in the horses and started. The horses had been living in clover for the last twenty-four hours, and were comparatively lively again. In the middle of the day, we fortunately came again to water, and this was the last we saw on the journey. We travelled on till late and lay down in the bed of a dry creek after another day's involuntary abstinence. I woke before daylight out of a delightful dream of mutton-chops, mashed potatoes and beer, and immediately called M'Tavish; we soon got in the horses, from which the day's journey and the waterless night had taken all the spirit they had gained during the previous twenty-four hours rest. This however was our last day of suffering. We had not proceeded far when M'Tavish recognised the distant peaks over-hanging B—'s station. This was reviving, but I felt sometimes as if I must have dropped off my horse from thirst and weakness, M'Tavish suffered less than I did, but he wasted his superior strength and condition in swearing at the pack-horses, which we now with considerable difficulty drove before us, instead of attempting to lead. I was certain he was aggravating his thirst unnecessarily and told him so, but he was in no mood to receive council and continued to crack his throat and his stock-whip as before. Late in the afternoon, we came upon some cattle tracks, the sight of which was like the sight of land to shipwrecked sailors after long suffering on a boat or raft.

We followed the tracks and presently found ourselves in a well-trodden cattle path, into which, as we proceeded, tributary tracks occasionally fell. The horses seemed to know the meaning of the path as well as we did, and immediately jogged along at an improved pace, as if they had an object before them, and not listlessly as before; we knew well that the path would take us to water, and so it did at about three miles further on. The instant the horses saw it, they broke into a trot, and it was with difficulty we could keep them from dashing in. We were off however, and had our quart pots full to our lips almost as soon as the poor brutes plunged their heads in up to the eyes, in their eagerness to drink. The water was warm and muddy, but after nearly drinking enough to have swam in, we left it with a sort of reluctance. My horse

felt like an elephant when I got on him again, his distended carcase so contrasted with the empty "tucked up" thing I previously bestrude.

We were now not long in reaching B--'s station, where we were hospitably welcomed; and in little more than five minutes were plentifully supplied with capital beef and damper. There are chords in the human heart too tender to be carelessly touched, and I shall draw a veil over the emotions of that meal. Suffice it that we paid no great attention to the rule about eating very little after long fast. As for the tea we consumed, we made Bob the hut-keeper stare again at the way in which we emptied the big two-handled tea-pot. The next day we felt quite comfortable again, although somewhat pulled down, and I subsequently had a slight attack of dysentery, due, I suppose, either to previous scarcity or the change to abundance.

Although it was certainly by no means agreeable at the time, I can't say I regret my starvation experience, and like most other human ills, I really found it not so bad as imagination had pictured it. At least there was less actual pain about it than I expected. The human stomach indeed has, I think, a memory, and, as accustomed meal-times come on without bringing the accustomed meals, it remonstrates violently, and for some time there is a good deal of downright pain. Then that passes, and you only feel weak, perhaps for some hours. The worst of it is, that each pang is worse than the last, and the intervening debility greater. Still the progress of starvation is not so rapid as you would suppose, considering the progress your appetite makes when you want your dinner. I am convinced if there had been plenty of water we could have weathered out another day or two, if it had been absolutely necessary, without becoming so thoroughly prostrated as to have lain down to die. Of course in our case we were in no danger of this, so long as we could find water, as we could have killed a horse if needful. We did not adopt this expedient, because M'Tavish always knew pretty well where we were, and that ours wasn't a life and death case, though disagreeable enough.

These excuses and allowances that I made for the rascal hunger, however, apply in no way to the demon thirst. Thirst is horrible, particularly under a blazing Australian sun. The longest interval without water that we experienced, was, from the noon of one day to the evening of the next, when we reached the watering place of B.'s cattle. At that time all the solid dainties of a lord Mayor's feast would not have tempted either of us to break a four day's almost absolute fast, till we had assuaged our thirst. The desire for water destroyed the desire for food. Hunger only troubles greatly at intervals. Thirst is suffering without cessation, and continuously augmenting. Hunger allows you to sleep—thirst doesn't. These at least are my experiences: if they don't satisfy you, by all means try for yourself.

B. and M'Tavish have just returned from an expedition to look at some cattle on a neighbouring run, and to-morrow we are going out mustering B.'s, from whom we also expect to purchase a draft.

Your affectionate brother,
GEORGE CHISLEHURST.

THE BROKEN BOTTLE NUISANCE.—We hear that a pamphlet will shortly make its appearance from the pen of Captain Harrison, the worthy Inspector of Nuisances, and dedicated to the Teetotal Society. The subject is "The Empty Bottle Nuisance in Melbourne." The writer is a naval man, and it may be remarked generally, that members of his profession have a strong objection to *marines*.

RECIPE FOR A "HERALD" LEADER.—(After *Soyer*.)—Take your autobiography for stock and throw in the "particulars" of an old bird which simmer till tender; add a spice of the Greek Kalends, give piquancy by a little Herodotus, and season with Downing-street injustice; stew with threats of extinction to Governments in general, and thicken to *Herald* consistency;—lastly, serve up with Lempriere sauce, and garnish with a classical quotation—a strong substantial leader beyond the average quality may thus be produced.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.—In the column of news headed "Ireland," in the *Melbourne Herald* of a recent date appears the following paragraph:—

It is stated that the iron prison at Haulbowline, Ireland, has proved a failure, being insupportably hot in summer, and cold in the opposite extreme in winter. It is being lined with felt, in order to correct if possible, the defect.

This is a thoroughly homoeopathic remedy. The evil that has long been felt—felt is to cure.

SIR JOHN THOMAS.



UMOUR and a Correspondent of the *Age* declare, that His Worship, John Thomas Smith, Esq., aspires to the honor of knighthood. We believe there is some foundation for this story, and that His Worship is at once anxious for the dignity, and alarmed when reflecting on the unknown ceremonies he may have to go through in securing it. Thus, we believe, he was heard asking whether, if he became a knight, it would be necessary for him to take out a night license again. He also desired to know whether, in creating a Knight

of the Bath, hot or cold water was used. The policeman in the gig explained that water would not be used in the ceremony at all, but added, "You'll have to go to Bath, your Wash-up."

John Thomas is, however, still doubtful as to what order he is to be invested with, and this so weighs upon his mind, as to interfere with the placidity of his innocent slumbers. Thus, he was heard muttering in his sleep recently, "Now, marm, please be quick—give your order." It appears that he imagined himself to be in conversation with his august sovereign, but the scene was strangely interwoven,—as is the way in dreams—with bygone times and events, and he was living over again a portion of that career which so eminently entitles him to the honor whereto he aspires.

The prevailing opinion is, however, that if the Mayor be Knighted at all, he will be made a Knight of *St. John's*, as the title would serve to keep past services in memory.

The Councillors and Aldermen.

Ye Councillors and Aldermen,
Who guard your sluggish ease,
Whose choice has braved a thousand sneers,
From men of all degrees.
Your voting cards prepare again,
To choose another mayor;
Raise the shout—turn Smith out,
For it really isn't fair,
That publicans, and they alone,
Should civic honours share.

II.

The spirit in his puncheons,
No doubt was strong and clear;
For St. John's it was a place of fame,
That brought men to their beer.
There Jones and mighty Thompson fell.
As they nightly filled their skin!
There they long, drank the strong
Brandy, rum, ale, whiskey, gin,
And enjoyed themselves in many ways,
That to write down here were sin.

III.

You've "bankers, merchants, others,"
Then one of these elect;
Leave your license-plots and schemes alone,
And each dirty dodge reject.
Perhaps some day you yet may earn
A fairer fame than now,
But you won't if you don't
Cease to golden calves to bow,
And to choose the man of greatest wealth,
Gained no matter wher's or how.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

CLEMENTINA has consented to meet ALGERNON by Moonlight alone, in the Botanical Garden Reserve. To quote the words of a fashionable Novelist. "At this moment he felt a light hand placed upon his shoulder and looking round," &c., &c.

The Governor's Last Dyeing Speech.

"In the name of the prophet—Figs!" *Punch* craves permission to amend the oriental formula, and to write "In the name of the Governor—Fflies!"

Listen to the prose Georgics of the Victorian representative of remote royalty, uttered at the gathering of agriculturalists within the Exhibition Building on Thursday last:—

"He (Sir Charles Hotham, the Thomas Tusser of our golden age) could not descant upon the merits of the society whose interests they had met to promote, but he would point out to them an idea which had struck his mind."

And at these words, a sacred awe fell upon the hitherto convivial assembly, like as when the Pythian priestess took her seat upon the tripod, and the muttering thunder furnished an obscure prologue to the oracle. The reporters silently nibbed their pens, and the guests noiselessly deposited their uplifted glasses on the table; the wit forbore to crack his jokes, and the waiters stood like statues, in an attitude of mute expectancy. "An idea had struck" the gubernatorial "mind," and the astonished listeners paused, in patient wonder, for the full development of the phenomenon.

"If the crops of next year should be of unusual luxuriance, and the prices obtained for their produce should not be such as to realize their expectations, it would be wise for them to turn their attention to the question, whether or not with all the advantages they possessed in point of climate, they could not turn the land to other and greater advantage."

Mystic words and mysteriously oracular! What did they fore-shadow? What splendid possibilities, unknown to all save one, were latent in the gold-veined bosom of our mother earth? With what dazzling vision of fruitful plenty was Sir Charles prepared to amaze the eager eyes of those anxious agriculturalists?

"With a climate similar to that of Maderia and Teneriffe, where the cactus grows, he thought they could rear the—the—the—"

No, No! the human mind is like the human eye. A sudden blaze of light might injure or destroy its delicate organism. We must illuminate it gently, gradually, and by carefully-devised degrees. *Punch* begs of his readers to conjecture what this unnamed fruit, root, or cereal may be.

Grapes, oranges, or lemons? No. Figs, pomegranates, or bananas? No. Melons, egg-plants, or tomatoes? No. Pears, peaches, or potatoes? No.

Then in the name of Ceres, Pomona, and Vertumnus, (to borrow the language of the *Herald*), what is it? *Punch* responds with his preliminary formula, "In the name of the Governor—Fflies!" Yes, cocci cacti: The foundations of our agricultural prosperity, are to rest, like the coral islands of the Pacific, on an entomological basis.

"We may rear the cochineal—that prolific insect; and hereafter, when railways shall have been introduced into the colony, [with luggage vans specially constructed for the reception of the defunct insects,] and greater facilities are afforded to farmers to obtain manure from the city; (for promoting the growth of *cacti*), I think (says Sir Charles) we may turn our attention to the cultivation of that insect."

Punch looking into futurity with his previsionary telescope, sees, like Mr. Tennyson.

"—The vision of the world and all the wonder that shall be,
Sees Port Phillip filled with commerce—argosies of magic sails,
Cocci for the crimson dyers, superseding woollen bales."

All the world shall wear scarlet, for we will "cultivate" such countless myriads of the cochineal, as might suffice, like Macbeth's hand,

"The multitudinous seas t' incarnadine,
Making the green—one red."

One little—very little—hostile circumstance has been overlooked by the Governor in his "dyeing speech." May *Punch* whisper a word or two of serious admonition in the ear of Sir Charles Hotham, K.C.B., and what not; even as Archie the jester, used to admonish the British Solomon?

The flies you recommend us to cultivate, Sir Charles, would devastate the Colony more effectually than locusts, and curse it with incurable sterility. Once on a time, and, for the sake of accuracy, *Punch* will specify the very year,—in 1843, a sudden blight fell upon the orange-trees of Fayal, and the exportation of fruit, which had averaged twelve thousand chests during the preceding years, dwindled down to nothing.

The blight extended to all the other islands of the Azores, and the inhabitants who depended on the golden fruitage of their orange groves for a livelihood, were reduced to a state of destitution. The diminutive agent of this extensive injury, Sir Charles, was the cochineal, which you have taken under your patronage. *Punch* cannot, of his own knowledge, determine whether the "prolific insect" was a voluntary visitor, or arrived at the invitation of the Governor, (supposing such a functionary to exist in Fayal), he can only remit the fact to your serious consideration.

The reporters mention, that you wound up your advice, as *Æsop* wound up his fables, and as a certain comedian concludes a popular song, with a moral, compressed in two words, "Never Despond!"

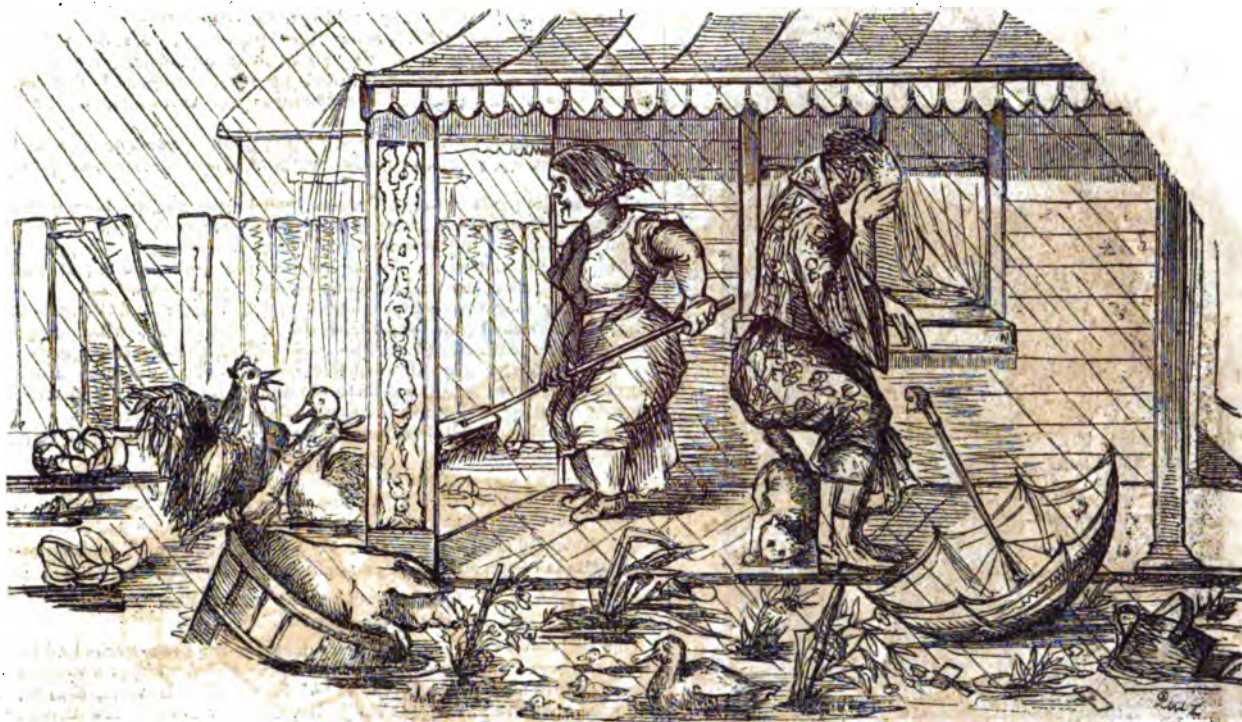
Punch takes leave to amend this also, for in his view of the cochineal question as it regards agriculture and agriculturalists, he would translate the maxim into "Never say DYE!"

Theatrical Misnomers.

Our new Prima Donna, we can't bear to lose,
On her presence we all must insist;
If the sun of our musical world were withdrawn,
We are certain that *Hayes* would be missed.

At the Royal, we're damped by a couple of *Poolers*,
Of course for stagnation you look;
But at Coppin's no wonder, no drama is dry,
When put on the stage with a *Brooks*.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO ELECTORS AFTER THE CLOSE OF THE POLL FOR THE CITY ELECTION.—1st *Elector*: Well, who's in?
2nd *Elector*: Who?—Rae. 1st *Elector*: Hoo-rae!!



HORTICULTURE AT PRAHRAN. No. 2.

The Prahran Horticulturist having repaired the ravages caused by the Pigs and Goats, gets up one morning congratulating himself on the heavy rain that has fallen during the night. He ascertains the meaning of "too much of a good thing." You behold him at the moment when pent-up nature can stand it no longer.

Lines Addressed to Mr. Cruikshank.

I.

So Cruikshank, you couldn't persuade the electors,
That squatters and justice and you were allied;
You thought, it appears, to walk over the race course,
But were beaten by Rae—aye, and distanced beside.

II.

Like many a man that is wiser than you,
You deemed that Sir Public was nought but a fool,
And that aided by banners, and posters, and cabs,
You'd make poor Sir Public your absolute tool.

III.

Sir Public is not without fragments of sense,
And you couldn't persuade him, what 'ere you pretend,
That the member for Melbourne he ought to elect,
Was the squatocrat's chairman, and champion, and friend.

IV.

But for one thing, dear Cruikshank, I'd mourn your defeat,
For yourself, although not for the sake of society;
You didn't confine your too hot opposition
Within the fair bounds of strict truth and propriety.

V.

Either you or your indiscreet aids and supporters,
Threw dirt at Tom Rae that recoiled upon you;
What you meant by a socialist isn't quite obvious,
But you obviously sought to make out what's not true.

VI.

What! an elderly Scotchman, with plenty of money,
Believe in the doctrine of goods in community!
The fable so thoroughly passes belief,
You may circulate that, with most perfect impunity.

VII.

What Tom's precise notions are, none of us know,
But I'll make affidavit, whatever he thinks,
He'll religiously keep all his cash to himself,
And stick to his personal candles and stinks.

VIII.

For my part, I own I much wish that he wouldn't,
And if Tom be prepared, I shall think there's no sin in it,
To establish with him a compact parallelogram,
And share all our goods, though we strip to the skin, in it.

IX.

But though Rae, I believe, is an excellent man,
I confess I reluctantly give up all hope,
Of being a pound or a penny the richer,
Because Tom, as we all know, is well off for soap.

X.

Yet, still I rejoice in brave Tom Rae's election;
He thinks for himself, and I trust, Sir, that while
He despises your posters, he'll keep his belief
In leased land, brother James, I. S. Mill, and Carlyle.



CHAIRING THE MEMBER, OR THE TRIUMPHANT GUY.

**THIS IS THE SOCIALISTIC GUY,
THAT LATELY DID CONSPIRE
TO BLOW UP ALL SOCIETY
WITH COMMUNIC TALK.**

(Extract from an unpublished poem by Mr. Crispin).



THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES.

Stout Gentleman.—Rather tight, isn't it?
Tailor.—(Who always has an answer for that kind of observation.)
 Tight, Sir! Well, Sir, it may seem tight, Sir, to you, Sir,
 but that's the way they're worn, Sir.

New Consul.—Since the appointment of Mouton De Champignon by the King of the Cannibal Islands, we are gratified to learn, that His Imperial Majesty Tin Whang, Emperor of China, has appointed Wm. Hull, Esq., to be Consul in Victoria for the Chinese Empire. His Imperial Majesty has also caused letters patent to issue, authorising Mr. Hull to assume the name, style and title of a Mandarin of Two Tails, and has graciously bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Most Noble Order of the Golden Chop-sticks.

In Estate In Tail.

The night was falling, o'er the Eastern-hill,
 Long streaks of light proclaimed the coming day;
 The mighty City slept—the streets were still,
 Begorra! Jerry! there's a dog I say.

Far across the deep blue waters,
 Jerry Sullivan the while,
 In fancy with Green Erin's daughters,
 Was romping in his native Isle.

Ready still to do his duty,
 Quick as lightning Jerry flew,
 All his dreams of home and beauty,
 Vanish'd like the morning dew.

Soon the dog was caught and slated,
 And, tare an ages! how he swore,
 To find himself so robb'd and "chated,"
 "The Tail had been cut off before."



ELBOURN E
 PUNCH, ESQ.,
 TO
 THE COMTE
 MORETON
 DE
 CHABRILLON

M. LE COMTE,
 I have the
 greatest affection and respect
 for your countrymen — our
 allies—and such
 claims to respect
 as are necessarily reflected
 upon their re-

presentative I also acknowledge in you. I am therefore sorry that you have not lately added to them by your personal proceedings. I understand that one day last week you called at my office, in a most explosive state of mind, to complain of the introduction of your portrait into a cartoon in my last week's publication, representing a number of distinguished persons, attired, as to the eye of an imaginative artist it appeared that they would have attired themselves, to take part in the Mayor's late fancy dress ball. I am farther informed that you desired to affix upon one gentleman who assists me in the preparation of my immortal work, the responsibility of having portrayed you, in what you conceived to be a ridiculous light; that you declared your features to be of a regular and classic character, and by no means adapted for the purposes of what you were pleased to consider caricature. That you also felt aggrieved by the publication of a letter a short time ago, signed "Mouton de Champignon"; and that, altogether, you felt called upon to resign your consular place and dignity, in order to challenge my literary associate aforesaid to mortal combat with the sword. By way of making your proposition the more tempting, you alleged that you had already killed one man in France, and were bent upon committing your second homicide in the southern hemisphere. Of course, if you persist in your intention, and if your proposed antagonist is prepared to humour you, it is no business of mine; but permit me to address to you a few words of common sense, whereof, although the representative of a wise people, you seem to stand woefully in need.

In the first place, if you were not like Peter Plymby's brother Abraham—"a bit of a goose"—you would have perceived that last week's cartoon, while by no means insulting to yourself, was a downright compliment to the nation you represent. You appeared in the well-known costume of Napoleon the elder, and however regular and classical your features may be, I cannot conceive that there was anything objectionable in this association, unless indeed the old saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, should be urged against it. But you were introduced as the type of France; and what was the type of France doing? Why administering a kick to the type of Russia. The group was that of Freedom Kicking Despotism, and you occupied the honourable place. If you did not comprehend the allegory I am sorry for you, but cannot be responsible for the defects of your understanding.

I am told that there was a slight excitement about your manner when you called at my office, which made your language a little less intelligible, than no doubt it ordinarily is; but the gentleman who saw you, understood you to say, that you were not a public man, and would not be treated as one. Permit me to inform you, that you are a public man, and that you will be treated as one.

When the officers of the garrison recently gave a theatrical entertainment, you were so public a man, that because a place of sufficient honor was not reserved for you, and because you were only offered a box similarly placed to that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, you (if you will allow me to use a colonial idiom) "tore your shirt" over the imaginary affront, and wrote to the editor of the *Melbourne Herald* a foolish letter, which he made the subject of a still more foolish leading article. At the Mayor's recent ball, I read, a special seat of honor was provided for you, which I take to have been more a compliment to your public position than to your private merits. I have never heard that you objected to be considered a public man

when compliments were in question. But because your portrait chanced to be introduced into the pages of *Punch*—as may chance many times again, whether you carry out your sanguinary wishes or not—you desire to pick out one of the gentlemen associated with me in my periodical as your antagonist in a duel. Should he be indiscreet enough to accept your challenge, I have no doubt your superior skill would enable you to kill him, and then, to complete your satisfaction, you would be liable to be hanged, and to become the first distinguished victim under the act authorizing private executions in this colony. Or should the duel chance to have a less fatal termination, I apprehend that your Imperial master, who is, without doubt, considerably wiser than yourself, would permanently refrain from re-investing you with a consular dignity which you would have thrown up, in order to indulge in an exhibition of irritated vanity that would make you the laughing stock of the world.

I have no more to say. If it be your destiny, M. Le Comte, to be privately hanged in Melbourne jail, pursue it as far as you can, by all means. Until that fate overtake you, if to my sincere regret overtake you it must, I, and I trust all those associated with me, will, as we have hitherto done, refrain from introducing you to the public in any way unwarranted by the publicity of your position and the peculiarities of your conduct, and to that extent, while you are a consul and at large, we shall continue, when it appears necessary, to treat you as a public man.

Receive, M. Le Comte, the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

MELBOURNE PUNCH.



THE CATTLE SHOW.

First Disinterested Observer.—Them wasn't fed at Toorack, I'll engage.

Second do. do. —Leastways Old Quarter-deck never paid for their grab his self if they was.

A Gentleman, with a very stiff white choker, walks off looking disgusted. Who can he be!

The Great Street of Collins.

We are indebted to an American poet, who gives "Short Individual" as his *nom de plume* for the following historico-prophetical composition!

This is the great street of Collins. The boys shouting *Argus, Argus*,
Herald,

Stand like druids of old, with voices harsh but prophetic,
Stand, and admonish the people their price is the same as the
office—

Whence issue oracles highly mysterious to half Victoria.

This is the great street of Collins; but where are the squatters, who
in it

Like kangaroos, wandered wildly; and thought but of scab and of
tallow!

Where are the boots and the stock-whips, once used in all such
excursions!

And who are the swells, fresh from Bond-street, the swells who
perambulate daily

What remains to be seen of the formerly great street of Collins?

Ye who take pleasure in mutton, and glory in interests pastoral,
Dialling John Pascoe and his lot, and wishing them all in the ocean,
List to a mournful tradition, still sung by the children of Furlonge;
List to a tale of Australia, once known as Felix.

Happy, unknown and barbaric, lived squatters of old in Port Phillip,
Shooting blackfellows, and rearing scabbed sheep for the market of
Melbourne.

Their's was a jolly life. Great runs they had just for nothing;
Making them kings in a small way, with pasture for flocks without
number;

North, east, west and south, the squattocracy had it their own way;
And the natives were taught some strange blessings of civilization.

Then all were contented and happy the year round, from winter to
winter,

And once in a year came out swells, in the great street of Collins.
But, alas for mankind, for contentment with sheep and with shepherds,
There came talk of more immigration,—of land needed for the new
corners.

Then came gossip of gold, found by shepherds; of gold for the
digging.

And the news proved disgustingly true; and the downfall of squatter
portended.

Pleasantly rode in the ships, with their freights of would-be land-
holders,

Of newspaper reading mechanics who claimed a share of the acres.

Quickly the immigrant parties took to the spade and the *Argus*,
And clamoured for freshholds the while, laughing to scorn com-
pensation.

Marvellous was their impudence; insane were they in their folly;
Claiming land, as of right, for all who bestowed cultivation;
Now began trade and vulgarity, succession of shopmen and lawyers,
And neglect of the staple on which Victoria had ever depended.

Years past,—o'er the heads of the great pioneer grazierocracy;
Years of rapine and riot, but withal of right goodly priced flesh meat—
An agreeable adjunct to damper (the bread of the lawless invaders).

More would I fain avoid writing, but the truth must be told, though
disgraceful;

In the year of our Lord eighteen sixty, the people grew tired of com-
missions,

And calling the Governor "humbug," proceeded to fight their own
battles.

The fortune of war was on their side, woe's me that should have to
detail it,—

The Governor was sacked, and the squatters were licked by the
diggers.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XVI.

GEORGE CHILDEHURST, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HENRY,—

The sort of business which I used to fancy made up the entirety of Australian cattle farming is in fact only an occasional episode in the career. You are not engaged every day in breaking your neck in racing after wild cattle up and down stony ranges. You are not galloping every day and all day long. You are not constantly the chaser or chaser of infuriated bullocks. These things happen but at intervals, and for the rest of his time the proprietor of a cattle station rides no more than is good for his health, and leads a life of reasonable lassiness. If your cattle are accustomed to the run, the best thing you can do is to leave them as much as possible to themselves. You desire them to be fat, and they are partial to feeding. Therefore, in addition to grass, you should afford them as much as possible the continual feast of a contented mind, and disturb them as little as may be. There are, indeed, stations, of various kinds—breeding stations, fattening stations, dairy stations and so on, and different methods are required for the different kinds; but what I have seen of Australian cattle farming, leads me to think it a tolerably easy life, take it for all in all. There is generally just enough motive for going out to give an object and an interest to your day's ride, and there is just enough riding to send you home to your meals with a good appetite, and the pleasant consciousness that your business has not been neglected. The occasional extra work of mustering, drafting, branding, etc., is no more than serves to relieve the every-day life of its monotony.

M'Taviah and I proposed buying a mob of "store cattle" of B— and some of his neighbours, and then driving them (the cattle, not the neighbours) to be sold for fattening nearer Melbourne. Accordingly M'Taviah, B—, a stock-keeper, and a couple of volunteer neighbours—next-door neighbours living about twenty miles off—have just been mustering B—'s cattle and drafting off those suitable for the purchase. B— lent me for the occasion, an experienced old stock horse, who fortunately knew a good deal more about the business than I did. I also took a stock whip, which (I confess it) though at first the cause of some pride, became speedily the source of yet greater embarrassment. "Ah, little knoweth he who hath not tried" what it is to use a whip with a lash fourteen feet and a handle fourteen inches long. I practised with it on foot at first, and at last managed to crack it after a fashion, but not till the tail of it had repeatedly curled round me in all kinds of fantastic, unexpected and painful ways. But using the stock whip at leisure and on foot is a very different thing from using it when galloping on horseback, and I vainly endeavoured to rival M'Taviah and B— as they dashed along, making the whips go off like pistol shots in any direction they pleased.

It is a very pretty sight on a bright sunny morning to see troops of cattle rising up from behind the bushes like Roderick Dhu's warriors, and gathering together startled and watchful at the sight of the horsemen and the sound of their voices and whips. You take care to disturb them from such a quarter, that when they gallop off with clattering hoofs they will go in the right direction, and when you have got to the outside of the various "mobs" you desire to muster, you gradually drive one mob into another until at last you have all the cattle that can be got together in one direction in a single mob, and arraying your forces along flank and rear, you urge them gradually in the direction of the stock-yards. Then begins the hard work. A single beast, perhaps, gets alarmed and dashes off, and then a multitude of his fellows who have confidence in him follow suit, and a tearing gallop ensues to head them and turn them back. It is wonderful at what a tremendous pace these uncouth brutes can go—and over what break-neck ground. It is wonderful, too, what an interest an experienced stock-horse takes in the proceeding, and how thoroughly he understands it all. He needs not the direction of the bridle nor the stimulus of the spur, but the instant any cattle dart off from the mob, he darts off too, and strains every nerve to head and turn them. My old steed was so prompt and enthusiastic, that he nearly had me off half-a-dozen times before we got the first mob into the outer yard—a sort of small paddock with wide approaches in which to enclose the cattle first, before attempting to overcome their natural repugnance to enter the narrower confines of the stockyard proper.

The stock-yard, as I suppose you know, is built of very stout posts and rails, to stand the weight and pressure of the cattle which crowd and rush against it with tremendous violence. I saw several run against the posts with such force as to be fairly knocked over on their backs with the recoil. The yard is divided into various compartments, communicating by means of slip panels to facilitate drafting, and separating the cattle according to their kind.

The first job was to get the cattle out of the paddock yard into the drafting yard—the least dangerous part of the business because as a general rule, a mob of cattle will all rush together and away from you unless pent up in a corner, or much infuriated by being driven about. We left them to cool in the paddock-yard while we had dinner, and then we all armed ourselves with stout poles, and went to work—the cavalry operations being all over and the infantry manoeuvres beginning. Taking down the slip rails between the two yards, we began driving the cattle towards the entrance. I thought that the affair was just over, when after some time we got them into the corner where the slip rails were down, but no; nothing would tempt them to go through. We stood quietly at first at a little distance from the mob, merely heading back those that seemed inclined to quit the mob, hoping that presently the spirit would move some of those nearest the gap to set the example of going through it. Vain hope. "If you didn't want 'em to go they'd be through like a shot directly you left a rail down," said B—, taking a dark view of the universe, and proceeding, not alone, to address a good deal of bad language to the cattle—without regard to age or sex. At length tired of waiting, we endeavoured to precipitate matters by charging and shouting at the outside cattle, in hopes that those nearest the slip-rails might be pressed through, when very likely the rest would follow. It was all of no use; they were stubborn as the spearmen who "fought around their king" on Flodden field. Presently, a most intemperate looking cow made a dash at me and I expected to go up into the air in a moment, but with a plunge and a snort, and a spit like that of an infuriated cat, she dashed off when a yard from me, and in spite of a goodly rap that I hit her as she came up, broke our line and got out of the corner. The instant she did so, another and another followed, and then the whole mob streamed away after them in a bovine flood that nothing could stem. This of course undid all our previous hour's work, and we had again to set about driving the cattle into the corner. Several times we had to repeat this operation before it was successful. At last something prompted a couple of bullocks to walk quietly into the stock-yard and several others directly did the same. In another minute the great contention was to get through, the stupid beasts rushing and tearing and jamming themselves against the post and in two instances knocking a horn off in the eagerness to do that which they had so pertinaciously resisted doing before. "You—aggravatin' divils," said Irish Jack the stock keeper, "why couldn't ye do that awhile ago—ah ye murtherin' theives," and he fixed up the slip rails firmly, and shook his shillal at the imprisoned cattle.

The drafting process now began, but as I was quite a new hand, I was recommended to keep out of the yard. In the larger enclosure there was comparatively little danger, and I had got accustomed to the dart, plunge, snort and spit, which I found meant no mischief. But in the narrower space within which the cattle were now penned it was necessary to understand the ways of the brutes better than I did to know which really were "Rooshians" and which not. The first thing to be done, was to draft out all the cattle not wanted, keeping in merely the cattle M'Taviah and I had bought, and certain other unbranded animals that B— meant to take this opportunity of branding. The slip panels between the drafting-yard and another being taken down, B— and M'Taviah, armed with mighty sticks stood behind the posts of the inner enclosure. The rest of the force then began driving the cattle about, and urging those wanted through. When a "wanted" showed an inclination to pass, B— and M'Taviah remained as much concealed as possible till he or she got past—when a "not wanted" evinced a similar intention, they emerged from their ambush, shrieking and thrashing back the intruder. I puzzled myself repeatedly to try and divine a motive for the proceedings of the cattle but they baffled me completely. At one time nothing would urge a beast through, and then a little while afterwards, nothing would keep him back. In the interval, he must for some reason have determined to pass, and he evinced his determination by heroically putting his head down, and rushing through in spite of a shower of blows that seemed sufficient to kill him.

This warm exercise had been going on for some time, when a general cry of "look out" was raised. A "Rooshian" had got his monke up, and had run at Irish Jack. Jack promptly made for the stock-yard rails, and got to the top before being overtaken. Th

Rooshian, however, had now got possession of the yard, and seemed determined to keep it. He looked sharply round and detected M'Tavish and B— behind the post; and very speedily he put them upon the rails too. The instant any one began descending into the yard, Rooshian was on the spot in a moment, looking unutterable things. At length, while the others drew off his attention by all sorts of feints and artifices, some one contrived to open a slip panel into another yard, and M'Tavish presenting himself in it near the far side, the Rooshian charged him, whereon Mac. skipped deftly up the rails, but continued to occupy the Rooshian's attention till the slip rails were put up behind him, and the belligerent was thus boxed up by himself.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HISTORIAN.—It is not by any means certain that New South Wales was known to the ancients, but the following line from Syria proves, beyond a doubt, that they were acquainted with this colony;—he says "*Bis vincit qui (se) vincit in Victoria.*" This not only shows their knowledge of the colony, but that they attached twice as much importance to it as to any other place.

FOOT PASSENGER is informed that accidents on the various iron crossing-places are uncommon; only 9020 victims as yet having suffered from them seriously. As soon as the 10,000th is completed, the Corporation, in conjunction with the medical men of this city, intend giving a *fete champetre* to celebrate the event.

ETHNOLOGIST desires to know whether the Melbourne races are of Ethiopian or Caucasian origin. Ask "Black-boy."

ENQUIRER.—"Money makes the mare to go," was a proverb current long before the epoch at which you tell us you committed yourself at St. John's Tavern. It cannot, therefore, have arisen in consequence of the rapid progress of a Melbourne civic dignitary however distinguished he may be.

RUSTICUS.—Dr. Palmer is a shining light among the squatters, but was not the patentee of the metallic candles.

PARTICIPERS CRIMINIS.—In attending at the recent fancy dress ball, you did not pledge yourself to vote for John Thomas, although you were certainly expected to do so.

DUNS SCOTUS.—The theory in the *Argus* is a perfectly sound one, and is supported by an irresistible weight of historical evidence. Hannibal, Copernicus, Schiller, Calderon, Maro Antony, Confucius, Guicciardini, Xenophon, Kepler, Napoleon Buonaparte, Rossini, Christopher Columbus, Tamerlane, Cicero, Eugene Sue, Julius Caesar, Longfellow, Nebuchadnezzar, Hans Andersen, Ramo Samee, William Shakspere, Baron Nathan, Mendelssohn, Judas Maccabeus, Alcibiades, David Garrick, Salvator Rosa, Marshal Murat, Peter the Great, Robert Keeley, Remus and Romulus, Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Emperor Soulouque, Zoroaster, G. V. Brooke, Ignatius Loyola, and John Pascoe Fawcner were all natives of Scotland, and the "product" of its "institutes." These celebrated characters quitted Caledonia in obedience to the instinct which prompts the whole of their countrymen to travel southwards, and "to beautify human society" in all parts of the habitable world.

Song of the Emeralds.

(DEDICATED TO THE CITY TREASURER..)

Farewell—on this mountain,
Your rates we'll not pay,
If collectors come to us—
We'll hoot them away,
We think 'tis not fair,
We on this hill who dwell—
Should pay you out there,
Farewell—oh! Farewell.

Farewell—tho' no taxes
We pay you this year,
Our own rate-collector
Is quite welcome here.
Hark the ring how it sounds
Of the town-crier's bell,
As he warns us against you—
Farewell—oh! Farewell.



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

BUTCHER BOY: Been to the Races, Bill?

BILL: Not if I knows it. After bein used to the Derby, I don't believe in them Colonial Cocktails.

To His Excellency Sir Charles Fitzroy, &c.

THE PETITION OF THE WORSHIPFUL QUILD OF
SQUATTERS,

HUMBLY SHEWETH:

THAT on their arrival in this colony, the majority of your petitioners had sufficient cash to purchase fifty sheep wherewith to stock their runs. That in times previous to the discovery of gold in this colony, two shillings and sixpence sterling money was the average price obtained in the market for one sheep.

That your petitioners have, at enormous expense erected on their runs, homesteads, woolsheds, huts, etc., all of the best native wood alabs. That they have never in any instance interfered with the water courses by the excavation of tanks or otherwise; and that said water courses or creeks are now, in wet seasons, in as good running order as they were previous to coming into the possession of your petitioners.

That your petitioners have, subsequent to the opening of the gold-fields, entertained in a lavish and hospitable manner, great numbers of travellers, who otherwise would have starved, and that they have never charged anything for such entertainment, except when they thought proper.

That in the pursuit of their business, your petitioners have had the misfortune to have for servants a great many people of the worst and lowest character; and that in consequence the mental powers and finer feelings of your petitioners have suffered an almost total eclipse.

That, judging from the high price of mutton at this time, your petitioners would, in a few years, if left in possession of their runs, be able to amass a large fortune, which alone would gain them any consideration from their fellow creatures.

That all the available property of your petitioners collectively, is deficient by £2,500,000 of the amount that they think necessary to place them on an equal footing with the rest of mankind; and they humbly pray Your Excellency to make good the said deficiency out of the public monies of the colony, or else to grant them a renewal of their leases.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Rush Lyrics.

As an eminent English critic has recently observed of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Macaulay, the public is deeply indebted to those authors who refuse to "discount their fame," and to seek by repeatedly rushing into print unprepared, to gain transient laurels for the performance of imperfect works. In the same way, Mr. Punch feels that the public owes an immeasurable obligation to the great POET OF THE BUSBY, for having so long refrained from drawing down a repetition of the rapturous applause called forth by his last lyrics. At length, however, two more of these delightful effusions have been presented to the world, and here they are—

SONG OF THE INDEBTED COLONIST.

I.

The wombat lurks in burrowed holes,
The 'possum clings to gum-tree boles;
The wild dog from his rocky lair,
Comes forth to scent the evening air.

II.

Alas, that men should ape the brute,
That I'm compelled the moon to shoot;
To seek concealment through the day,
And cling to hope my debts to pay.

III.

The carpet-snake and whip-snake too,
Their luckless simple game pursue;
Of seeming broken sticks beware—
The fatal deaf-adder is there,

IV.

So baneful bailiffs track my way,
And seek me for their hapless prey,
And deaf to me they'll prove until,
I meet the horrid "little bill."

AN AUSTRALIAN IDYL.

I.

How gracefully the flying doe,
Springs forth to meet her fond "old man,"
And let me trust that even so,
To me will fly my Mary Anne.

II.

And as my Mary Anne to me,
Holds up one pledge—young Scaramouch;
The graceful kangaroo we see,
Tosses dear "Joey" from her pouch.

III.

Oh never—let us hope at least—
Shall wild dogs mar this scene of joy,
On thoughtless blithesome Joey feast,
And Kangaroo-bial bliss alloy.

IV.

Nor any wild dog win from away
My Mary Anne's affections kind,
But may—for ever as to-day—
Her love be warm as northern wind.

CHALKING.—The chalking of the ball room floor for a late civic festival, which excited the admiration of a contemporary, was performed under the superintendance of the Mayor himself, who had acquired great proficiency in the art of chalking at the St. John's Tavern, before money was so plentiful with the worshippers of Bacchus.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN FOSTER.

John Foster was a pamphleteer,
Of very small renown;
An ex-Colonial Sec. was he,
In famous Melbourne town.

John Foster's friends said unto him,—
"The Council soon will meet,
And you, dear John—alas, the day!—
Are still without a seat.

"Now Sheriff Farie's just resign'd
His seat in Patrick's Hall,
The district he did represent,
Is both remote and small.

"Remote and small your chances are
In any other place;
In Melbourne, as a candidate,
You must not show your face,

"There's not a gold-field in the land
Would choose you for their man;
To try some rural district, then,
Will be your wisest plan."

Said John, "I'll hurry off at once
Nor let my purposes cool,
And in the Queen, I'll take a berth
For drowsy Warrnambool.

"I fain would be an M.L.C.,
As all the world doth know,
And office under Government,
I'd gladly take, also."

The steamer left the Railway Pier,
With Foster and his "swag,"
(The latter, "Letter'd, number Four,"
Swallowed out his carpet bag).

Without mishap he reach'd the port
Of drowsy Warrnambool,
But found that his reception there
Was like the weather—cool.

One little boy cried out, "La! Bill,
There's one of them there Joes!"
And one irreverent urchin rais'd
His thumb unto his nose.

"A sorry sight," as Macbeth says,
Those fingers four outspread;
The little boys of Warrnambool
Are not at all well-bred.

Undaunted by this greeting chill,
To canvass, John began;
But could not gain a promise from
A single Villiers man.

"We do not want your Foster-ing care,
We men of Warrnambool,
We think your fine professions are—
Great cry and little wool.

"You're much too smart a chap for us,
John Allan we prefer;
We want an independant man—
No Charlie's mouth-piece, sir.

Like answer made the Belfast folk
To John, whose sore dismay
Grew hourly deeper, till he felt—
Compell'd to run away.

He vaniah'd from the district like
A puff from "Raleigh's weed,"
And took his passage back again—
With all convenient speed.

A sadder and a wiser man
Was John when he return'd;
And humbled, too, to be by such
A rural district spurn'd.

Then let us sing, long live the King,
And Foster long live he;
And when his canvass he renews,
May Punch be there to see.

THE DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.



I.

An eminent Melbourne Merchant (resident in the Toorak Road), resolves to walk into Town this delightful morning.



II.

Before he reaches the St. Kilda road, he is unfortunately overtaken by a slight dust storm.



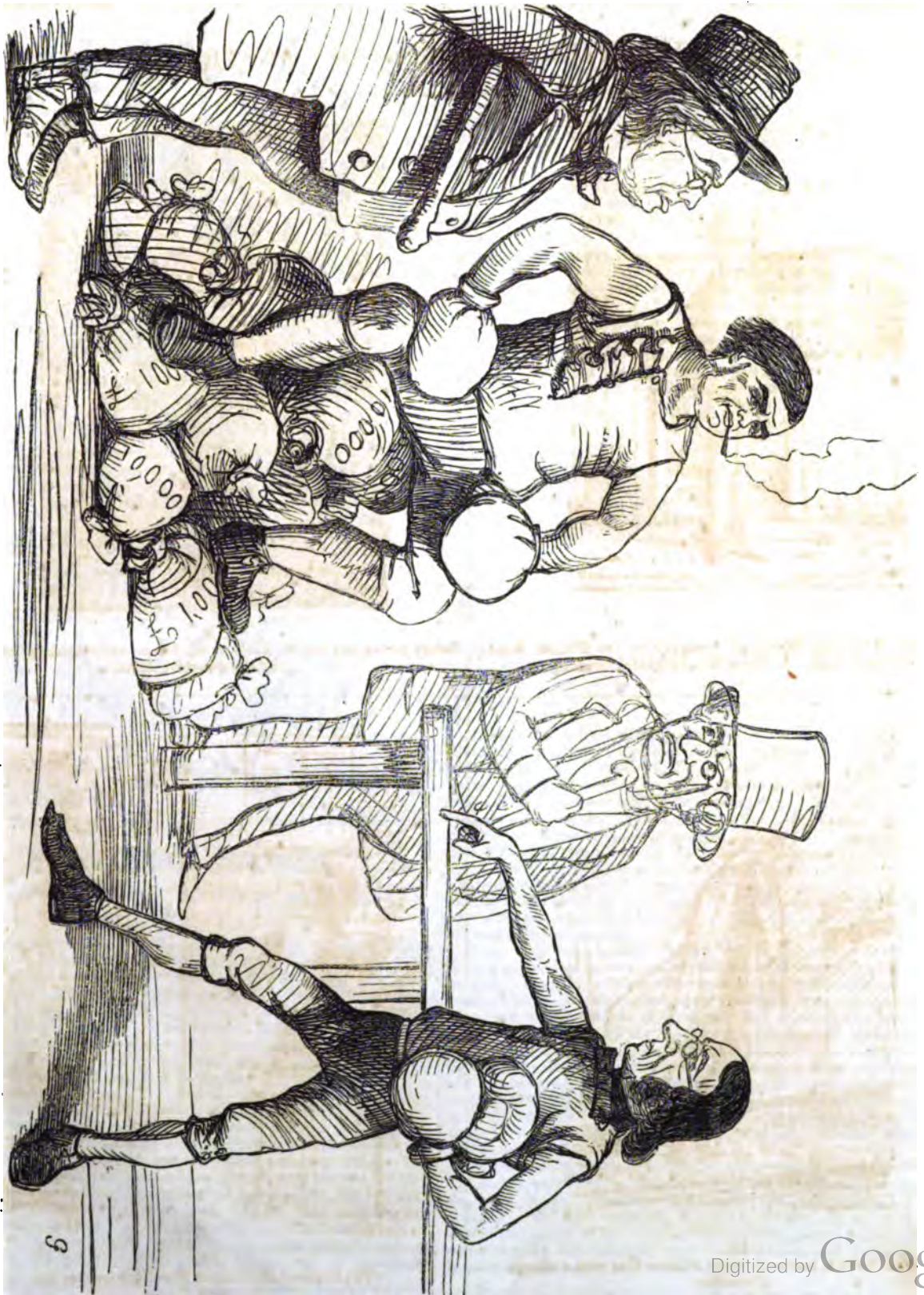
III.

Bountiful Nature, however, soon relieves him with a change of weather.



IV.

The Eminent Melbourne Merchant reaches his Counting House.



AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE.
CHAMPION OF THE LIGHT WEIGHTS (COMMONLY KNOWN AS "OLE GIO. P.")—IF YOU'D COME DOWN OUT OF THAT AND FIGHT FAIR, I'D BE ABLE TO TACKLE YOU.



APPALLING DREAM OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, THE NIGHT AFTER LUNCHING AT THE TOP OF THE GAS WORKS CHIMNEY.

Punch's Popular Biographies.

No. 2.—THE PERPETUAL MAYOR OF MELBOURNE.

THIS distinguished individual, the most prominent events of whose life, *Punch* will endeavour to compress into a few sentences, is a lineal descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet. From his godfathers and godmothers he received (independently of a silver-mounted coral and a golden pap-spoon) the appellations of John Thomas Cecil Cavendish Percy Howard Walsingham Bolingbroke Harcourt, Erpingham Mortimer Plantagenet. He was baptised by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Queen Charlotte, of pious and immortal memory, held the fortunate infant at the font. It is recorded in the family archives (and the record verifies the fact of the royal sponsorship) that a quantity of snuff becoming dislodged from Her Majesty's stomacher, found its way into the nose of the infantine Plantagenet, and excited such an explosive sternutation, that the baptismal ceremony was suspended for ten minutes, and his gracious Majesty George III. (also of pious and immortal memory), exclaimed very audibly, "Eh! What! What! What! Charlotte giving the baby snuff! Eh! What! What! What! Charlotte, blow its nose, blow its nose. Babies are not up to snuff; are they, my Lord Archbishop? Eh! eh!"

Owing to the failure of male issue in several of the noble families of Great Britain, the youthful Plantagenet, at the age of seventeen,

found himself the prospective heir to two dukedoms, an earldom, three marquises, and sixteen baronies. Nature had endowed him with that beauty of countenance and symmetry of figure, for which he is still remarkable, and to these, education and daily intercourse with the *haute noblesse* of England, enabled him to add accomplishments of mind more various than those of the "Admirable Crichton," and a grace of manner transcending in its power of fascination, that of George the Fourth (also of pious and immortal memory). But with these qualities, John Thomas &c., &c., &c., Plantagenet, combined a sensitive diffidence and retiring modesty of disposition which induced him to contemplate, with apprehensive dread, the eventful assumption of the accumulated wealth and honors, of which he was the legal heir.

Cogitating deeply and often upon the possibility of evading the acquisition of the titles and possessions which would devolve upon him, on the attainment of his majority, he at length hit upon a scheme which enabled him to avoid the responsibility which assumed such an aspect of terror to his meek and modest mind. He deposited the suit of clothes he ordinarily wore (yellow velvet, trimmed with black valenciennes lace), on the banks of the ornamental lake in the family domain, and pinning to the crown of his hat (a white *sombrero*, with blue ostrich feathers) a pathetically worded note, in which he avowed his intention of committing suicide, he repaired to Scotland, and assuming the singular and uncommon name of Smith, entered himself at the university of Glasgow, and amused his leisure moments by the composition of a light and lively work, entitled "The Wealth of Nations." This gay and sparkling production was written on the backs of letters and washing-bills, in the course of thirteen mornings, while its author was awaiting the refrigeration of his matutinal porridge. But the publication of the "Wealth of Nations" brought a throng of enthusiastic admirers to the feet of the sensitive and shrinking Smith. The notoriety he dreaded was thrust upon him, and after faithfully discharging the sum he owed for board and lodging to his Glaswegian landlady, he quietly and surreptitiously bade adieu to Scotland. He next entered the army, but destiny still dogged his heels, and the subject of our memoir, successfully resisted Napoleon in his memorable attack on St. Jean d'Acre. This brilliant achievement filled all Europe with the fame of Smith, and the modest hero immediately sold his commission, resigned his command and retired to England.

There he embarked in literary pursuits, and the publication of a volume of *jeux d'esprit*, entitled "Rejected Addresses" (the MS. of which, his extreme good nature and utter indifference to money, induced him to present to the publisher), once more afflicted the diffident writer by the fame which these "addresses" procured for him.

Abandoning the metropolis, he took holy orders, and in a country-town in Berkshire, he penned a series of letters purporting to be written by one "Peter Plymley," which were followed up by a number of contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. These had the effect of making him more famous than ever. Sages and Statesmen persecuted him with their homage, their invitations to dinner, and their offers of patronage and pensions. He was nominated a Canon of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul against his will, and would have been created Archbishop of Canterbury, if the humility of his character had not urged him to expatriate himself, and bury his worth and talents in the obscurity of an Australasian colony: where his adherence to the clerical white neck-cloth is the sole indication that remains of his canonical antecedents.

Here, that open-handed fortune, which persists in lavishing its bounty on modest merit has endowed him with wealth, and lifted him to civic eminence. Year after year has he diffidently refused the honors which a grateful corporation resolutely thrust upon him; but has found it impossible to avoid them. His modesty has passed into a proverb; and his meekness is only to be exceeded by his merit. The proposal to erect a statue, in acknowledgement of his exalted worth, has filled the mind of the subject of this memoir with consternation; and it is believed that when His Excellency the Governor of Victoria receives Her Majesty's commands to bestow the *accolade* of knighthood upon the perpetual Mayor of Melbourne, his worship's humble diffidence will once more drive him to a new and obscure sphere of existence.

TURNING THE TABLES.—It is rumoured in well informed circles, that Mr. Lalor, M.L.C., intends to impeach the Attorney-General for High Treason. Mr. Lalor contends, that the part taken by the hon. and learned gentleman at the trials arising out of the Ballarat disturbances, was eminently calculated to occasion revolution, and to deprive her Majesty of a portion of her dominions.



A ST. KILDA OMNIBUS ON SUNDAY.
Conductor.—"JUMP UP SIR—LOTS O' ROOM."

IN RE LALOR.

Melbourne Punch presents his compliments to Sir Charles Hotham and the Attorney-General, and would be glad to be informed whether it is their intention to withdraw the offer of a reward of £400 for the apprehension of Peter Lalor, formerly an "insurgent" on Ballarat, and now the chosen representative of the Ballarat diggers in the Legislative Council.

M.P. suggests to His Excellency that a very commendable "Act of Grace" would be performed, if the Colonial Treasurer were instructed to hand over the said sum of £400 to the said Peter Lalor, M.L.C., in compensation for the said "insurgent's" loss of his arm in the so-called "rebellion" of 1854.

RAPID PASSAGE.—The magnificent clipper ship Clumbunkie, Captain Slowcome, commander, has just dropped anchor in Hobson's Bay, after a passage of 160 days from Liverpool. This is one of the most rapid passages that has been recorded for many months past. The Clumbunkie carries Her Majesty's mails.

REVIEW.

HANDBOOK OF MELBOURNE. LONDON: 1855.

Just before going to press, *Punch* received an early copy of the above work, of which he will only observe, that the accuracy of the information it contains, is quite on a par with that of the statements which have been published in every colonial guide-book that has been issued from the English Press. He subjoins a few extracts, to show how thoroughly competent the author of the hand-book is, for the task he has undertaken.

1.—*Situation.*—Melbourne is situated at the entrance of Port Phillip and on the west bank of the Saltwater River, from whence the inhabitants draw their supplies of the pure element. The brackishness of the water in this river is said to be the occasion of the immense consumption of fermented liquors in the Colony.

2.—*Hotels.*—There is an abundance of hotels of every description. The squatters and wealthy merchants from the interior usually repair to the *Posada Castellana*, in Flinders-street. The working classes chiefly patronise the Prince of Wales and Hookins! Quiet families and clergymen from the bush, mostly repair to Mooney's National; while Ching A Ring Chop Stick's secluded establishment in Little Bourke-street, is a great favorite with newly-married couples.

3.—*Places which the New Arrival should Visit.*—

- The Post Office
- The Water Tank, on the Eastern Hill
- The Salle de Valentino
- The Watch-house
- The Cab-stand in Swanston-street
- The Insolvent Debtors' Court.

4.—*Social Aspects of Melbourne.*—A stranger has only to present his letters of introduction to ensure a succession of hospitable invitations and a round of gaiety. When he is tired of dissipation, he may reckon with tolerable certainty upon the offer of a share in the business of one of his entertainers, or a valuable appointment under Government, necessitating the performance of light duties, and the receipt of a heavy salary. Or a liberal credit will be opened for him at one of the banks, upon which he may embark in speculations, which require no previous experience, and invariably result in a splendid return.

5.—*Daily Papers.*—There are three daily papers in Melbourne. The *Argus* is the organ of the extreme democratic party, and the consistent advocate of the rights and interests of the diggers. The *Age*, which is said to be edited by Dr. Cairns, and a squatter named Cruikshank, advocates the pastoral interest and the Governor. But it is chiefly remarkable for a total absence of that personality which is apt to disfigure the colonial press. It is also the chief advertising medium. The *Herald* is written in latin, printed in black-letter, and upholds the tenets and principles of the Church of Rome.

[To be Continued.]

New Patent.

MR. FOSTER has applied for letters patent for a newly-invented automatan, which he strongly recommends to colonial governors. He calls the machine the "Mechanical Premier;" and in a recent pamphlet, demonstrates that it may, in many cases, be advantageously substituted for the "ministers of the Crown," hitherto in use. The automatan articulates clearly, and, to all outward appearance, possesses thought, conviction, will, and the other attributes of independent manhood, while in reality every accent and motion is completely controlled by the proprietor, who can work it himself while concealed, and from any distance.

We have seen the apparatus at work, and though we cannot say we think it an improvement on an actual man of average intellect, we should scarcely have credited the fact of its being a mere machine, if Mr. Foster had not himself positively assured us of the fact.

CURRY POWDER.

THE Arguments, that at a meeting of the ladies who intend to keep stalls at the forthcoming bazaar, it was announced, that the Garrick Club proposed to give a dramatic performance for the benefit of the Hospital, and the fair stall keepers were asked if they would object to sell tickets of admission to the performance; whereupon, says the report—

"The Rev. Mr. CURRY, of Williamstown, expressed his objection to mixing up dramatic performances with the bazaar, and stated his desire, that an institution such as the Hospital, should be altogether independent of such aids."

The Hospital being designed for the reception of sick and needy sufferers of all persuasions, is not to be benefited, it seems, by any aid that does not receive the *imprimatur* of the Rev. Mr. Curry. The shillings and sovereigns that pass through the hands of the money-takers at a theatre, are necessarily tainted by contact with their profane fingers. An anodyne would irritate and a styptic induce hemorrhage, if the coin which paid for them, were the proceeds of a theatrical performance.

In the estimation of Mr. Curry, we presume that a playhouse is one of the temples of the Prince of Darkness, and that we may apply to him the taunt which Iago flung at old Brabantio;—

"Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the Devil bid you."

"THE GUIDE TO SERVICE."—A boy acquainted with Emora Id Hill.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN SLAGGE, ESQ., TO ROBT. POPPE, ESQ., LONDON.

DEAR BOB,

I've been regular done—done as brown as a berry, and that by a man I thought I could trust through thick and thin; but I don't know who one can trust in this world. This was a party as I'd done a good turn to and I'd taken a regular fancy to him, from seeing how he got quit of a lot of damaged soft goods I give him to sell on commission. He sold 'em on the diggings at a new rush as there was, and pretty near all for gold, so as he made a good profit first on the goods and then on the gold, for he's a regular dab at handling the scales, and yet he don't do anything as can be called cheating when he buys either. Well, I had several dealings with him, and he always gammoned to be so grateful, and what ever he did with me, was always so fair and square, that I took him regular into my confidence, like a fool.

I one day proposed to him the electro-nugget scheme as I spoke to you about—for he's a handy knowing chap—and after a bit he came in to my views and spoke as fair about the matter as could be. He made the nuggets beautiful, and I went and bought about 300 ounces of real gold to mix 'em with. Well, he took the whole concern to a broker and sold it all right enough, but deuce a bit did he ever come back to me since. Now the artful beggar had one day made out as he was sick, and so kidded me on to write him a letter about something in the business as he wrote me he wanted to know, and in my letter, of which he's sent me a copy, I've been such a fool as to let out about the nuggets. He knows he's all right and that I can't set the peelers at him for fear of this letter coming up, and so this blackguard robs me and I dare say laughs at me too.

I can't expose him. I can't turn Queen's evidence in the matter, because if I did, I should be altogether damned for business in Melbourne, and though it's bad enough to lose a thousand pounds and more, it would be ever so much more to spoil all my chances and get kicked out of society for what they'd be pleased to call swindling. Oh Bob, I wish I could have had you here. I do believe you'd have carried on the business right and regular enough, and would never have turned on a friend like that. However, I won't go too far even about you, for to be cheated in the way I've been in this matter makes a man feel quite suspicious of everybody.

Do you know, Bob, that this loss and one or two others, quite weighs upon me, so that I don't care about my pleasure or anything. I've given up the little crib at Richmond, I once told you about; I gave that up, indeed, when I tried to get in with the Methody's, but I might as well have kept it on for all the good they've ever done me. However, I haven't fell in with anyone I care to set up in that line of life again, and I wasn't altogether sorry to get rid of the last, for she was beginning to get precious troublesome, as they all does after a time. I've made one or two bids in the matrimonial market, but there ain't many good things going in that way out here, and I suppose I couldn't bid high enough, for they wasn't knocked down to me. I am told, that a man of my appearance might do better in that line in Van Dieman's Land than here, provided he ain't particular whether his mother-in-law paid her own passage or not. I should say that from three to four thousand pounds extra ought to cover that objection. The best thing you can do with a mother-in-law at any time is to break with her, and when once you've broke with her for good and all, and made your wife break with her too, it don't make so much odds about what the old party has been in her day. Its well worth while to have a row in the house for a bit, to get rid of the nuisance of any mother-in-law—let alone a convict one, and I can tell you whenever I marry, it'll be to have my own way. Soft in courtship, but hard in matrimony; that's my motto, and that's the way to have a peaceable home.

However, I'm reckoning my chickens before they're hatched. I wish I was as sure of getting a wife to suit, as to fortune and beauty, as I am, I should be able to break her to her work after we was married. But I couldn't take anything under five thousand down, and I don't seem to see my way clear to a good match just at present. Girls get snapped up here in no time, even when they ain't worth a penny, provided they're reasonable good looking, and when they've got fortunes you can't get a look at 'em hardly, they're so surrounded. You must squeeze your way through a regular mob to the object of your, etc., if you don't care about the love in a cottage style of thing, which ain't my game anyway.

I managed at one time to get two slants, but was done in the end in both of 'em. It was just like my luck, and yet I'd took all sorts of precautions too. It so fall out, I become acquainted in two families, where there was a marriagable daughter in each, much about the same time. They was each worth about the same figure as near as I could judge. I put 'em down at (say) £5000 apiece and prospects. Well, one's chances of this kind don't occur every day, so I thought it the part of policy to play with both and hook the first I could. It seemed easy enough to do this, because the father of one was a retired publican, heavy in in the racing way, and never seen inside a church if he knew it: while t'other one's governor was an uncommon serious teadealer, who'd as soon have gone to a hot place as a race course. I suppose the two hadn't got a mutual acquaintance in the world, and I carried on the game beautiful for some time. I had family prayers with old Figs, and no end of brandy and water with t'other charmer's papa. Figs's daughter couldn't abear me at first, but I let her convert me and that did the business. She was a simple soul enough, always reading good books and working anti-macassars for serious bazaars and that kind of thing. I took care to be before-hand with her in her good books, and then to get up a small argument. That way I knew what she'd want to persuade me to, and I let her persuade just as much as was necessary to make her feel an interest in me before I give in. Sometimes she used to call my opinions heterodox, and I took care to keep heterodox fully within limits, and yet to keep heterodox enough to make her go on arguing. That way as she used to conquer me I used to conquer her quite insensible. With the other one, my dodge was different. She was all for life and gaiety, and I went at it with her all I knew. She'd dance, and sing, and bet, and do no end of things. She wasn't any way particular about paying her bets, and that was how I used to get to windward of her. I'd lose from a pair of gloves to a five pound note, and paid punctual myself, but never called upon her to square up. She'd a great idea of racing, and I'd back the horses she was sweet on, and yet lose to her too, and then her old father was a queer sort of a character, and got such a lot about her as I was quite able to shine out among. I'd talk to the old folks about the nobility I knew in England till they used to think me quite a little god. It was a deuced good thing I hadn't any call to give letters of introduction. Well, I kept these two strings to my bow, and couldn't make up my mind which to draw tight. I had an idea that the tea-dealer was the highest card, for you never know exactly how racing men stand, and yet, to judge from appearances, the old publican was the better man. I lost myself by drawing it too fine and hanging off too long.

I was out walking one day with the heiress of Souchong, and wa^s just considering whether I'd put the question that I knew she wa^s expecting me to put, when, who should come up but a young woman as I once knew something of, and began bullying me, and wishing my new sweet-heart as she called her, joy. I ought to have made out that the woman was mad or drunk or something, and given her in charge to the police; but, in the heat of the moment, I abused her, and committed myself so, that it was all up with that case. Here was a pretty go with the daughter of a seacious tea-dealer. There was a regular storm you may be sure, but at last I managed to quiet it down, making out that the society of my Jemima had quite turned me from my evil ways, and that the sweet preacher she sat under (such a man for hot gin and water I never met before or since) had filled me with no end of shame and remorse. But old Figs got hold of the story somehow, and that made him inquisitive and suspicious, and he began poking into my affairs, and found out one or two things I'd a precious sight rather he shouldn't have known, and the end of it was, that affair was quite broke off. He pretended he didn't care about my pecuniary losses, but was shocked at my conduct. I dare say if I'd made a thousand in place of having lost it, he wouldn't have been so particular.

Of course I now concentrated my affections upon the other party, but ill-luck dogged me still. I'd given myself out to be much richer than ever I was even before my losses, and the old publican bowled me out here. I think he would'nt have cared so much about the money, but he'd expected that I'd have been able to get his family into what he called good society, and of course I'd kept him up to that idea. But when he found I didn't, he began to cool, and his daughter was so d—d dutiful, she began to cool too, and then a trial I was engaged in came on, and there was a parcel of evidence about me given, that he made an excuse to break with me, and that way my two matrimonial speculations went by the board.

I don't know exactly what I shall do next. I've received your letter telling me the governor has set you up in business at home, and perhaps I may send you some consignments. If so keep it dark. I haven't made up my mind exactly as yet, as to what I am to do, so I shall say no more at present, but I begin to see I must do something or I shall go to the wall.

Yours truly.

JOHN SLAGGE,

Bazaar Post Office--Head Letter Department.



LETTERS addressed to the undermentioned gentlemen after lying the allotted time at the Bazaar Post Office without being applied for, have been opened by order of the Post-mistress-general. The addresses of the senders not being given, Mr. PUNCH has been requested to publish the contents, that the writers may identify and claim their several epistles:—

No. 1.—THE ATTORNEY GENERAL :

Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
Your arrogance is uncontroll'd.

GAY.

2.—THE GOVERNOR :

If you would a full description see,
You'll find him somewhere in the Litany,
With pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy.

EARL OF HALIFAX.

3.—THE COLONIAL SECRETARY : A unit, a thing without a name in the state; a something to be govern'd, not to govern; fishing, hawking, hunting, country gentleman.—CHARLES LAMB.

4.—THE SPEAKER OF THE COUNCIL :

With no one talent that deserves applause;
With no one awkwardness that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but just echoes what you say;
A clock at morn wound up to run a day;
His 'larum goes in one smooth simple strain;
He stops, and then you wind him up again.

MALLET.

5.—MR. HENRY MILLER, M.L.C. :

A good man in the city cant,
Where cash, not morals, makes the saint.

SOMERVILLE.

PUNCH'S SUMMARY FOR THE "JAMES RAINES."

COMMERCIAL.—No great change has occurred since our last summary.

SOCIAL.—There is nothing worth recording under this head.

POLITICAL.—Politics have been as dull as ditch water, and are now rather duller.

The Opening of the Session.

(BY OUR ECSTATIC REPORTER.)

KNOWING the interest which the public naturally takes in the opening of the Legislative session, Mr. PUNCH has again called in the assistance of his clairvoyant reporter to give an account of tomorrow's debate on the address. This gentleman, being the lineal descendant of a Highland seer, who married one of the witches in Macbeth, inherits a family predisposition towards prophecy, which, in the course of long centuries, has been strengthened and confirmed by matrimonial alliances with Welsh Bards, White Ladies, Black Huntmen, and the like. These natural advantages, combined with a long study of the modern witchcrafts, such as mesmerism, table moving, spirit rapping, &c., have rendered our clairvoyant reporter the most eminent of the generation of scientific seers. His favorite scene of operations is an inn parlor, and he commences by rapping thrice upon the table, which seldom fails to procure him the attendance of a familiar spirit, and he speedily passes into the clairvoyant or ecstatic state. Indeed, in his case the comatose condition is apt to follow, not to precede, the higher mesmeric manifestations. He sometimes writes down his own experiences, but being (of course) a phonographist, his writing is apt to become more and more phonetic and unintelligible, as he gets more and more *en rapport* with the spirits. Mr. PUNCH more often examines him therefore, in the presence of a shorthand writer, and this was the plan adopted on the present occasion. Passing over the preliminary ceremonies, the examination thus proceeded.

MR. PUNCH : Are you at present ecstatic ?

SUBJECT : I am. I am *en rapport* with a spirit.

MR. PUNCH : What is it's name ?

SUBJECT : Gynnaawarta. Through this medium I now behold all things—past, present, and future.

MR. PUNCH : Can you see into the middle of next week ? If so, look particularly at Friday, and tell me what you see.

SUBJECT : Outside the solar system I now behold—

MR. PUNCH : Never mind about that just now ; confine your attention to Bourke-street.

SUBJECT : I see an infamously ugly building with a harp over the door, and a crowd round it. A policeman perceives a big man creating a disturbance and immediately takes a small boy into custody. Various gigs, carriages, and other vehicles drive up, and ladies and gentlemen enter the ugly building. I hear the booming of guns, I see more carriages, officers on horseback, plumes, long-swords; and the colors of scarlet, and blue, and gold, and silver dazzle my eyes.

MR. PUNCH : D—azzle your eyes ! I mean—indeed—go on.

SUBJECT : An unprepossessing looking man in a blue uniform with stars, a red ribbon, and a cocked hat and feathers, walks up the steps. If he does not take care he will fall backwards, he struts so. His name is Dombey—no, I am wrong, it is Sir Charles Hotham. He enters the building, followed by the naval and military tag-rag and bobtail. I enter with them. A fat little "party" with a bald head and black silk stockings meets them and precedes Sir Charles, bowing into a hall. Ladies are seated on back benches. Oh, beautiful being—thou, the sixth from the door on the left hand side as I go in—say, wilt thou be mine ! On the front seats are men—some of them gentlemen. All rise as Sir Charles enters. He takes his seat under a canopy, and the ladies, and gentlemen, and men sit down again. Gracious heavens ! are those *policemen* permitted to sit in this august presence ? Ah—no—they are heads of departments, in Windsor uniforms. I recognise Childers,—how can mortal buttons endure the strain. If one goes all must follow—and then he is undone. Behold Grimes ; how pleased he looks with his finery. Haines is hot and uncomfortable. Hush, the Governor begins to read. I cannot hear much of what he says, the officers keep up such a clatter with their swords and spurs. It is no great loss, for the speech is stupid and signifies nothing. He has done reading and struts off again ; now the rest of the assemblage rise, and the little "party" with the bald head and black silk stockings—who it seems is the speaker—declares the house adjourned till three o'clock.

It is three o'clock. Speaker and members are again in their places, but now there are no ladies. After some brief ceremonies, a member with one arm rises. His name is Lalor. He says that not quite twelve months ago he lost his arm in a resistance—not wise, perhaps, but natural—to a government that had become odious on the gold-fields for corruption and cruelty—for the vices and crimes of it's despicable officers—hybrids between the tyrant and the fop—engaged in administering a system that even the best and wisest men could

not have administered without incurring odium. The resistance, however, was ill-timed, for measures were already being inaugurated to remedy the evils under which the class to which he belonged, smarted. For his share in the transaction, he had been punished as they saw, and Sir Charles Hotham had offered a reward for his head. Now, by a strange course of circumstances the duty had devolved upon him (Mr. Lalor) to move, as a legislator, a complimentary address to the Governor who had proscribed him, and he could assure the house that so far as he was personally concerned, past transactions had left upon his mind no feeling that rendered his present position—an embarrassing one. Nor would any political good be accomplished by dwelling on old causes of exasperation that happily now only existed in history. He should not take this opportunity of expressing his opinion upon the various political topics handled by His Excellency in his speech that morning, but would content himself with performing the duty that devolved upon him as a junior member—that of moving the customary address to His Excellency, in reply.

Mr. Longden briefly seconded the motion.

After a short pause, Mr. Forlonge rose and said, that before that motion was put, he could not sit in silence while some sentiments of the Governor were being applauded. He alluded to the squatters, and His Excellency's observations on the squatting question. They were scandalous—yes, he said it advisedly, they were disgraceful. He for his part did not care one straw for public opinion, but he would spend his last shilling in resistance to being defrauded. (Hear, hear, from Mr. Goodman, "oh ho," from Mr. Fawcner—laughter from all parts of the House.)

MR. FAWCNER: I aint going to make a long speech—don't be afraid—I only ask you to listen to the squatter—give 'em rope enough—only give 'em rope enough. These are the sort of men that seek to plunder the people of their lands. One of 'em holds six hundred thousand acres for ten pounds a year!—*ten pounds a year!*—TEN POUNDS A YEAR!!! and then when they're asked to pay their share of the public burdens, they say "D'ye think we'll tax ourselves?" And how did they get the land—why, by imposture—by misrepresentation—by what common working-men like me call *lying*? But I mustn't say so to these fine gentlemen—oh dear no. They don't mind doing the thing, only they can't bear to be told of it. They hold sixty millions of acres in this colony alone though, *sixty millions of acres*, and how did they get them? Why, by telling the Queen—(Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen—for I'm no republican—no republican—though I fight for the people, and will work for the people, while I'm spared, for I'm one of the people myself; and though I drive my own carriage now—honestly paid for out of my own earnings—which is more than some of the fine gentlemen who draw large salaries for doing nothing can say—I worked for eighteen years in a saw-pit—still I'm no republican)—how did they get the sixty millions of acres, why, by telling the Queen that they weren't worth the *smallest coin of the realm*, and that's half-a-farthing per acre! I shan't say more now, for I mean to have a field-day with the squatters soon. (Cheers and laughter.)

MR. GOODMAN: Said, that having been brought up at Bruce Castle, by a cousin of Rowland Hill's, he ought to know something about postage (laughter), and he could not support that portion of the address which referred to this subject. Still less could he support the sentiments according to which the just rights of the squatters were to be infringed, and the public faith violated out of deference to popular clamour. (Oh oh). Yes, he would repeat popular clamour. The squatters were the making of this colony. Poets and philosophers had alike denounced the transitory nature of gold, and the fable of the golden fleece should teach us where to look for the true elements of enduring wealth. As it was, the squatters were an impoverished class, who had sacrificed their all for the good of their country, and now it was proposed to tax them. He did not, however, appeal on this ground; he knew that the more the squatters could be ground down, the better would public clamour be satisfied, and that was all to which either the Government or the House now looked. Save me from my friends. But look to the national welfare. There were but about 1000 squatters in Victoria, and the value of their wool was about four millions per annum. That was four thousand pounds per annum each on an average. He demanded to know whether the interests of such a class should be disregarded—whether these impoverished men should be burdened with taxation.

MR. A'BECKETT: Had listened with great attention to the arguments of the honourable member, who had spoken last, and though public prejudice might be enlisted against him (Mr. a'Beckett) for saying so, he thought there was a great deal of weight in some of them. He

would give his opinion upon this matter fully and fearlessly. (Mr. Fawcner, "Hearken to the nominee.") He (Mr. a'Beckett) was what they were pleased to call a nominee, but he was none the less independent on that account. In fact, he believed the nominees to be the most independent members in that House. A *no-min-nee* had to go on his *knee* to *no-men* for a vote (laughter from Mr. a'Beckett), which was more than could be said for some of those who prided themselves on being the representatives of large constituencies. Although he was a *solicitor* by profession, he should scorn to be a *solicitor* for votes. (renewed laughter from Mr. a'Beckett); and he thought if the hon. member for Talbot did not speak so much he would commit himself less.

MR. FAWCNER: Why the hon. member from William-street hasn't given us his lawyer's defence of the squatocracy after all.

MR. A'BECKETT, (rising again): Well I know; but you put me out so. What I meant to say, was, (loud cries of *Spoke, spoke, spoke*, amidst which Mr. A'Beckett sat down.)

MR. O'BRIEN: In this 'ouse I think I should state me sentiments to this 'ouse. I think this 'ouse is aware of me sentiments on the squatting question in this 'ouse. I am sure, and I think—in fact—that me sentiments is as correct as many of them that speak more than I do in this 'ouse. I think the squatters and them that abuses them in this 'ouse, is, themselves to blame for all of a good deal. Me sentiments in this 'ouse is—(the hon. member continued to speak to the same general purpose for three-quarters of an hour.)

MR. CHAPMAN: In order to arrive at a correct view of this matter, I think it is incumbent upon us to investigate the past history of the wool-trade, and the nature of textile fabrics generally. Upon examining wool through the microscope, we find that a vast number of fibres radiating from parent stems, are provided by nature in such a manner, that on being twisted and inter-twined together in a promiscuous manner, they produce what is technically termed a *nap*. (Several honourable members are here heard to snore audibly.) On this subject I will read a passage from the Penny Cyclopædia, (the hon. member here read at considerable length, for which see "wool.") As a farther amusing illustration of this subject, I may mention, that elevated to a height of about three feet on a piece of India matting at the northern end of the House of Lords, between the bench of bishops on the one hand and my Lord Aberdeen on the other, is a seat called the wool-sack, on which at one time I fully expected to sit myself—but I have now partially relinquished that hope. Wool was once the staple of English commerce, and hence a sack of wool was chosen as the duly symbolic seat of the keeper of the King's conscience. In the same manner the wool interest has here undergone a decadence, from which I cannot hope it will ever entirely recover. For these reasons I shall be prepared to vote for the present address, although I cannot altogether agree with it.

MR. MILLER would not enter at any length into the financial difficulties alluded to in his Excellency's speech, but he thought they illustrated the fatal effect of depending in such matters upon foreign capital. He would not instance any one particular bank, but he believed the embarrassment of the Executive had arisen entirely from want of due reliance on local institutions. He advocated no indiscriminate reliance even on these. He was informed that a number of persons, not of affluence, had endeavoured to get up another local banking company, but had already fallen into embarrassments from a precipitate attempt to appropriate part of the name of an established corporation. Such proceedings should be discountenanced as they deserved, but in supporting really sound local institutions; the government would have acted a part, that like charity, would have been twice blessed, (enthusiastic cheers from Mr. Highett.)

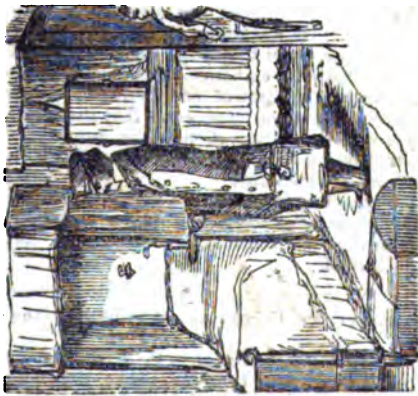
Several other speeches were reported by Mr. Punch's ecstatic reporter, but Mr. Punch and the short-hand writer had become comatose. They woke up in time to learn that the motion was carried and that the Council adjourned.

ON DIT.—The Rev. Mr. Curry is about to become [the lessee of the Theatre Royal.

WANTED—A Testimonial. Apply to G. V. B., Age office.

LEGAL.—By letters received from Mr. Croke, the Solicitor-General, it appears that the learned gentleman has taken advantage of his trip to England, to study many of the more recondite portions of his profession, which he had partially neglected during his long Australian residence. He had in fact purchased a compendious work entitled, "Every man his own Lawyer," and felt so improved by it's perusal, that he exclaimed, "Bedad, now I've read that, it's great luck I'll be afther havin among the Van Diemonians."

INVOLUNTARY INVESTIGATIONS INTO AN AUSTRALIAN HISTORY.



I.

This is Mr. Forrawinok's first night in Australia. He had no idea that he should find things so comfortable.



II.

He has not been very long in bed however, before he finds it necessary to get up again. A terrible slaughter ensues.



III.

Mr. Forrawinok sees a Tarantula for the first time, and is more struck by it's size than it's beauty.



IV.

Confound the rats!



V.

Mr. Forrawinok resolves to go to bed no more, and covering his head with a handkerchief to keep off the mosquitoes (which begin to be troublesome), he waits for morning.



VI.

When he studies his appearance in the glass, and identifies himself with difficulty.

DR. HOTHAM HAS THE PLEASURE TO MEET HIS YOUNG FRIENDS AGAIN AT THE ST. PATRICK'S HALL, ACADEMY.

BLACK MONDAY.





ELECTIONEERING AMONG THE CELESTIALS.

Something of Importance.

THE Attic Philosopher, or Philosopher in the Attic, who enlightens the readers of the *Age* upon the "State of England," has made a great discovery, which he generously presents to the people of Australia in general, and the inhabitants of Victoria in particular.

"The geographical position, saith *Atticus*, which gives you the mastery over the Pacific, the Indian, and the Southern Oceans, throws Hindostan likewise into your brawny grasp. * * * Borneo, and all the other islands lying between you and Asia, are naturally yours. It is you, and not England that must conquer and colonise them, and you should begin the conquest and the colonisation at once."

Punch is ashamed that the honor of originating so obvious a suggestion, for the accomplishment of so easy and desirable an object, should be due to the London Correspondent of a Melbourne Daily. The dense population of Victoria, which has long ago outgrown the capacity of the soil to maintain it, and which finds itself confronted, upon the borders of its territory, by the hungry millions of New South Wales and South Australia, naturally seeks a channel for its outflow, and a vacant field for its occupation. Six hours, as many locomotives, and a few hundred third-class carriages would suffice to transport some thousands of our surplus population, (we could spare half a million at least), by the "Port Phillip and Arnhem Land line of Railway," to Port Essington, whence, as every school-boy is well aware, a fleet of penny steam boats, run every half hour to Negara in Borneo. The climate of that island, which is bisected by the equator, is especially adapted to the constitutions of the British race; and the mild, pacific, and effeminate character of the Borneans, is such, that they would welcome their invaders as friends, and in all probability would make a voluntary cession of their healthful and pleasant territory, and quietly withdraw to Banka or Billiton.

Let us in the laconic language of our counsellor, "begin the conquest and the colonisation at once;" and having occupied Borneo, and civilized Sarawak, let us supersede Sir James Brooke, and proclaim *Atticus*

either Rajah or President of the island we shall have "conquered and colonised."

Punch commends the project to the notice of Sir Charles Hotham. It is quite as feasible, and as full of promise for ourselves and our posterity, as the memorable proposition to "cultivate" *cocci cacti*. When carried out, His Excellency may be secure of the gift of a peerage.

LAW! LAW! LAW!

THE following beautiful verses, illustrating the expected progress of a great reformation, are respectfully dedicated to Geo. Smythe, Esq., Barrister-at-law:—

BUY, BUY, BUY.

Buy, buy, buy —
Our very superior articles try—
Walk up, if you please, and examine the stock;
Feel 'em and try 'em before you buy 'em—
They're in capital order, and safe as a rock.

Now there's an indenture for three and nine,
And just as good as if made to order—
Look at the color of that red line,
And the way those nicks are cut in the border.

Will, sir? yes, sir, I'll show you a will
That's given unanimous satisfaction;
I can fill you up that with a codicil,
At seven and six for the whole transaction.

Now, ma'am, what can I do for you—
Some beautiful letters of administration?
There's an article, ma'am, that ought to do,
Ticketted "New Relict's admiration."

Now, there's a mortgage I'll recommend;
If I myself were a mortgagee,
And had a million of money to lend,
I'd ask no better than that you see.

I couldn't say less than ten and ten,—
They're all "my own make," and strong and sound;
But if you'll take a dozen, why, then
You shall have 'em a bargain at two for a pound.

Let me show you some marriage settlements, miss:
There's a sweet thing there would become you well.
We call that shape the "Domestic bliss—
It's better for wear than the "Ball-room Belle."

Now buy, buy, buy,
Our very superior articles try;
Walk up, if you please, and examine the stock—
Feel 'em and try 'em before you buy 'em;
They're in capital order, and sound as a rock.

THE PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.—The attention of Dr. Milton Z.X.Y. and V. Q. is drawn to the circumstance that Mr. Bacchus has been appointed returning officer for the district of Balaarat. Strange to say, the Balaarat Bacchus is, as was shewn by his speech on the hustings, very temperate himself.

THE GRANT lately elected member for Sandhurst, is not a Crown Grant, by any means.

NEW PATENT.—Mr. James Harrison, the member for Geelong, has patented a machine "for the concatenation of monstrosities in a parabolic surd. The primeval hypothense is sublimated by means of a small quantity of amanito-brophenose, which is generated in the molossus under circumvallation. Hypersthene is then added, and the resulting polyglotethec is projected into space, recrystallized, converted into syllogism, and eliminated."—*Government Gazette*.

TESTIMONIAL.—Certain bakers of Melbourne and the suburbs are, it is said, about to present Inspector Tydd with a testimonial. It will consist of an elegantly-designed statue of Ceres, executed in the Plaster of Paris, lately extracted by Dr. Maund from their own flour.



A CONSIDERATE PARTNER.
GENTLEMAN IN THE SHIRT SLEEVES.—Come Sir, look sharp—or I shall be getting quite a head of you with these 'ere hysters.

Hawking Without a License.

My dear Mr. Punch,—

I am a stall-keeper at the Hospital Bazaar, and I write to complain to you of the manner in which persons are permitted to hawk goods about, to the manifest injury of the legitimate trader like myself. This morning a gentleman was coming in the direction of my stall, and I had made up my mind to sell him a bottle of *eau de cologne*, for the low price of one guinea, when he was waylaid by one of the impudent hawkers of whom I complain, and ensnared into the purchase, for 30s., of a purse that was not worth sixpence. Thus he was defrauded of his money, stopped from buying a *real bargain* of me, and a serious injury was inflicted on

Your obedient servant,
A LEGITIMATE TRADER.

Contributions to the Bazaar.

Punch has perused, with the liveliest interest, the reports, which have appeared in his daily contemporaries, of the aspect, progress and prospects of this benevolent undertaking: but he has seen no mention made of the various articles which were liberally contributed to the Bazaar by certain members of the Legislative Council. To wit:—

A gross of gingerbeer, manufactured from his own recipe, by the hon. the Speaker.

A model of a saw-pit, with "some thoughts upon the art of becoming a Top-sawyer," written in the raciest and most idiomatic English, by Mr. J. P. Fawcner.

A "Land Shark," (the only known specimen extant), preserved in spirits, by Mr. Goodman.

A silver tea-pot, with the motto, "*Te veniente dis, te decidente,*" engraved upon the handle, by Mr. Nicholson.

An annotated edition of *Walकिнгхам's Arithmetic*, bound in calf, by the Auditor-General.

A plan, with detailed drawings of the Eureka stockade, by Mr. Peter Lalor.

Punch fully appreciates the modesty which has restrained the donors of these articles from giving publicity to their benevolence. Like other diffident benefactors of mankind, they

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Theatrical Criticism.

TOBY having some spare time upon his paws, has been permitted by Mr. Punch to turn it to his own account. Toby has been reading the theatrical criticisms in the Melbourne daily papers, and is convinced that he could do that sort of thing by the mile, and begs to offer his services to the editors and proprietors. Toby accordingly submits the following specimen:—

COPPIN'S OLYMPIC.

(For the Herald.)

WITH a vivid recollection of David Garrick,—and it is really wonderful to observe how, in the language of the Mantuan Poet, *tempus fugit*—in the character of Linkum Feedle, it is only justice to Mr. Brooke to affirm,—and by the way the brook was last night agitated by a ripple of unusual emotion, when first exposed to the influence of the strong *Heir*,—that he (Mr. Brooke) is, notwithstanding the prejudices of a *laudator temporis acti*, a worthy successor to Richard Burbage, whom we remember to have seen playing this very part at the Globe Theatre Bankside. If we had seen Mr. Brooke, in our Elizabethan youth, we should have said with Falstaff—"Now, Master Brooke, I desire more acquaintance of you." We should have been glad, in fact, to have connected this actor with our associations of that period, which lives as freshly in our memory as though it were but yesterday. It was our singular fortune, to be an eye-witness of the unhappy conflict in Hoxton Fields (they were called Hogsden Fields in those days), when Ben Jonson "pinked" Gabriel; and the circumstance is all the more strongly impressed upon our mind, because on that day month, we had visited Paris, and had seen Talma sustain his farewell round of characters in comedy at the Hippodrome.

Therefore we watched Mr. Brooke's performance last night with eager interest, and our ravenous curiosity was set on edge by reminiscences of the grimaces, pantomime, and manual by-play of the celebrated Hart, whom we had seen with Nell (Wynne in this evergreen drama, at the Duke's Theatre. No one who has not heard the tones of Hart's voice—Charles the Second used to call him jocularly *sweet-HART*,—can have any conception of what they were. It was not so high nor so low, nor so full, nor so thin, nor so strong, nor so weak, as some voices are. But it was more than all this. It gave utterance to every word that fell from his lips, and sunk to a whisper, or rose to a shout, just as its proprietor thought proper. You never thought of his elocution till it was all over, and then you forgot to remember it. His face was masculine, his figure manly, and his eye (he had but one), could penetrate a millstone. It will be recorded of his successor Mr. Brooke that "he was as tall a man of his inches as any in all" Victoria.

We shall not apologise to him for these reminiscences. They are the supreme delight of our garrulous old age, and he will feel it to be the highest compliment we could pay him, to associate his name with those of Garrick, Burbage, Hart and Talma.

GREAT PROGRESS.

We are delighted to learn, that several official members of Council have availed themselves of the recess, to brush up neglected portions of their education. Mr. Grimes engaged the services of an eminent denominational schoolmaster, under whom he has made great progress in his cyphering. It was found necessary to take the honourable gentleman right through the course, as his simple addition was very rusty, and he had never paid any attention to numeration. In a confidential moment, he admitted, that the only addition he cared for, was an addition to his salary; as to *division*, he perfectly understood that, and always voted with the Government. Mr. Grimes has now "got into rule-of-three," and though the following specimen copied from his slate, is not without errors, it still evinces a truly mathematical instinct—

Problem: If ten apples cost a shilling, how much will 1567 apples cost?

10	:	1	:	1567	:	:
				1		
				10	1567	284
				20		
				76		
				80		
30)	284	(18				
	20					
	84				47	
	100				40	
	24				7	

Answer: £15. 24. 7.

Punch's Address to the Council.

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN,—

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing to you, that the Posting Bill issued some months since, announcing my intended appearance among you was received with unanimous public acclamation, and I earnestly hope that the establishment in the colony of those great principles by which the mother country is governed by my father, may be productive, as I have no doubt it will be, of the prosperity which has hitherto marked the course of the Anglo-Saxon race under the guidance of my family.

I am glad to see around me several of the members for the diggings who are now absent, and who have assembled here to do honor to the occasion for which I have this day summoned you.

I shall transmit to you for payment, two little bills—one for the subscription due by you to me for the ensuing year, the other for the arrears which, with full confidence in you, I have allowed to accumulate. These, though formally separate, are substantially the same, and will be so regarded by my collectors. With reference to the latter, I have availed myself of the arrangements which experience has shown to be useful in procuring promptitude of payment. You will perceive it is a departure from the system which usually prevails in my office. It is of no small importance that those, in whom confidence is placed, should be made to feel the weight of the trust reposed in them, and I therefore think it advisable that they should call at my office and settle their accounts, rather than they should be collected by a public officer.

Those subscriptions which would otherwise lapse, require to be renewed. The welfare of the colony calls on me to lay before you regular weekly numbers, and with the new year I contemplate producing greater and more brilliant effects than any I have yet attempted.

The state of the diggings gives me great cause for satisfaction. I perceive that the contentment and general prosperity which prevails there, is entirely owing to the effect of the numbers of *Punch* issued during the last quarter. The objects of my advent to this colony have been thus far successful. The credit and reputation of Victoria depend upon my prosperity, and the improvement which has taken place is to me a subject of gratulation.

I have already communicated my views of the necessity of doing something toward the establishment of railways in this colony. Surveys have been professedly in hand for a long time, and I expect that some time in the ensuing century, the Government will have acquired sufficient information to enable it to have some definite notion of the course to be adopted.

My attention has been directed to financial subjects. My own condition is satisfactory, but I perceive that the colony, like other young spendthrifts, has allowed its expenditure to exceed its income, so that it has been compelled to have recourse to its avuncular relatives. I regret to say that the funds so raised, have for the most part been wasted in extravagance.

I congratulate the house on the contrast which the colony now presents to the aspect it wore when I commenced my rule, and all improvements which have occurred since that era may safely be ascribed to my wisdom and skill.

By a blunder of Mr. Grimes's, the debt was magnified to double its real amount, and this is now much reduced. The waterworks are steadily progressing. The Corporation has been stimulated to as much activity as that lumbering obstacle to progress was capable of. The gas pipes are being laid down, and the works are nearly complete. Many of the streets are paved; the public show a higher taste in literature and art; large sums have been collected for charitable purposes; several successful balls have been held, and the Hospital Bazaar has exceeded the anticipations of its projectors. For all these, and two or three thousand other advantages is the colony indebted to me, and I have the pleasure to inform you that my labours bid fair to be duly appreciated. The claims I have upon your gratitude involve the payment of my dividends and other matters which will not brook delay.

Complaints having been made of the dangerous state of the navigation of Hobson's Bay, I lost no time in despatching *Toby* to obtain the necessary local information, and from his report, which will be laid before you, I expect much advantage will accrue. No effort on my part shall be wanting to bring about all the amendments that are required in this or any other department of the public service.

The Reports of the Commission of Enquiry into the state of the Customs and other public departments, were, be it remembered, made either by parties interested, or by gentlemen who worked gratuitously. You will therefore attach due weight to them.

The time has now arrived, when you have completed your apprenticeship to the Secretary of State and are about to go into business on your own account. I trust that you will exercise foresight and judgment in all your transactions, and that success may attend your efforts. In the meantime, be assured that my eye will be upon you, and that I shall not fail to call you to account for any neglect or dereliction of duty.

M. PUNCH, Z.X.Y., &c.

A CARD.

CHARLES HOTHAM, &c.; &c., &c., in consequence of the arrival of the New Constitution, being about to retire into private life, takes this opportunity of informing his fellow colonists, that his entire energies shall for the future be devoted to his kitchen garden at Toorak, and the improvement of his far-famed breed of pigs and poultry. The dairy and egg departments will be conducted on the same principles and under the same superintendance as heretofore.

C. H. trusts that strict attention to business will ensure him a continuance of his friends' kind favor and a share of their patronage.

N.B.—Sole agent at Toorak, for Murphy's celebrated $\frac{1}{2}$ X bear.

Blanche Amory to Laura Bell.

My dearest Laura,—

All is over, and your poor Blanche droops, like her own pet parouet in a hot wind. Four days, dearest, the hottest, dustiest days you can possibly imagine, did I scatter smiles and sweet words upon the oddest gathering of people you ever saw. For my part, Laura, I don't wonder at Catherine de Medicis being stung to the quick by Mary Stuart's taunt, *Vous avez beau faire, Madame! Vous ne serez jamais que la fille d'un marchand*. What I should feel, if I were a merchant's daughter I know not; but I shall never forget the difficulties and *desagremens* I encountered as a stall-keeper at the Hospital Bazaar. Not to speak of the injury which one's complexion sustains by the heat and the dust, there was the constant torment of talking and listening to all sorts of male monsters, and some of them were mean enough to haggle with me about the price of the articles! Could you have believed it, my darling? I don't know how *real* shop-keepers sell their wares, but I am sure no *gentleman* would object to pay five shillings for a cake of Windsor soap, or half-a-sovereign for a love of a lamb that bleated like a christian. They never said a word to Miss Catherine Hayes about cheapening the articles *she* sold. Oh, no! they knew better, the miserly wretches.

You should have seen Mr. Grimes (you know Mr. Grimes?) selling baby linen. Fancy an Orator-general, or whatever he is (I can never remember the names these people give themselves, but I know its something to do with the Government) making a long speech to a lady about a satin pincushion with "Welcome little Stranger!" pricked upon it; and when she asked him for a multiplication-table-puzzle, there was such a titter ran round the stall, that the Orator-General blushed to the roots of his hair.

Fancy, too, a middle-aged bachelor gravely walking off with a cradle under one arm, and a stuffed kangaroo under the other; and as to the number of ridiculous creatures who went to see "the most curious animal in nature," (their own absurd countenances in a looking glass, my dear), it baffles calculation. Some of them were so disgusted with themselves, and tried to look so unsheepish, and failed so lamentably.

Did you hear of the wedding cake, Laura? And of — having found the ring in his portion of it? Well, the odious creature has absolutely proposed! Proposed to me!! My darling there really is no limit to the vanity and presumption of these men; but you will easily imagine the answer he received from

Your attached and devoted

BLANCHE.



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

(A fresh illustration, according to Coppin's arrangement of the Busts of Shakespere and Brooke on either side of the Royal Arms, at the Olympic).

REPORT OF AN ANALYSIS OF THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

PERFORMED BY TOBY, M.P.I.

Humbug	54.35
Self-Gratulation	27.31
Matter to the purpose07
Common Sense (a trace)	
Useful information	3.96
Despotic Spirit	15.28
Piety03

100.00

The specimens examined, presented the usual characteristics of smoke and humbug, and contained a more than ordinary proportion of self-sufficiency in the various combinations stated in the table.

TOBY, M.P.J.

EPIGRAM.

To G. V. Brooke the right place give,
Let no one feel disgust
That Shakespere's left, for he shall live
When Brooke's fame is *all bust*.

Education at the Antipodes.

Melbourne Punch has received from his venerable and venerated parent the subjoined communication. *M. P.* offers his filial testimony to the felicitous accuracy of his father's criticism upon the Chancellor's oratory; but respectfully demurs to the severe "reflection" cast upon the colony, in regard to its money-grubbing pursuits. The friends and fellow colonists of *Melbourne Punch* are not insensible to the value of "a liberal education."

"Melbourne had, according to the last advices from Australia, just opened its University, after a magnificent speech from the Chancellor, whose style of eloquence combines all the rotundity of the cannon-ball with all the hollowness of the cannon. We are of course great advocates for the spread of education all over the world; but we are afraid there is not much prospect for the cause, from the state of things, at Melbourne: where, after an estimate of £110,000 for the building, £20,000 for the land, and £9000 a-year for the endowment of the new University, there are only sixteen students to profit by the tremendous outlay. The institution is to stand on forty acres of land, which will give precisely two acres and a half to each pupil. Perhaps the better mode of turning the concern to account will be to convert it into a vast gymnasium, with a Professorship of Cricket, who should give lectures on longstop, and other physical accomplishments, which seem to be congenial to the youth of Victoria. It is really a reflection on the colony, that its inhabitants are so immersed in money-grubbing that they cannot even spare their sons from the degrading pursuit, and only sixteen youths can be mustered throughout the whole of the vast locality to accept the offer of a liberal education. The fact is, that nearly everybody in the colony is making haste to get rich, in the hope of returning to England, where after all they are only doomed to disappointment; for the vulgar rich—who have nothing but their dross to recommend them—are happily at a discount on this side of the world, as from their numbers they necessarily are on the other."

Mr. PUNCH understands it is contemplated to give a ball to the Mayor. Mr. P. would suggest "*Miscamble's condition balls*" as the most efficacious description of balls both for horses and mares.

Schedule D.; or the Vament of Crimes.

I.

Oh listen to my moving lay,
I tell a piteous tale;
I haven't spirit left to-day,
My sorrows to detail.
Then let their words sufficient be—
My name is not in Schedule D.

II.

There's Childers, Stawell, Clarke and Haines,
They eat and drink and laugh,
They'll get their pensions for their pains,
And can afford to chaff.
Poor miserable outcast me,
Whose name is not in Schedule D.

III.

I know for office I'm not fit,
I can't subtract or add;
In Council I can't speak a bit,
My grammar's very bad,
But what's a man to do you see
Who's quite shut out from Schedule D.

IV.

Too well I know my coming doom,
Resist it how I can—
Turned out of office to make room,
For some more happy man.
Then gentle reader pity me,
For being out of Schedule D.

V.

I see them sitting at their ease,
Haines, Childers, Stawell, Clarke,
As blithe and merry as you please
My fate alone is dark,
For oh how doubly blessed is he,
Whose name appears in Schedule D.

SYKES'S HYDROMETER. We are informed that Mr. Childers has been endeavouring to learn the art of ascertaining the strength of spirits by the use of this instrument. We understand that the Hon. Collector has not been eminently successful, but that Mr. Wright the late Chief Commissioner for the Gold Fields, has shown him a much simpler method of arriving at the desired result.



A SKETCH ON THE YARRA.

An expert steam navigator.

The Opening of Council.

BY POLICEMAN X.

'Twas on November twenty-three
Last week as ever were,
Sir Chawles kums to St. Patrick's 'All,
It hopen to deklair.

The band it plaid—God save the Queen,
And thirsted soar for beer ;
A krowd did gather round the 'All,
But nun of them did cheer,—

Not wen Sir Chawles's carriage did
The 'All approach un-toe ;
But sulkily they skowld at him,
Sulky was he all-soe.

Inside that Council Chamber small,
Was lots of ladies fare,
With eyes—my eyes !—no dimonds cood
With them there eyes kompair.

The members sat on hoss-air seats,
And some in hoss-air wiggs ;
The Speaker lookt as sollem as
A beak a tryin prig.

We eerd a gun, and then there run
A room-er throo the room,
As how Sir Chawles's jib must be,
Not far from that there boom.

And then a chap in choker wite,
The Speaker boughs before ;
And says, says he—"The Guvernor
Is jest outside the dore."

Them 'andsom ladies from their seats
Quite gracefully do rise,
The members much more hawkerdly,
Stand bolt upright likewise.

In stalks Sir Chawles, in neckcloth stiff,
And soot of naval bloo ;
And rite and left he makes his bows,
Which means, "Ah, how d'ye deo."

And says, says he, "Be seated, pray.
Don't stand, dear ladies fare ;"
And then he walks rite forard to
The Speaker's big arm-chair.

And after him there kums a lot
Of swells in skarlett klose,
As make the room look 'otter still,—
They don't ought, goodness nose.

Sir Chawles, he mounts the steps as leads
Un-toe the speaker's chare,
And pulls a roll of paper out,
And reads it then and there.

But what its all about, I'm sure
My readers ne'er expex
Should be explained or understood
By me Perleesman X.

At last the paper's red all throo,
And members faintly cheer,
And then Sir Chawles stalks out agin,
The red coats in his rear.

And bows away both rite and left,
Jest as he bowed before ;
His neck must be, in that cravat,
Unkommon stiff and sore.

Outside, the crowd set up a hiss,
And some to groan began ;
And off the carriage druv at once,
With that unpop'lar man.

Then out came all them ladies fair,
Miss Hayes among the throng ;
And her the crowd with cheers salute,—
The Melbourne Queen of Song.

Out came the motley Councillors,
Like boys, from school set free ;—
I'll say no more, for Pleesman X
May be an M.L.C.

The ups and downs of this here world
There's no accounting for ;
Perhaps the man as executes,
May one day make, the lor.

Who knows but what, obedient to
A grateful country's calls,
Perleesman X may condescend
To supersede Sir Chawles !

GRACE before meat ! as the parson said, when he proposed to shut
up the eating houses on Sundays.

SKETCHES AT THE HOSPITAL BAZAAR.



The winner of the ring in Mrs. Chisholm's "Forlorn Hope" Lottery. "Oh, happy fair; oh happy fair," &c., &c.



Mr. Spotidveest pays his money to see the most wonderful animal in the world.



Mr. Smith—a man of strict business habits—carries home for perusal many letters which reached him by various mails.



An elderly gentleman, who cannot resist the blandishments of the "unlicensed hawkers." His better half considers them "ugly forward things."



Bachelors are always lucky in raffles. Here you see one who gained two useful prizes.



Portrait of a distinguished gentleman lending his valuable assistance in the sale of baby linen.



SCHEDULE D.; OR PREPARING TO GO THROUGH THE COURT.
(A VERY DISTRESSING CASE).

100

100

100



HOLD ON OLD QUARTER-DECK—STICK TO HER.

Ministerial Crisis.

RESIGNATION OF TOBY AND HIS COLLEAGUES.

MELBOURNE was thrown into a state of unwonted excitement yesterday, by the circulation of a rumour to the effect that Toby and several of his colleagues had resigned office under Mr. Punch. At the usual hour at which these gentlemen meet together to put the world to rights, Toby was not present, and dead silence reigned when the engine-driver (who superintends the enormous engine that propels the printing machine, whereby Mr. Punch's 3,560,000 readers are supplied), rose to explain the absence of Toby.

The engine-driver said he was commissioned to state to the house, that Toby had been relieved from his duties, and that his collar and kennel were consequently vacant. He was not prepared to state the cause of this crisis, but he begged the house to believe that it was not in any way connected with a question of dogs' meat.

Immense excitement immediately prevailed, and various opinions were freely offered. Some said, Toby's proceedings were scandalous—others blasphemously asserted that Mr. Punch was to blame. The meeting broke up without coming to any understanding.

HAPPY TERMINATION TO THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

TOBY HAS RESUMED OFFICE.

Yesterday, when the Council re-assembled Toby walked in again, at the head of the litter, amid immense cheering. It was observed that he wore his old collar slightly altered in size and color. A message was brought in from Mr. Punch, enclosing copies of correspondence between himself and Toby. The message, with its enclosures, was ordered to be printed.

Toby said he would take this opportunity of explaining what had occurred. It had become necessary to repaint his kennel, and also to have his collar somewhat altered in accordance with the fashion of the present day. He had therefore been released from his duties, that these changes might be carried out. They were now happily completed, and he once more occupied his former position. It had been insinuated that a difference had arisen between himself and Mr. Punch, on the subject of dogs' meat. He scornfully repudiated the insinuation. He did not care for dogs' meat more than any other honourable member, although while the kennel and collar difficulties were being adjusted, he had taken the opportunity to have the allowance-of-dogs'-meat-question placed on a satisfactory basis. This was now satisfactorily accomplished. It was unnecessary that he should go more into detail.

Some members expressed their doubts as to the propriety of the step that had been taken, but out of doors universal joy was manifested, as soon as the happy announcement was made—

TOBY HAS RESUMED HIS COLLAR, AND THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS IS OVER.

Gems of Genius.

GATHERED IN THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

Mr. Greeves regretted that the Governor had left the country without a government. *Punch* would never grieve at his leaving the country under any circumstances.

Captain Paaley desired a postponement of the debate till the next day, that the ex-ministers (who he admitted were no longer members of the house), might be present to explain the circumstances of their (happy) release.

Mr. Murphy, in a sudden burst of enlightenment announced his discovery, that there were greater fools in the Government than he had previously supposed.

Mr. Benson urged, that the ministers who were absent ought to have been present to give an account of their absence.

Mr. Miller, in a moment of aberration, stated, that he had "too much modesty."

The Expected Smash.

(A FRAGMENT FROM AN INCOMPLETE DRAMA.)

Scene.—A Dining-room—Sundry gentlemen full, and bottles empty; other bottles in an intermediate state.

1st Gent.—Well, my boys, we've had a jolly time of it, but I suppose it's a case at last. A very sad thing—still (winking) there's balm in Gilead. Pleasure of a glass of wine, old fellow!

2nd Gent.—With pleasure. Very fine wine this. I've kept back a few cases to console us in our afflictions. By Jove, who would have thought we should have carried on so long though with our capital!

3rd Gent.—Not I. And, for my part, I look on the arrival of this English power of attorney that'll set us right about as a very fortunate occurrence. We couldn't have gone on long at any rate, and this quite justifies us in our smash. Come what may, I've a thousand a-year settled so that they can't touch it—pass the rosy.

1st Gent.—Well, I think after the crisis is over, I shall have the same miserable wreck of my fortunes to live upon!

2nd Gent.—I shall be personally snug to about the same amount when the firm goes. After all, business is very anxious and laborious, and whatever is, is right. When we've paid our dividends and got our certificates, there won't be any more bother, and a remnant of a quiet thousand a-year, and retired leisure will be a comfortable sort of thing. But G—you look quite mopy. Take some more wine man, and cheer up: Care killed a cat.

4th Gent.—Oh yes! it's all very well for you fellows: you'll be all right under schedule D. But what's to become of me? I ain't in schedule D. What's to become of me? I shall get the sack as sure as two and two make four—let me see, yes, two and two do make four, so what are you laughing at!

1st Gent.—All right, my genius; your arithmetic's funimpeachable at all times. Don't be down-hearted if you're not in schedule D. Learning is better than houses and lands you know. I should say you'd make your fortune now, as a professor of mathematics—or actuary to an insurance office—or something of that kind. You know how many blue beans make five!

4th Gent.—Now, don't be chaffing; I do know that two and three make five: I read it "somewhere," and I got it by heart. But when once I get smashed, and when this firm gets smashed, they won't give me a thousand a-year for demonstrating that. I should have been all right if I'd been in schedule D., but you left me out on purpose; I know you did. I can do nothing, I can't. I was in at a draper's the other day, and there was a boy they kept calling "cash." At first, I thought I might be him, but he had to count money, and I can't count money—what am I to do?

—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Gents. together.—We can't help that; you should have been smart enough to get your settlements down in schedule D. before the smash came. Never mind—we're all right: every one for himself you know. Halloa there! some more wine and water. Come, give us a song somebody. (*Hilarity speedily increases among the gentlemen down in schedule D.; 4th Gent. remains depressed; he practices addition with the aid of his fingers, which he counts over several times, and decides to be eleven in number.*)

Critical Criticisms.

OST acknowledges, with becoming gratitude, the tribute paid by the *Herald* , to the *vraisemblance* of his previous criticism; and encouraged by the approbation of that ancient Nestor, submits two other specimens of critical analysis to a discerning public and admiring contemporaries:—

COPPIN'S OLYMPIC.

(For the Age.)

HE character of *Jack the Giant Killer* is a Titan among the sons of nak. There is something super-stupendous in its conception, pyramidal in its proportions, homicidal in its attributes. It combines the fantastic simplicity of the nursery, with the giant-slaughtering promiscuities of Jupiter Tonans of Olympian notoriety. Through every haze of his multiform, manifold, and vari-colored existence, as enveloped in the inception, evolution, progress and catastrophe of this sublime drama, we eliminate, excogitate and penetrate the subtle, profound, deep-seated, fundamental master passion of his pure, peerless, noble, and justice-loving nature. The single-headed, double-headed, triple-headed giants were a superfluity in creation; therefore he hated them. They were the oppressors of a simple, guileless, pastoral and unsophisticated people; therefore he slew them.

As he listened—in the stellar silence of a Cornwallian night—in the wfully-muttered and mysteriously-worded chaunt.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman,—"

o object, craven, dastardly and shrinking fears assailed his manly, allant, noble, valiant heart. On the contrary, a calmly-derivative smile layed upon his youthful lips, and he awaited with placid complacency the rhythmical conclusion of the lay:—

"Be he alive or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

nd, by the way, what a profundity of knowledge as well as melodious sweetness of expression, is to be found in this faultless and never-to-be-inefficiently-eulogised couplet. None but its immortal author could have draped and garmented such thoughts in such language. An illustration of social usages underlies the grand and impressive historical fact. It was the custom in those primeval days to adulterate the urinaeous elements of the staff of life with pulverised portions of our seecous anatomy. Nor was it a matter of moment, whether the human rist was vital, moribund, or defunct; for, says the immortal bard,—

"Be he alive or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

Miss Julia Matthews' feminine but completely and carefully comprehensive grasp of this tender yet terrific character satisfies, and even states the most exigent and exacting requirements of a captiously critical public. With what a haughty and defiant grandeur did she challenge and dare the earth-shaking and thunder-sounding pursuit of the vast and horrent Thundel, around the moat of his castellated and owning strong-hold! how true to nature, delicately-toned, beautifully modulated, and intensely exciting was her delivery of the passage "You must catch me first!" The fire of her genius inflamed the parts of the whole of the audience. The spectators in the pit embraced each other in an ecstasy of delight. Those who occupied the aisles tore up the benches in the fervor of their frenzied admiration, and seated themselves among the *debris* on the floor, alternately weeping and smiling, as joy and pity alternately awayed their too-susceptible hearts. As for the box-audience,—they rained upon the stage with a shower of bracelets, necklaces, mantles, lace handkerchiefs, rings, bonnets, boas, and bouquets, that the all-accomplished and val-enthraling actress narrowly escaped suffocation, and was only chummed from the tumultus of votive offerings, by the super-human forts of the sturdy, stalwart, steadfast and stout-hearted manager.

THEATRE ROYAL.

(For the Argus).

HE opera of *La Vecchia Madre Ubbardo* , the most successful lingua Franca opera, by the most successful—almost the only successful—though others ought to have been successful—yet few, like

Grindini, have been successful,—of Lingua Franca composers, was last night produced at this house. The overture, with its prophecies of a vacant cupboard, and shopping visits to numerous tradesmen; the theatre crammed to the ceiling; and the books of the opera (incorrect by the way, as the original editions do not contain the cavatina "Piccola Bo-Pipa," the words of which are by Petrarch, and the music by Paisiello), inevitably referred us to Saddler's Wells, Nell Gwynne, and Tennyson.

But Tennyson, Nell Gwynne, and Saddler's Wells, were dispelled from our thoughts when the curtain rose upon the first act, and the prima donna, in the character of *La Vecchia Madre* , after the opening recitative, proceeded to sing—

Ando al fornaio,
Comprare del pane,
E quando ritorno
Fu morto il cane.

The fair *comtatrice* evoked the most rapturous applause, for she sang with a *grandezza* and a *raggio* , especially in the *scherzando* movement which marks the transition from the key of S minor to that of Q major (scientifically and artistically modulated by the way, both by the vocalist and the orchestra), that fascinated the audience. We certainly objected to the substitution of the *accelerando* for the *sostenuto* time in the last three bars, which ought, strictly speaking, to have occupied seven more seconds in the performance. But we must not quarrel with artistes of the Lingua Franca school of music for departing from the purer principles of the German.

Madame Sarabandini and Signor Bassonfogato never sang better in their lives, and the favorite rondo

Alla taberna vicina ando,
Vino rosso e bianco comprare;
Ma quando la madre ritorno,
Sulla testa il cane fu stare,

was redemanded with a *furore* of applause.

The scenery was abominably painted; the choruses were totally ignorant of their parts, and the transposition of the music originally designed for a contralto in the character of *Il Calcolato* , so as to suit a basso profondo, was somewhat inimical to the success of the opera. In other respects, if the three acts be compressed into one, the recitative and the choruses excised, and the libretto sung in German instead of French, English, and Italian, we predict that *La Vecchia Madre Ubbardo* will have a lengthened run.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

THE following Gem may have escaped the attention of our readers, we therefore extract it from the advertisement columns of the *Argus* , and give it all the prominence it deserves:

WANTED immediately, a Church of England Schoolmaster for Carisbrook. There is no schoolhouse at present, nor can the expenses of the journey be allowed; but the situation is interesting and promising. There is £100 per annum from the Denominational Board, to which an efficient teacher might readily add an equal sum from school-fee. Habits of the strictest sobriety and consistency of character indispensable. Applications, stating qualifications, and enclosing testimonials, or references as to moral and religious character, to be addressed to Rev. Mr. SMITH, Carisbrook.

Mark how beautiful is the simplicity of the Rev. Mr. Smith. There is no schoolhouse at present. The Rev. gentleman doesn't say whether there is any likelihood of one being erected; and as there is no home for the expected schoolmaster, we presume he will have to perform his duties abroad. "Nor can the expenses of the journey be allowed," says Parson Smith; but—and here is some compensation for these shortcomings, "the situation is interesting." We wonder whether it be half so promising as the Rev. Mr. Smith, and if the performance be in inverse proportion to the promise. There is £100 per annum from Denominational Board," or less than the wages of the commonest laborer, "to which an efficient teacher might readily add an equal sum for school-fee," of course he might, more especially as there is no schoolhouse for the scholars to assemble in. Great is Smith! modest his requirements, and generous his soul!

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN SLAGGE, Esq., TO ROBT. POPPE, Esq., LONDON.

DEAR BOB,—

By this time you'll about have got the gold and consignments I sent you. I don't want you to remit me the returns at once, for I've had more difficulty in making things square than I expected. I filed my schedule in due course, and put down a very handsome sum for the assets. The causes of my insolvency were pressure of creditors and impossibility of getting in money in time to meet my engagements. Of course I had on the right side of the account all the bills for land allotments. I wasn't to know that parties wouldn't take up their bills, and that the land, sold out and out, wouldn't fetch a third of the money still due on it. I went into court with as creditable a looking schedule as you could wish to see. I thought I should get my certificate with no trouble to speak of, more than going before the commissioner, but I had my usual — luck. Wanting to make as handsome remittances as I could to you, I pushed my credit farther than I had ought to have done, the last month, and some people I got things of got wild and persecuted me in the Insolvency Court most unchristian. I don't know that ever I wronged anybody in particular, but to hear these people talk, you'd have thought I was a regular villain. By the way, while I think of it, do you invest my money in the funds. I mean to take a run to England when my present crisis is over, and then I can sell out. When I come back again with plenty of the ready and all my debts wiped off, there won't be any questions asked. I've given out such heavy yarns about rich connections, that nobody 'll be surprised at my coming out again with plenty of tin, and I've got the books into such order that it would puzzle Solomon to say all the money I've received isn't properly accounted for.

Owing to a nasty mean-spirited opposition from one or two parties, I shan't get my certificate at once, but whatever they may say and storm, I shall get it in the end, and I'm determined if I haven't done so well by other speculations as I ought, I won't be baulked in this. It's as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and when one is laying up for a rainy day, it's only right to lay up something handsome. You get your certificate all the same whether you pay five shillings or ten in the pound, and the odd five shillings makes a deal of difference to you if you've put it by in a good snug place.

There was a sort of attempt made by some parties to ruin my reputation before the commissioner, and they partly succeeded. There was a hundred ounces of my gold as I sent you that somehow got entered in the books, through the stupidity of a clerk, and that couldn't be traced in my schedule and balance-sheet, and there was a great row about this. Upon my word it disgusts me with the hypocrisy of mankind to hear people being virtuous and preaching, and that about what goes on every day of one's life, and no questions asked. It's no good storming however. I had to stand the racket of it, and to put down the hundred ounces in an amended schedule. It made me feel as savage as can be. I'd made all snug as I thought, and the infernal stupidity of a clerk lets one in for near on to four hundred pounds, by making an entry that the concealed ass came chuckling to me about thinking he'd discovered an omission I should be obliged to him for pointing out. You may be sure I found an opportunity of serving him out.

I was subjected to such an unpleasant examination in court, that, upon my honour, I don't think I'd have gone into the speculation at all if I'd foreseen it. The chief unpleasantness was this—I told you before that I'd given myself out as agent for one or two big houses at home, and I sold lots of drafts against these people, and for a long time it all went right. I sent home gold to meet the drafts, and pocketed the profit, and nobody was any the worse or the wiser. But when I began to get puzzled about meeting particular engagements here, I got less particular about sending home the gold. Then the very position that made it awkward to me to send the gold, made me the more anxious to sell the drafts, and that way there came to be a balance against me at home, and the nasty suspicious thieves there dishonored my bills, and so got me into a precious fix. They tried to make out here that I'd been obtaining money under false pretences, because I said I was agent for the English firms, and had sold bills on that account. As if there was anything criminal in having the balance against one sometimes with one's correspondents. I never took a man's money for a draft that I didn't mean to be met, and it's deuced hard if one's to be considered a criminal because the balance of trade

gets against one now and then. However, my certificate was suspended on this account, and the consequence is, I shant be free to use my little savings for some time to come. I call it monstrous, and a regular perversion of the law that a man should be kept back from redeeming himself this way. I've seen plenty of good things I might have gone into since I filed my schedule, but it's no more than my usual luck to be tempted by promising looking speculations just after one's hampered oneself with an insolvency.

One comfort is, I can't blame myself for what I've done. I've always prepared my plans as careful as could be. If they miscarry it'll be because of the stupidity of clerks and circumstances over which I have no controul. However, I don't think there need be any fear of the consequences. I feel sure I may trust you Bob, and I know I must get my certificate in the end. Do you invest the money as I bid you, and when I visit London again we'll have some rare games together; and when I come out here again I'll be in better feather than ever. I must stop here till I get my certificate, and in the meantime I remain yours truly,

JOHN SLAGGE.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, Esq., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

My last letter to you was broken off suddenly. Like the Essays written during the intervals of business, I had occupied a leisure hour in telling you about the circumstances of our cattle mustering expedition, and in my writing I was interrupted by a sad accident that happened in the course of what I was writing about. I told you that a couple of neighbours had volunteered to assist us in our labours, and one of these neighbours—named Dorrington, was particularly proud of his skill and coolness in the stockyard. He had a sort of morbid antipathy to resorting to the friendly shelter of the stockyard rails, and a theory that if you possessed sufficient pluck and coolness, this kind of resource was scarcely every necessary. He relied upon two arts. One was that of jumping aside from a charging bullock and knocking him down with an adroitly planted blow behind the horns—the other that of falling flat on the ground when regularly charged. Dorrington maintained, that in such case, the irritated beast always passed by and never attempted to take advantage of a fallen foe.

In the course of the day's work, we fell in with several "Rooshians" that gave Dorrington many opportunities of displaying his skill and confidence. Whether, however, he got over-confident or what, I don't know, but in the course of the afternoon he got tossed or was thrown in a state of insensibility into a corner of the stockyard. The yards were at the time fairly in the possession of a brute that would let no one into them, and that Dorrington got knocked down by, in the course of what I really think was a very fool-hardy display of confidence. At first I thought he was killed, and it was some time before we were able to get him out of the yard, and to carry him into the hut. He gradually came to himself again and we then found that he was not mortally hurt, though he had several bones broken. When he was knocked down, I foolishly enough had jumped into the yard to help him and was charged myself without being able to render him the least assistance. The consequence was, that I too became an invalid with a smashed rib that rendered me unfit for immediate active exercise, though it did not endanger me or make me unable to walk back to the hut; but I was *hors de combat* for the rest of the mustering.

It was thought advisable to get Dorrington back to his own station as soon as possible, 'as he was much more comfortably housed than B—. He had a sister living with him who had gallantly come out to share his fortunes, and he had been at some pains on her account to make his bush home more comfortable than the majority of residences at that distance up the country. Among other means and appliances that he had in consequence provided, was a somewhat dilapidated old Irish car, in which he was in the habit of driving his sister about. When he came to himself, he expressed a strong desire to go home, and the car was accordingly sent for to carry him thither. It came accordingly in the morning with his sister Mary in it.

We had done all we could for him but it made me feel ashamed of our rough arts to observe how Miss Dorrington treated her brother, and how she had bethought herself of all kinds of little contrivances to ease him. I was the more struck by this as she was so agitated on his account, that she trembled from head to foot as she entered the hut, but she seemed to inflict all the consequences of her anxiety upon herself, and to have all her mental powers about her when making arrangements for her brother's removal to his own house. Writing about sen-

timents is a most unprofitable occupation, but I was really very much touched to see how she subdued all the mere tremulous parts of her feeling for him, and how he conquered the manifestations of his physical pain as much as he could when the two came together. I felt in my lonely condition a sort of longing to be so smashed and so loved and cared for as poor Dorrington was. If I had broken my neck a couple of stock-keepers would have dug a hole for me—and there an end.

However, when Miss Dorrington heard about my broken rib and the stupid way in which I got it—she at once extended no end of sympathy to me and was so kindly solicitous about me, that I almost wished my hurts had been greater, that her sympathy might have been proportionally swollen. Don't imagine that I fell at all in love—I have a great contempt for fellows who fall in love the instant a woman shows any care for their fate. Still I can't deny that I was glad to be persuaded to accompany Dorrington home on the plea—urged upon me, that I was not fit to begin cattle driving and camp out, immediately and M'Tavish said—no doubt, truly enough that I should be no great help to him—and that he was going to drive the cattle so slowly that I could easily join him a fortnight afterwards. Accordingly I went home with Dorrington and his sister, to enjoy the supreme pleasure of being nursed for a little while.

It would never do for me in my present condition to fall in love with Miss Dorrington or any one else, but I have been singularly, strangely and unexpectedly happy at their house. My rib disaster was a trifle that really was little more than an excuse for quiescence, while it has not confined me much. Dorrington has plenty of books and I have been deputed reader aloud while he lies on his couch, and his sister Mary proceeds with her needle and thread mysteries. I feel myself sojourning in a strange oasis in the desert of diggings and bush life. Among Dorrington's books, I found Tennyson's "Princess," uncut and unbelieved in, but have succeeded in making converts. You will remember the lyric beginning "Tears, idle tears," and that other about

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Both these struck Miss Dorrington as much as they do me. She would not indeed do for Tennyson at all, and does not peril one's heart by resemblance to poetical ideals, and therefore in speaking to you frankly about the very great pleasure I have had in seeing and talking and walking with her I hope it is superfluous to protest against the constructions of my feelings, that common-place people might be apt to make.

A truce to such subjects, and let us speak of abstract things. Have you ever considered the influence upon the mind of particular names—how some names seem to awaken thoughts and images that no other names could kindle? I have often been strangely struck in this respect, and perhaps any unintentional display of feeling that I may have made in writing of Mary Dorrington, may be easily explained in this way. I have always had a peculiar affection for the name of Mary. All that is gentle, and loveable, and good, and peculiar to the noble womanly province of keeping up the standard of purity in the world is somehow associated in my mind with that name. I dare say whenever I fall in love—if ever I do so—I shall find my abstract theory of nomenclature broken in upon in favour of the cognomen of my particular divinity, but being heart-whole at present, I can speculate uninterruptedly upon the abstract beauty of the name of Mary. I began to speak to Miss Dorrington of my ideas on this subject the other day, but the casual coincidence of her name with that of which I am so fond, oddly enough produced an embarrassment in our conversation; I felt awkward at the coincidence, and I suppose Miss Dorrington did too, for we walked back to the house in almost perfect silence. Miss Dorrington took her work, her brother asked me to read to him, but though I chose my subjects quite at random; everything I read seemed to support my theory of the peculiar excellence of the name of Mary.

In a few days, however, I must give over these dreamy theories. My rib is nearly right again, and I must turn from poetical and abstract speculations to the task of whacking concrete bullocks to the Melbourne butchers. As there is a chance of forwarding this letter tomorrow, I shall close it at once.

Yours truly,
GEO. CHISLEHURST.

A Correspondent at Bendigo, likens the Election for that District to a farce, on account of the absence of all opposition; we presume he alludes to that successful farce "To Oblige Benson."



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

1ST LITTLE GENT: Well old Cock, what are you going to shout?
2ND LITTLE GENT: Why my dear fellow—aw—I should be delighted; but the fact is, those girls at the Bazaar made such a dead set at me, that I was regularly cleaned out. There's no use in denying it, I'm a perfect slave to beauty.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BALABARAT.—Mr. Lalor, it is reported, has accepted the post of Private Secretary to the Governor. One of his first pleasing duties will be, we believe, the destruction of the placards offering £500 for himself in a deadly or lively condition.

MARYBOROUGH.—We are fully aware that Mr. D. Blair's modesty alone prevented his election. We do not know what our correspondent means by saying, that a trifling address of a few columns afforded respectable "standing matter" to the influential journal with which Mr. Blair is connected.

ASSAYER.—We are not aware that Mr. J. T. Smith has patented his process of extracting gold from quartz. We believe he succeeded without the use of mercury.

MIDSHIPMAN.—Mr. Shillinglaw was not Lieutenant of the Victory at the Battle of Trafalgar.

SWEEP.—Mr. Ireland has signified his intention of coming forward as a candidate for Geelong next election.

Daughter at Second Hand.

AFTER some autobiographical reminiscences connected with the "Lions at Tower Hill," the *Herald*, in a recent article about the Governor's opening speech, goes on—

But it requires all our virtue, and an almost angelic self denial in us, to abstain from disclosing what a little bird overheard a certain gentleman say about the speech, in his own piquant manner, as he was quitting the Legislative Chamber. He had evidently then heard it for the first time; and the mor which he uttered was so rich, and so delectable, that we have been obliged, like Midas, to go down to the sea-side and repeat it a hundred times, from the fear that we might otherwise burst with it, in the presence of a hearer—or even of an auditor.

We doubt not that the writer of the above paragraph resembles Midas in more ways than one, but really we cannot be content with the vicarious enjoyment of a joke. Are the readers of the *Herald* to be convulsed because the writers heard a *mot*. "Can a man be cooled by thinking of the frosty Caucasus?" Is Peter filled by being told that Paul has been feeding? Either give us this joke or don't, dear Mrs. Jarley, but though the *mot* were as good a one as any that Sydney Smith's self ever uttered, it cannot profit us to know that your sides have been shaken.



An Elegy. Written in Coppin's Olympic.

The curtain falls upon the finish'd farce,
The last dull joke has died upon the ear ;
The multitude from out the playhouse pass,
And pit and boxes wear an aspect drear.

Now fade the oil-fed foot-lights on the sight,
And darkness falls upon the chandelier ;
And, with a thrifty haste, each globe of light
Is dowsed, that decorates the sole box-tier.

Behind that sombre baize, that curtain green,
Stage-sweepers ply the dust-compelling broom ;
Each weary actor, vanish'd from the scene,
Disrobes himself in yonder dressing-room.

The call-boy's shrill and speed inspiring voice,
The prompter's cue-imparting whisper clear,
The plaudits, that each actor's heart rejoice,
No more to-night shall strike the list'ning ear.

For Brooke no more applausive hands shall smart,
And shouts of "bravo" fill the iron pot ;
Nor women weep at each pathetic part,
Nor, puzzled sore, pursue the perplex'd plot.

Full oft, we know, did G. V. B. appear,
As dark Othello, or as hard Sir Giles ;
Full oft he raved and moaned as mad King Lear,
Weaving his crown of straw with childish smiles.

Full oft, as Shylock, did he whet his knife,
As Thane of Cawdor, clutch the air-drawn blade ;
Full oft, as Hamlet, lectured Denmark's wife,
Or, as the Paduan, tamed the shrewish maid.

To me, while musing 'neath this iron roof,
Whereon the pattering rain falls thick and fast,
Comes the box-keeper, with a mild reproof,
And asks why I should linger to the last.

Haply a promis'd nobbler gains his heart,
And lubricates withal his pliant tongue ;
While I, content to play the list'ner's part,
Attentively upon his accents hung.

"There, Mister, would he stand on that 'ere stage,
And stamp, and stare, and storm, and stick, and strike,
And so unkimmon well he'd feign a rage,
That blest if ever I have seen the like.

"Next week we'll miss him in the 'tin stew-pot,'
Behind the foot-lights where he used to be,
Another actor like him we ha'n't got,
To draw, there's none like this here G. V. B."

E P I T A P H.

Here once did Brooke the sock and bukin wear,
In tragedy and comedy excel,
This tribute to his merits I will bear,
Whate'er he play'd, he play'd it passing well.

Long was his season, liberal his pay,
And liberal the public of their praise ;
He had his faults, but be they what they may,
The good in him the evil far outweighs.

No longer will I spin this lengthy verse,
Nor this box-keeper from his bed detain ;
I fear, of actors, we'll see many worse,
E'er G. V. B. shall visit us again.



A DELIGHTFUL PLACE FOR BOATING.

ANCIENT MARINER : Nothing interesting in this bay ! My dear eyes ! you should have been here yesterday. It come on to blow about this time in the afternoon, and there was a boat capsized. The boatman got his sheet hitched the same as that there, and before he could get it loose—over she went.

NERVOUS PASSENGER : Dear me, dear me. How many people were there ? Were they all drowned ?

ANCIENT MARINER : Well sir, there was six on 'em altogether, but only four on 'em was drowned. Two on 'em was swimming beautiful, when the sharks got hold on 'em. You might ha' heered 'em squeal from this to St. Kilda a'most as they was took down. Uncommon large the sharks is in this bay to be sure sir. I see one the other mornin' as would have bolted you down sir, without so much as crushin' of your 'at.



EVER AID THE WEAKER SEX.

LORD OF THE CREATION: DON'T BE AFRAID, MISS—IT'LL CARRY YOU—I'VE BEEN ACROSS MYSELF.
ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU.

Official Correspondence.

On the motion of the hon. member for Chok'em Gully, seconded by the member for Murdering Flat, the following correspondence has been printed:—

No. I.

As a change in my domestic establishment will become necessary at the commencement of the new year, I desire to give notice to my servants, that they are released from their situations, and I request they will continue the performance of the duties of their respective departments until their successors are appointed. KANGAROO BULL.

Melbourne, 1st December, 1854.

To Marshall Thomson, Butler
Jean Renaud, Valet de Chambre
James Plush, Footman
Mary Simper, Lady Bull's Maid
Sarah Gamp, Cook.

No. II.

To KANGAROO BULL, ESQ.

HOND. SIR,—

I have received your Honor's Letter givin me notice for too quit your service, by Reason off a change bein necessary. In Reply, i am willin for too continny my service until my suckessor is apiated, Butt i ope your Honour won't forgett my yousual Christmas Box,

i am hond. sir,
yr. Hbt. Servt. To Comd.,
MARSHALL THOMSON.

No. III.

A MONS. MONS. KANGAROO BULL,—

I have received ze lettre which your onerd Excellence has done me ze honneur to adress to me, giving me my conge, because a shange is necessaire, and ma fole, I shall be charme to continue my petits soins to your Excellence, until my successeur is appointed.

I dare hope at ze same time, that your Excellence will be pleased to remember yourself of ze petit douceur for my Christmas box, when you pay my gages.

Deign to receive ze sentiments of my distinguished consideration.
JEAN RENAUD.

IV.

HONNERED SIR,— KANGAROO BULL, ESQ.

i ave ad the honner to receive yr. Honner's letter for to say that i am too konsidder myself hunder notice from yr. hempliment by Reasin of a change bein wished for, and horderin me to kontinny my vork ountill the noo young man cum For too tak my Place.

i ave no hobgeckshuns to kimpli To the last menahuned Bein a man With a wife—vich Her father vos a specktible ouse older manny year in the Parish of Pankridges—han a fammilly of children depindid on im, i rite to Remind yr. Honner of my Xmas box, opin so as my leevin my presen sittivation not bein my hown hackt, will not purvent my receavin that Besides my wedges.

i ham yr. Honner's obt. humble sarvint Too Kuman,
JAMES PLUSH.

No. V.

HOND. SIR,— MR. KANGAROO BULL, ESQUIRE.

i ave reed. yr Honner's letter, menahunin that a change in the ouse vos neassary, an that i vos too leave my plate on no-years-day, an that agreeble to youre horder i ham too continny my dooty till the maid is hengaged for my lady.

i ave no hobgeckahins to reman in my presin plas, vich i am sorry for too leve, has i shall ave to go back to my mother in the country, vich i do nott like, purwiding i gets my Krissmiss-bocka, an my lady's left hoff dresses on goin away.

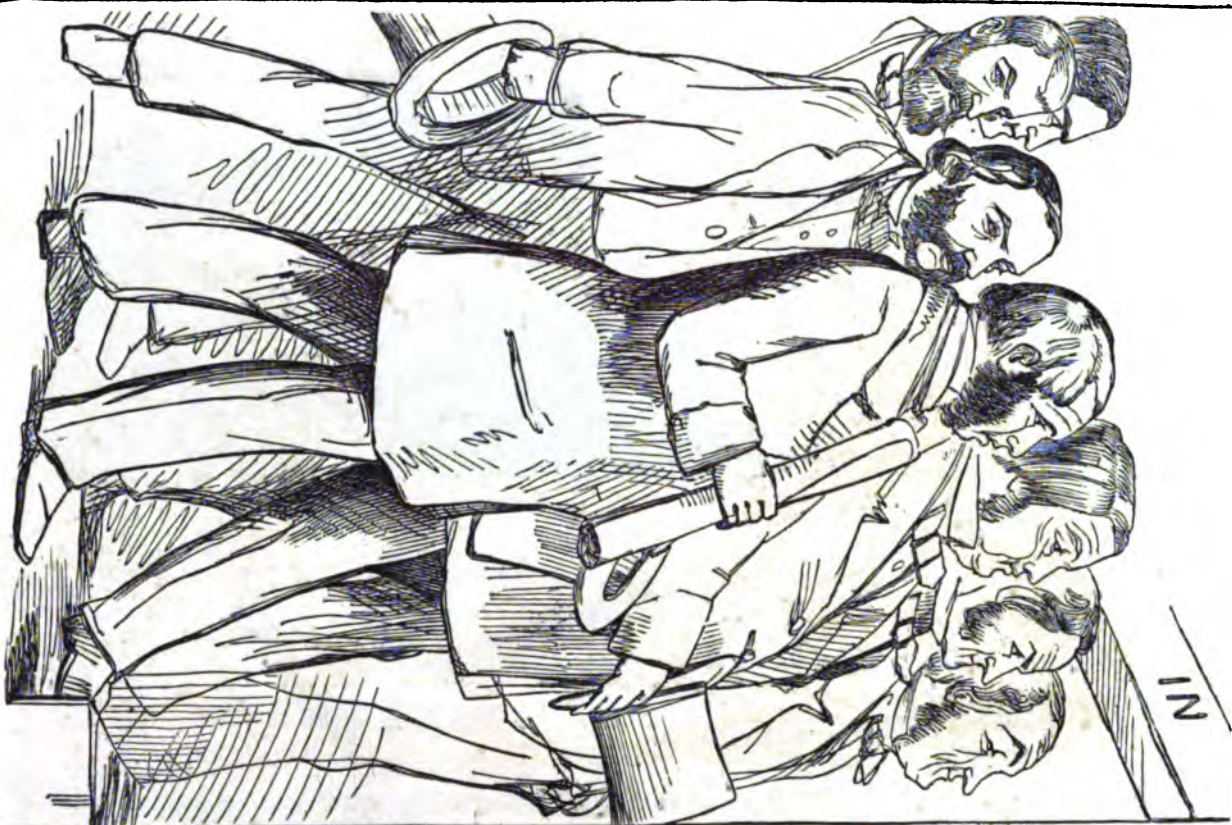
i ham yr hombel servt, to comon,
POLLY SIMPER.

No. VI.

SIR,— MR. KANGAROO BULL.

i ave reseved your letter, vitch tell me For to Find a noo Plas com new-year next, han wishin me for too doo mi werk till the noo Cook com. i ave no hojickshings votsumdever for too reman, vitch seem it is not my wish too leve, butt ony by reason bekae a change is wished by you, i ope to gett mi perquiges han drippins han sitch like, vitch i considder itt mi doo ountill i levee, han purwiding ; gets my Krissmiss-boaks, vitch mi mother vos a cook in the fust femmilies, han always vos a getting afore me.

Yr hombel servinck Too-coman,
SAREY GAMP.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE.
AN IRRESPONSIBLE EXECUTIVE IS REMOVED AND A RESPONSIBLE MINISTRY IS INAUGURATED.



PUBLIC DECENCY MUST BE OBSERVED.

GENTLEMAN BATHING : Thieves ! Police ! Fire ! Murder ! Drop that, or I'll break every bone in your skin.

GARMENT ANNEXOR : Aint you ashamed to talk in that way, old gentleman. If you come out in that state you'll be took up, as sure as you're born, and serve you right, too. Good bye, guv'nor ; shall I leave you a lock of my hair ! (*Exit whistling*).

The Peacocks of Gotham.

A bad Governor quarrels with his tools.
You can't get beer out of a stone.
A fat kitchen maketh a lean will.
It is a wise executive that knows its own governor.
Those who don't ask (for pension) don't want any.
Better known than trusted.
Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Where no Council is the people fall, but in a multitude of ministers there is safety.

Train up a market garden in the way it should grow.

Wine is a mocker, Murphy's beer is raging ; whosoever is deceived hereby is not wise.

Self praise is no recommendation.

Charity always ends at home.

It is better to say well than to do well.

Honesty is the worst policy.

One head is better than many.

Get weel, keep weel.

Pride and grace ne'er dwell in one place.

Make hay while the sun shines.

Cut, but don't come again.

The Garrick Prologus.

SCENE—A Government Office : Listless and Swellington discovered yawning over the Argus.

SWELL : So the opening address at the Garrick Theatricals was spoken by that fellah Horne. Who the doose is he ?

LISTLESS : Oh, he writes those essays on dramatic art in the *Herald*, and snubs Lovell and Boursicault, and that overrated sort of people.

SWELL : Didn't he write "Orion" ?

LISTLESS : I believe he did, and those splendid tragedies of "Cosmo di Medici" and "Gregory the Seventh" ; most effective and popular plays, I believe, though I don't remember ever hearing of their being acted.

SWELL : Well, I can't say I've seen either of them myself, but they must be doosid good, or Horne wouldn't put them at the head of all his essays, and you know he's a very modest man. But let me hear the prologue.

LISTLESS reads—

A D D R E S S.

By R. H. HORNE, Esq., PRESIDENT OF THE MELBOURNE GARRICK CLUB.

If it be true, as sages have averred,
Man's years may be increased, at least a third,
Not only by his temperate self command,
But by increase of work for brains and hand,

SWELL : Oh, my good fellah—that really wont do. Fancy increase of work lengthening our lives. I positively believe it would kill me. It's a most outrageous sentiment. Go on.

LISTLESS reads—

Whereby so many thoughts may flush the cheek,
Each day presents the image of a week ;—

SWELL : Stop a minute ; I can't make that out. How does it go ? "flush my cheek" and image of a week. Excuse my vulgar pun, but I wonder he has the cheek to present such a weak image. It seems odd, but I suppose it's all right. Read on.

LISTLESS reads—

If this be so, the world in you may see
Large proof of that right noble theory :
Nay, more, ye men of Melbourne, without peers,
In the last five, have lived a hundred years.

SWELL : Men of Melbourne, without peers. Ah, that's good : it's a sly allusion to the want of harbour accommodation : it's evidently a hit at the Sandridge Jetty.

LISTLESS : Excuse me, my dear boy, but you're quite mistaken. He means to deplore the absence of the aristocratic element. It's the best thing in it. Shall I go on ?

SWELL : Don't read it through ; it bores me ; but when you come to anything amusing tell me. (*Pares his nails, while Listless goes on reading*).

LISTLESS : Here's an allusion to a coach, I think,—

E'en to the time when first the English stage
Arose—grew great at once—and stamped the age ;

only they generally paint "The Age" on a coach and don't stamp it.

SWELL : Go on ; I shouldn't wonder if you came to something about the horses presently.

LISTLESS : Yes, here we are—

Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Webster, Marlow's bays ;

And now we have—

Chapman, high priest of poets, and the first
Translator of Homer in a spirit just ;

SWELL : That must be Chapman the barrister ; but I didn't know he wrote much poetry. And what on earth has Horne got to do with a translation of Homer in an address like that.

LISTLESS : Why, you see Chapman's a friend of his, and he thought he might as well put him into the little parcel he was packing up for immortality ; but I must say I think he might as well have brought in Tomkins the first inventor of the patent mangle. Now I'll just skip a bit and find him jumping clean over Mrs. Siddons on to Kean—

Therefore, from Shakspeare one stride brings us clean
To Garrick—one more, Siddons—Edmund Kean :
'Twas a rare club—the like may ne'er be seen.

SWELL : Well, that 'll do ; I don't want any more of it. Does the paper say anything about it.

LISTLESS : Yes, it was delivered in the costume of a gentleman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

SWELL : Isn't there a slight anachronism in a person who lived in those times talking about Kean and Siddons ?

LISTLESS : Yes ; but I believe he sunk that as the dress suited him so uncommonly well, and upon my life I don't blame him for it.

(*Enter head of the department. Listless and Swellington begin mending pens.*)

(Scene closes.)

Important News from Flemington.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)



HERE has been a terrible social crisis at Flemington. Public opinion has been agitated, and private feeling exasperated. A revolution has been anticipated, and the gradual progress of momentous events has been precipitated, by exciting writing, and angry slangwhangery. The "Jolly Thespians," "whom not to know argues yourself unknown," gave a dramatic performance on Friday night, for the benefit of the Flemington Soup Kitchen, in the back parlour of the "Tongs and Tinder-box." All the rank and fashion of Flemington were there, from the pound-keeper and policeman, down to the news boy. While the performances were in progress, a printed

copy of a dialogue in verse (or worse), was circulated among the audience. That document darkly reflected on Algernon Mordant Corks, (who does the heavy business at the Theatre Royal, Flemington), and on Bosangnet Buttons, (the principal low comedian at the same establishment). Buttons was present. Buttons read the dialogue. Buttons indignantly took it home to Corks. Corks read it. Corks exploded with wrath, (theatrical,) and vowed revenge (theatrical); as well he might. Next night was Corks's benefit. The Theatre Royal was crowded. (Your correspondent was confidently informed by the cash-taker that the receipts were unexampled—£11. 19s. 5d., the fivepence being half a franc taken in mistake for a sixpence from a Frenchman). Corks was great, greater than ever, in his greatest part. The curtain fell; and a roar like the roar of Niagara, summoned him before the audience. He spoke; and all were hushed. He thanked them: thanked every everybody, Buttons, Oohre, (decorative artist,) Wickins, (candle-snuffer,) each and all, but — Corks advanced to the footlights, and fixing his eye full upon a jolly Thespian sitting in the middle of the pit; transfixed him with a glance of scorn; riddled him with a fusillade of reproaches; and pounded his mangled remains into mincemeat with a ponderous quotation from Shakspeare.

Guerra al cuchillo, (your correspondent served in the Spanish Legion) at that hour became the watchword of the "Jolly Thespians." Flemington is divided into two hostile camps. The adherents of Corks and Buttons cock their hats over their left ears; the "Jolly Thespians" over their right. Martial law has been proclaimed by the pound-keeper, and the toll-bar is declared to be in a state of siege. Everybody is in a state of commotion; and nobody can tell where it will end. The future is dark, and the present is full of peril.

Shall I remain or shall I depart? I fear the worst, but scorn to fly. I only await your orders to hasten hence, or to stay and die.

PARTNERSHIP.—In medical circles it is rumoured that a partnership is likely to be arranged between Dr. Youl and Dr. L. L. Smith. Preliminaries are said to have been arranged, the point now in process of adjustment is the value of the celebrated pill receipt.

On the occasion of the next Amateur Performance of the farce "Used Up," the character of Sir Charles Coldstream will be personated by Mr. J. V. F. L. Foster.

FELLOW FEELING FOR FELLOW CREATURES.—The Corporation has this year, as usual, delayed the operation of cutting the thistles in the suburbs until the plants have flowered and are in full seed, so that next year's crop is already provided for. This proceeding evinces a very kind and brotherly feeling for the animals which ordinarily depend upon thistles for a living.



THE HOSPITAL BAZAAR.—A SUGGESTION THAT OUGHT TO BE CARRIED OUT.

CONVALESCENT: Six thousand pound! Well to be sure. They had ought to give the ladies a ball after that. I could find it my heart to lead off with a hornpipe myself in a case like that.

Easy Lessons in Political Science.

BY TOBY.

- 1.—All power proceeds from the Governor.
- 2.—The Governor is responsible to the Queen of England, the Parliament at Westminster, and the British people.
- 3.—It follows from the foregoing propositions that the New Constitution is not the charter of self-government, but the warrant which confirms the supreme authority of the Governor.
- 4.—No change in the administration can emanate from the Legislative body, but must be the act of the supreme power.
- 5.—It is not necessary that the Governor should be gifted with understanding to enable him to comprehend his own functions; nor be possessed of administrative ability in order to qualify him to exercise them.
- 6.—The Governor initiates the policy of the administration, and, by an equitable adjustment of burdens, transfers its responsibility and the odium thereof to the shoulders of his ministry.
- 7.—The Governor does not interfere with the consultations or arrangements of his ministers, and therefore demands a preliminary cognisance of every measure submitted to the consideration of Parliament.
- 8.—Official patronage being one of the rewards chiefly aimed at by competitors for political power, such patronage is rightfully vested in the hands of the Governor.

Toby offers these lessons (which are a digest of certain minutes and letters, seventeen in number, issued by the Government printer), for the instruction of the juvenile scholars at Dr. Hotham's Academy, St. Patrick's Hall. When the digest is digested, Toby will resume his course of instruction.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, Esq., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

There are situations in which the worst of a broken rib, is, that it gets well so consumedly fast, and this truth I began thoroughly to understand, when the excuse for staying at Dorrington's became weak, and the obligation to join M'Tavish proportionably strong. It is a sad thing to find an acquaintanceship just ripening into a friendship, and then to have it suddenly broken off, in spite of conviction that a little longer intercourse would have made the change complete. But "I am as a reed," &c. I found out quite by chance, that the Dorringtons' knew the —'s years ago, and that we must have met repeatedly. The victims of misplaced confidence in letters of introduction, are too numerous in this part of the world to make one place much reliance on friends' friends in the ordinary acceptation of the term. But you, who have never been thrown entirely among strangers, will only partially understand what an electric kind of sympathy is established when you are suddenly and unexpectedly enabled to speak of places and people as those that you have known in happier times—and of course all past times are happy times—and you enjoy again some of the imaginary extra happiness in speaking of scenes and people that have now vanished to be supplanted in turn, by that common place experience of to-day, which will become the ideal of to-morrow.

When I reached M'Tavish, I found that his course had not been entirely smooth. The two hired stock-keepers had become mutinous, and he had had to do the greater part of their work and all his own too. I think an Australian, whether native or long resident, is the most awkward fellow in the world to deal with, when you get him out alone with a considerable mob of cattle in the far bush. There are exceptions no doubt—men who will stick to you through thick and thin, and whose knowledge of this queer kind of work you only thoroughly appreciate, when you feel how fearfully their desertion would leave you in the lurch. But more commonly, they take advantage of this fact to subject you to the most ignominious subordination, and you have to use diplomatic arts that would do for a treaty at Vienna to get them to go on with you at all. Very likely in some sudden scrape, they will risk and endure all that man could be expected to risk or endure in the cause of their employer, but the instant the emergency is over, they will take such large credit for what they have done, and will want to have their own way so completely, that unless you manage most beautifully, they may pick a quarrel with you, and suddenly leave you with a curse and a contemptuous wish that you may get on without them.

M'Tavish's hot temper had been sorely tried in this way before I got up with him, and he and his men were then in a state of "armed neutrality." Whose fault it was I know not, but my arrival seemed to be the signal for more active hostilities. An acquaintance of M'Tavish's had fortunately joined a small mob of cattle with ours to drive towards Melbourne, and so we were secure of his assistance; but whether the stock-keeper looked upon me as an interloper, or whether M'Tavish took advantage of my advent to let out an extra quantity of bottled up wrath, our retainers with a profusion of ardent words that I will not write down, declared that we were all —, and that we might drive the — bullocks all the — way to — Melbourne by our — selves. There was a fight on the strength of this unparliamentary language; but the stock-keepers retired—made a camp-fire for themselves, and declared their resolution of leaving us next morning.

The work of watching cattle at night after a hard day's travel is a most oppressive and harassing one, even if you have a fair force for the purpose; but when you are short handed, it becomes a desperate trial. As there were three of us at any rate, the task was feasible, indeed without extraneous assistance, but it was no joke; and in the morning the stock-keepers were better (or worse) than their word, and saddling their horses before it was light, galloped off right through, our cattle dispersing them in all directions; of course it was useless to anathematize the deserters, and of course we did so, but it took us a whole day of weary work that tired out man and horse before we got the scattered beasts together, and found ourselves at night no farther on than we were the night before, and compelled to resume the watch and watch business of looking after the cattle during the night.

I will not weary you with details of bush travel. Bush journeys become monotonous enough in fact, and I doubt not monotonous to read about. Our late trip with the cattle was quite unaccompanied by

any of the vicissitudes and privations that had marked our previous expedition, but I think it was even more tedious and harassing. The incessant watching necessary to prevent cattle from staying, and the consequently anxious and unquiet nights, are worse, in my opinion, than short commons—I had almost said than want of water, but I think I must check myself there. Almost the only enlivening kind of difficulties we met with, occurred in swimming the cattle across the Murray, and one or two minor streams that we had to pass in our route. On these occasions, the work was violent and exciting enough. The frightened beasts had to be urged into the water with such volleys of shouts and stock-whips-cracking, as made the air ring again. A few got drowned in effecting the various passages, but, take it for all in all, we were very successful, and brought a large mob of cattle into Melbourne, in excellent condition.

As we drove them into Flemington, it seemed as if years had elapsed since Brown and the rest of our digging party had first travelled that road on our northern course to the diggings. I felt myself an old chum, and a comparative capitalist, and I found that I was very differently received in divers ignorant and sordid companies, now that the brand of poverty and new chummery was no longer upon me. I certainly thought neither the better of myself nor of society, because of these changes, but I had some pleasurable feelings on account of my increase of means and experience that I do not think were radically unphilosophical.

We left our cattle at an "accommodation paddock," a few miles out of town, and M'Tavish and I rode in. We purchased new togery at a ready-made clothing establishment, and I cannot describe to you how dressed up I felt when the stiff British collar was once more cutting my throat, and the constitutional broad-cloth once more confining my movements. M'Tavish transacted the mercantile business of our firm in capital style, and a whacking sum has gone to my credit at the bank. My comrade plunged at once into the gaities of Melbourne life, resolved to have his fling according to custom before starting out again on another expedition. I joined him (I feel bound to confess) to some extent, but the reckless and excited spirit that domineers over one on first reaching a city, after long sojourning in the wilds, did not control me long. I don't think I am a fast man by nature, and some how or another I had established some associations, and recollections that particularly disinclined me from the "fast" mode of existence.

The success of our last cattle buying expedition has determined M'Tavish and myself to make another, and we shall soon return to our former purchasing grounds, whereto I rejoice for divers reasons.

To my great delight, when I reached Melbourne, I found a goodly packet of English letters awaiting me, and apart from the immense pleasure *per se* of getting news from home, you may readily imagine how interested I was to hear that

Your affectionate brother,
GEO. CHISLEHURST.

Age and Truth.

(A FRAGMENT FROM "THE PASSIONATE POLITICIAN.")

Crabbed Age and truth,
Cannot live together—
Truth is mild and calm,
Age doth storm and tear.
Truth doth never harm,
Age doth never spare;
Truth seeks good alone—
Age hath no such care.
Truth is kind and wise
Age tells angry lies,
Truth is gentle—Age doth curse,
Truth for right is bold
Age doth nought but sould.
Truth makes better—Age makes worse,
Age I do abhor thee,
Truth I do adore thee.
Oh truth be thou strong.
Age I do defy thee,
I would not belie thee—
But methinks thou livest too long.



SMITH : Now Jemima, quick with the dinner, for I want to be off again in half-an-hour.

JEMIMA : Please, Sir, Missus 'ave gone hout, Sir, and she said you'd be 'ome time enough to chop the wood to make the fire with, Sir.

A SOLILOQUY.

HAM-LET ALONE.

O ! that this too too melting flesh would set
Cool, and become as firm as 'twas before,
Or that the Legislature had not set
Its face 'gainst Sunday beer. Oh dear ; oh dear ;
How weary, hot, and parched, and suffocating
Seem to me all the summer days like this ;
Fie on't, oh fie, it is a stupid Council
That stops our drink : Slow coaches and sham saints
Compose it merely. That it should come to this !
Twelve thousand miles ! nay, not so much, not twelve ;—
The present law in England is to this
As common sense to farce,—considerate
Of people's wants ; so mindful of the public
That it would not allow the Sunday's dust
Stick in unmoistened throats. Just think of that !
I am a traveller : I have walked two miles,
And the last mile I walked seemed longer far
Than that which went before : ye saints, ye saints,
A pint o' beer, give me for mercy's sake.
My throat is like the road, all grit ; teetotalers
Or fanatics, with prejudice for reason
Would give me drink. Here I'm dried up with sun
And melted with the heat, and no more like myself
Than ghee to ice or snow. A pint o' beer !
Ere yet I choke and die, and then you'll have
An inquest in your house ; the verdict "Want
Of Sunday beer." O ! what a monstrous shame
That men with well-filled cellars of their own
Should stop a fellow's liquor once a week ;
It musn't and I'm sure it wont do good ;
Choke now I must, for there's not e'en a pump.

Go the Postmaster-General.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to the Postmaster-General, and requests to be informed how many copies of the immortal periodical the P. M. G. thinks are properly required for the service of his department. Any reasonable number Mr. Punch will be happy to forward gratuitously, on condition that the present practise of appropriating the numbers belonging to Mr. Punch's country subscribers be discontinued. It seems too that as a wild dog in a flock of sheep worries many, though only able to eat one, so some persons in the Post-office must be in the habit of tearing off cover after cover, although, Mr. Punch fears, unable to appreciate properly the contents of a single number. Every week Mr. Punch receives fiery and furious letters from distant subscribers, complaining that they have not received their *Punch*. The privation and sufferings of some persons in this respect have endured for months, and the Postmaster-General must be aware, that, to any one who has once or twice enjoyed the delight of perusing Mr. Punch's publication, it speedily becomes a necessary of life.

Some very afflicting cases arising from it's sudden withdrawal, in consequence of those proceedings at the Post-office of which Mr. Punch complains, have been brought under his notice. He gives one or two examples:—

I. Mr. A— is a respectable farmer in the western district. He received his first two numbers regularly. The third did not come, and Mr. A— became extremely indisposed. The non arrival of the fourth occasioned sleeplessness, and loss of appetite, and his friends became uneasy about him. Fortunately, however, the next two or three numbers reached him, and he recovered his wonted health. After that, however, he received no *Punch* for five weeks, and his truly pitiable condition may be conceived. His system had become accustomed to the delightful mental stimulant, and he could not live without it. His flesh wasted away. Food—society—the company of a beloved wife and children—all became distasteful to him. On the thirtieth night of privation he became delirious, and the only thing that afforded him the slightest relief, was the application of some "back numbers" to the spine. In spite of the utmost care and the devoted attention of his family he sank rapidly, and the worst results were anticipated, when a traveller happened to arrive with the four last numbers in his pocket. These were exhibited at first very carefully, and afterwards more freely, and with the happiest results. Mr. A. has now recovered, but for the preservation of his health, it is necessary to send into Portland—a distance of seventy miles—for a copy every week.

II. Mr. B. was formerly an Indian officer. He resided in Gipps Land, and was of stout frame and choleric temper. Not receiving his *Punch* for some weeks, his excitement became extreme. He erroneously attributed the fault to the Postmaster at Alberton, and went thither to denounce the (supposed) delinquent official. In doing so his indignation became too great for utterance, and in a frantic attempt to give vent to his feelings, he burst a blood vessel, fell down, and expired in a few minutes.

III. The beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. C., resided with her parents near the Barabool Hills. Her real name, delicacy of feeling compels us to conceal beneath the soubriquet of Angelina. Angelina was engaged to be married to—let us call him Edwin—a noble youth, six feet two in his stockings, possessed of every mental attraction and at least two thousand a year. Edwin had marked Angelina's growing depression with uneasiness for some time, but did not like to question her as to the cause. One day while walking in the garden, he overheard the following fragment of a conversation between his betrothed and her mother.

Angelina: "But I love him dear mother—" ["Sweet creature," muttered Edwin, "she speaks of me."] I have not seen him now for six weeks, and I cannot stand it longer."

Edwin burst forward. "Have not seen him you love for six weeks, and I left you ten minutes ago," exclaimed he passionately, "Perfidious girl adieu for ever." and he sprang away with the impetuosity of youth and without waiting for a reply. Had he been less precipitate, he would have learned that his adored, adored him reciprocally, and that the love she spoke of was of a purely platonic character for Mr. Punch, or rather for Mr. Punch's periodical, and not calculated to interfere with wedded bliss. Youth however is proverbially hasty. Wandering he knew not whither, Edwin arrived where a huge copper full of strong arsenic-solution had been prepared for washing a flock of scabby sheep. "You will think of me sometimes when I am gone, oh cruel Angelina," ex-

claimed Edwin, and thrusting his face into the copper, he drank at least a gallon—

Angelina is now as mad as Ophelia, and thus have two lives been sacrificed and blighted, because the Melbourne Post-office Officials will gratify a natural passion for *Punch* by nefarious means.

Numberless other instances might be given, but Mr. Punch contents himself with calling the attention of the Postmaster General to these, and trusts that he will see the evil complained of abated.



Theatrical Criticism,

TOBY has had the following specimen (from the *Geelong Advertiser*,) submitted to him, with the accompanying query:—Are you capable of writing any thing like this? And Toby replies by an ingenuous and emphatic "No."

"We want a theatre, we want a resort where intellectualism may be deployed, where the mind at rest may behold, by looking on, what human nature is, depicted in personalities presented, what the wise

ones of the world have drawn in solitude, in the closet, from imagination, and from fact, from mental creation, grasping passions of man, and reducing what is universal to a story acted which re-acts by truthful emotions in humanity, and evokes a response. Real things are contained in poesy, and where poesy is dramatic, we want delineators to bring out imagination into sensible picture."

INSANITY.—A well known M.L.C. (his mind having probably become affected by the perturbations of the Ministerial Crisis, brought on by Sir Charles Hotham), whose policy appears to be to do the people out of all he can, and go), remarked that by way of change, it would be as well to secure as his successor, a late celebrated member of the House of Commons, Mr. Chisholm Anstey, repeating the name with a wink, *Chisle 'em on' way*. A Commission de Lunatico has been moved for by the friends of the hon. member.

POST REGULATIONS.—Mr. Punch regrets to hear that the attention of His Excellency has been given to the subject of "fortifying the Port." The cellar of Toorak having as yet furnished nothing capable of attacking the Heads of consumers, the sooner the Port is opened the better.

A SOLILOQUY.

A SLIGHT LIBERTY TAKEN WITH SHAKESPEARE.

Is this a pension which I see before me? !
 Convenient to my hand! Come, let me clutch thee;
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 * * * * * say art thou but
 A pension of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,
 I see thee now almost as palpable
 As is the pay I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an opportunity I cannot lose.
 My eyes! They'd say I'd lost my senses,
 And stupidly was blind—I see thee still,
 But on that schedule D. there's spots of dirt,
 Which were not there before—There's no such thing:
 It is this dirty business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes
 * * * * *

(A Ball Rings)

[*Exit.*]



The Cad and the Council Member.

(BY PLEECEMAN X.)

A singular event occurred
 Last Thursday was a week,
 As nex day brot a party up
 To answer to the beak.

II.

The party was a conductor
 To wun of Fulton's busses,
 And the complaint again him was
 For wicked words and curses.

III.

Which he had been and gone and used
 Unto an M.L.C.,
 John Pascoe Fawcner was his name,
 An angry gent was he.

IV.

But it came out this M.L.C.
 Used languidge quite as bad
 As what had ever been employed
 By that offensive cad.

V.

John Pascoe's Monkey was put up,
 (So Mr. Fawcett said),
 And so he been and used such words
 As fust cum in his ed.

VI.

Then John to show his temper mild,
 Said he'd be sworn and bound
 As Fawcett would say anything
 If he was paid five pound.

VII.

And in the court before the beaks,
 In such a rage he got,
 I never see a little gent
 Till then in such a scot.



GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLE IN GEE LONG.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE TRIUMPH AT SEBASTOPOL THE GEE LONG RIFLE CORPS HAD A GRAND REVIEW, AND ASSEMBLED IN UNWONTED NUMBERS.

VIII.

And so the Cad he was let off,
And I say quite right too,
For if you slang a man like that,
Of course the man slangs you.

IX.

John Pascoe is a useful gent,—
A gent I much admire;
But I distinctly think as how
He should reserve his fire.

X.

Nor waste his self in small disputes
With lawyers—or what wus is,
Get into stupid shins and rows
With Cads of omlebusas.

An Epigram to Forestall the Malicious.

The Blunderbore letters were very well named,
The truth hereof no one need more doubt;
For the writer went blundering on from the first,
And the reader too soon found the bore out.

A GEM FROM THE HERALD.—We always like to help into notice the gems of purest ray serene, which the dark unfathomed columns of the *Herald* bear, and have therefore much pleasure in making the present extract from the 'Open Column':—The writer, who advocates a holiday on the strength of the anticipated fall of Sebastopol, speaks of the killed army as "showing to the world an amount of fortitude and courage in standing the effects of disease, starvation, inclemency of the weather equal to the Spartans of old." Plutarch and other historians certainly declare that the Spartans were equal to any vicissitude—inclemency of the weather inclusive—but how the inclemency, &c., can be equal to them, it is difficult to understand, except by a conversion of the principle that "things which equal to the same, are equal to one another."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRINTER.—We never heard that the *Government Gazette* was to be suppressed in favour of the *Age*. Both are interesting periodicals, abounding with information and impoundings.

PROVERB.—We have often heard that a mare is a horse, but we never once insinuated that a mayor was an ass. Our present mayor on the contrary is an M. L. C.

VOX POPULI.—Sir Charles Hotham has often expressed dissatisfaction at his present position as a nominee instead of an elected Governor. The entreaties of his executive have alone prevented him from appealing to the people in general (à la Napoleon), and the gold-fields in particular.

CREMORNE.—Dr. Cairns is not one of the managers of this place of popular entertainment, and has therefore no control over the recreation for Sunday visitors.

A PLACARD.

The friends of civil and religious freedom have posted the following placard extensively about the walls of Melbourne:—

CHRISTIANS AND PATRIOTS!

THE TRAITOR,

JUDAS ISCARIOT SHORTCAVE,

has voted for

B U M B L E !!

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE AND CHARITY

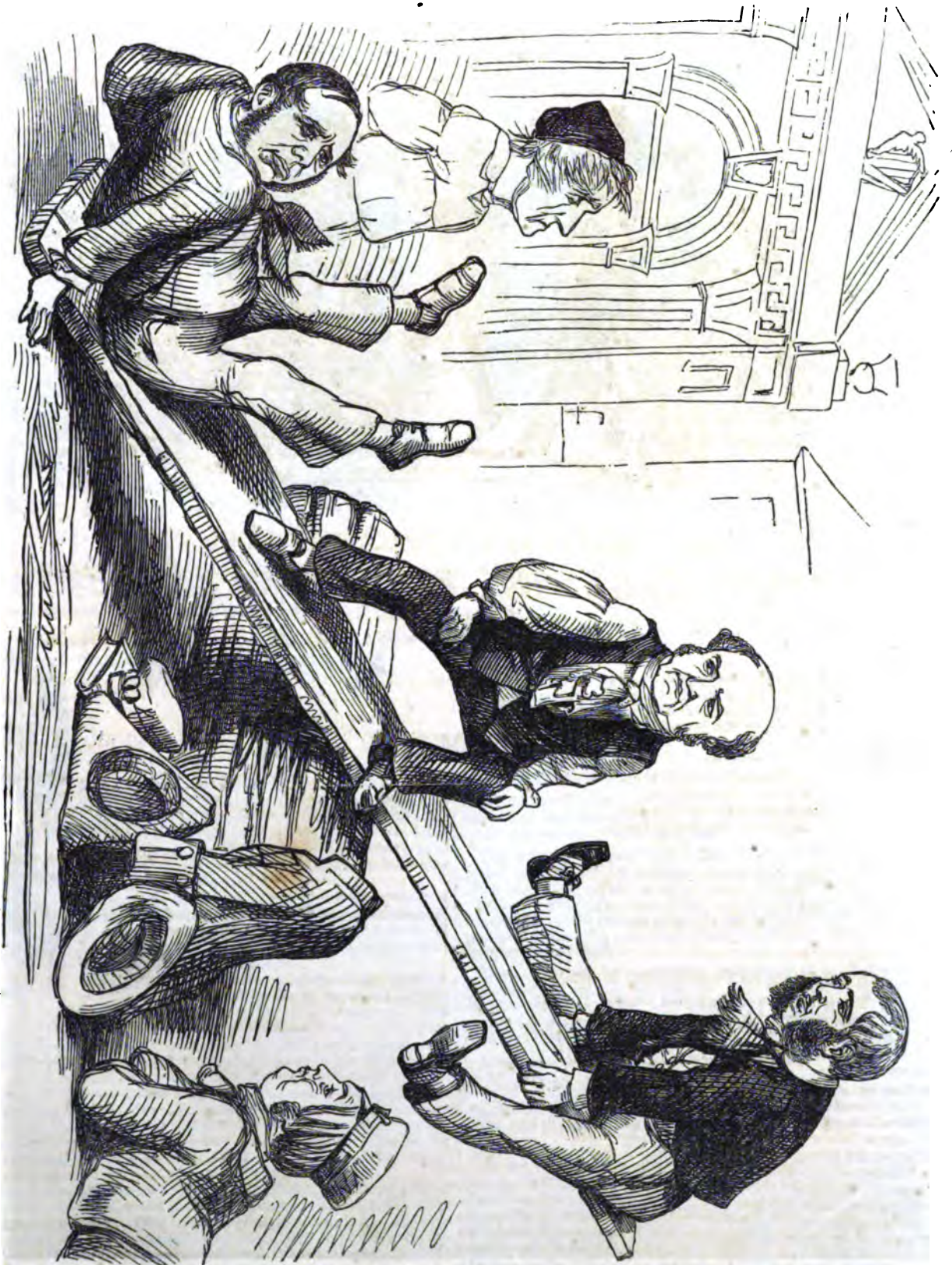
remember that

ORTHODOXY IS MY DOXY; HETERODOXY IS THY DOXY.

SEEK THE WRETCH;

SCALP HIM! FLAY HIM ALIVE!! BURN HIM!!!

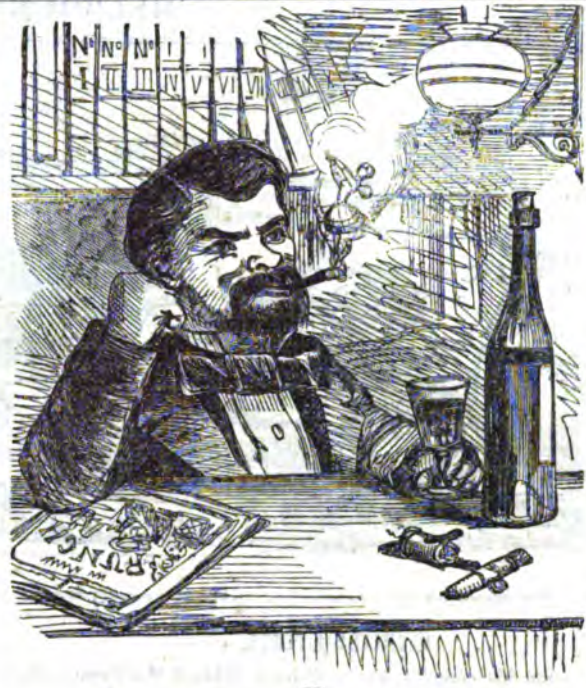
So promote the cause of freedom of speech and voting, and of
THE DIVINE FUMBLE AGAINST THE DEMONIC BUMBLE.



A SKETCH IN THE PLAY-GROUND AT ST. PATRICK'S HALL ACADEMY.



I.
OUR ENGRAVER AS HE APPEARS THROUGH
THE WEEK.



II.
OUR ENGRAVER AS HE APPEARS ON
THURSDAY EVENING.



Punch's Popular Biographies.

No. 3.
CROONS.

THE place of Croons' nativity is as indeterminable as that of Homer; and the hour, day and year of his birth, are also an inscrutable mystery. Neither the researches of biographers innumerable, nor the often repeated enquiries of his most intimate friends, have succeeded in eliciting from him any satisfactory information upon these points.

We must place his natal year far back in the last century, since he must have already attained to manhood, when he wrote the "Letters of Junius," the authorship of which he has more than once avowed in *Punch's* hearing.

Next to these remarkable compositions, we must place the epistolary achievements by which he has distinguished himself in the present century. It is generally understood that Croons (for like Cato, Congreve, Caligula, and Catalani, fame speaks of him by his surname only) addressed to his pious and gracious Majesty, George the Fourth, the letters which detailed the equivocal relations subsisting between Queen Caroline and her Italian Courier. To Croons also belongs the honor of having supplied Prince Polignac with the text of the ordinances which caused the whole population of Paris to descend into the streets for three days running one very warm July, and induced Charles the Tenth to assume the title of the Count of Artois, and engage ready-furnished lodgings in the ancient palace of Holyrood.

Croons, it was, who during the fever of the Reform agitation, penned a certain document, in which occurred the memorable words, "The Queen has done it all." That letter was falsely attributed at the time to an equally volatile and versatile nobleman; but *Punch* has the original manuscript in his possession, and both the handwriting and the style of the composition are unmistakably Croons'.

His fertile and veracious pen not only wrote the letter which detailed all the circumstances of Henry Brougham's death, but likewise

contributed the memoir of that nobleman, which his lordship had the gratification of perusing in the largest type which the *Times* office could supply.

Happening to be in Paris in the early part of 1848, Croons strolled into the Chamber of Deputies while it was in a state of great commotion, and finding a widow lady offering her little boy as a successor to the throne vacated by the flight of Mr. William Smith, he laconically expressed his objection in the words which have since become historical—"C'est trop tard!" and the objection was immediately declared fatal to the claims of the widow's son.

Croons favored Lord John Russell with the rough draft of the celebrated Durham manifesto, the issue of which was the particularly lively and acetous "anti-papal-aggression" movement.

The intimate associate both of Brougham and Stanley, Croons suggested to the latter the pungent comparison of the ex-Chancellor's mind to a bottle of *sal volatile*, and to the former the allusion to "Rupert" Stanley's "tumbling at the Mansion House for the amusement of 150 mayors of provincial towns," which convulsed the House of Lords with unextinguishable laughter on the evening of the 22nd of March, 1850.

Most of Prince Gortschakoff's despatches from the Crimea are notoriously composed by Croons, and his leading articles in the *Invalide Russe* are equally distinguished for the vigour of their language, the impartiality of their spirit, and the unswerving truthfulness of every statement they contain.

Lastly, *Punch* believes he is not far wrong in attributing to Croons' untiring pen, a certain minute recently laid before the Legislative Council of Victoria. The enlightened wisdom of the political principles which that document lays down, the polished brilliancy of its style, and the extreme modesty of its tone, all stamp it as undeniably his.

Of the "Croons correspondence," which has excited so much attention in Great Britain, it would be surely superfluous to speak. *Punch* believing that any trustworthy information in regard to its author would be acceptable both in England and in the colonies, has compiled the foregoing brief memoir of Croons,—or rather, the foregoing condensed summary of his epistolary and other productions; and British journalists may implicitly rely upon the assurance that every fact herein narrated is strictly authentic as the "Croons Correspondence" itself.

The Battle of the Tanks.



Oh, Australasian, dung-hill cock,
You ought to scorn the game you play;—
What, fight a poor unfledged young chick,
That only broke the shell to-day.

II.

Afraid of such a competition,
You merit well the fate you dread,—
To lose your old and well earned name,
And win torn comb and broken head.

III.

And you young chick, though scarce a feather
You seem as yet to have at all,
T'would not be safe to prophecy,
You will not yet give pride a fall

IV.

Though now so callow, small, and weak,
Your pluck has gained you many a friend
Who hopes the battle lately gained,
May lead to conquest in the end.

General Orders.

TOBY presents his compliments to Colonel Edward Mac Arthur, and begs to submit to his polite consideration a few words of comment upon the "General Order," issued from "Head Quarters," on the 5th of the present month.

In Toby's mind, respect for the Queen's English is indissolubly associated with loyalty to the Queen's Majesty, and he is of opinion that the rules of grammar are just as binding on a soldier, as the rules of military discipline. Mr. Lindley Murray is as respectable a writer as Polybius, and the laws of syntax may be studied with equal advantage with the principles of strategics. Profoundly impressed with this conviction, Toby rose from the perusal of the General Order referred to, with a feeling of poignant sorrow. "In sooth, 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful" to find so distinguished an officer, so weak and imperfect in his grammar.

In substantiation of his complaints, and for the benefit of the gallant Colonel, Toby proceeds to cull a few extracts from the Order.

"The troops on this occasion have heard the fervid expressions of profound gratitude, to the Almighty, with which our Gracious Sovereign had been penetrated for so marked a success."

Toby is of opinion that so far from "our Gracious Sovereign" having "been penetrated" by "fervid expressions of profound gratitude," she was an active and not a passive instrument in the matter, and gave utterance to, instead of being "penetrated" by, the "fervid expression" referred to. Was this what Colonel Macarthur intended to convey?

"It is for many in your ranks a proud reflection that the humble cottage and the lowly hearth which have cherished your early days (they is, is they!) the type (or types!) of the hearths and cottages which have sent forth the host of brave troops who have so success, fully battled in their country's cause.

Until the issue of this "Order" Toby was not aware that "days" could be cherished, or that "cottages and hearths" could cherish them. Toby has heard of cherishing a cause, and cherishing a recollection, and cherishing a pet lamb; but never, until now, of brick and stone cherishing one of the divisions of time.

"The same free institutions have trained up from boyhood both you and them; and, when men, the same modes of discipline have rendered you alike skilful and formidable in arms."

Toby has repeatedly scratched his ear with his paw, after the manner of men when they are puzzled, but without effect. He cannot, by the utmost stretch of canine sagacity, divine whom or what the "institutions have trained up" and "discipline rendered skilful and formidable." Is it the hearths, or the cottages, or the cause, or the troops? And if it be the troops, what is the nature of the "free institutions" alluded to?

"As regards yourselves, let then the past achievements of the several regiments serving within this command, the names of which fame has rendered imperishable on the roll of victories, stir up in your minds a determination to be true men, &c., &c."

How many "names" has the "command"? and how, when, and where did fame render them "imperishable"? Where is the colonial "roll of victories" to be found? And what particular triumphs are inscribed upon it? What is the meaning of it all? And why don't Colonel Edward MacArthur pen his General Orders in such English as may be "understanded of the common people" (dogs included)? Toby says nothing of the gallant Colonel's style of composition, but he cannot suffer even a military officer to violate the rules of syntax, without visiting the offender with a civil rebuke.



PHENOMENON OF AN EXTRAORDINARY AGE.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—With a singular prescience of the future, which from the force of habit is spoken of as if past, the *Age of Monday*, says:—On Tuesday evening, a number of ladies and gentlemen have signified their intention of honoring the Theatre with their presence, &c. "Some day, a few years hence, *Punch* has completed his seventieth volume," says our clairvoyant, and challenges the *Age* to prophecy with him.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORG CORRESPONDENCE.

GEORGE CHISLEHURST, Esq., TO HIS BROTHER HENRY, IN LONDON.

DEAR HARRY,—

I fear that before this reaches you, you will have been writing all manner of scolding letters to me for not having written to you once during the last four months, and I cry *peccavi* for my neglect. Old chums look at the incessant letter writing and anxiety for letter receiving on the part of new chums with a sort of blank wonder. They seem to regard it as a disease like measles, or hooping cough that new arrivals have to go through, but the very recollection of which is but vague and dreamy to the long resident. I haven't yet got to this stage, but with the most unabated interest in all home proceedings I feel as time and events accumulate upon me here, a growing difficulty in keeping you fully "posted up," as the Yankees say in my doings. Every day one falls in with new people and gets mixed up with new events, and one fails to introduce a new set as they come upon one's scene, and to allude to circumstances that seem unimportant when they occur, but which are inextricably involved in others that come afterwards, and then one feels indisposed to gather up old threads and as a consequence to attempt a complete narrative which cannot be made intelligible except by such a process, and so mention of various matters is omitted until gradually one is surrounded by a new world of events and associations that makes it impossible to keep distant friends really *au fait* to one's doings. Thus it is that the old links of attachment get insensibly worn through ;

"Like some bold seer in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance
With a glassy countenance"

I see the estrangement from his nearest and dearest towards which the Australian immigrant inevitably drifts, and in your letters I too plainly observe how the same process (though in a somewhat lesser degree, on account of the less rapid succession of events in an established community) goes on with you towards myself. I am certain it is not the case with myself and am tolerably sure it is not the case with any of you that there is the least weakening of our old feelings for one another, but we inevitably become more and more *strangers* to each other as to what we are thinking, and feeling, and doing, and in every way. Old chums seem to get callous to this change. I feel how it gradually steals on—I feel it in your communications to me, and in mine to you ; and it is the most painful part of the change to think that as with others, the change will one day be no longer painful to myself. I seem to "hear the never, never, whispered by the phantom years," and to understand that the ties that have most bound one to life are being worn through. The same thing, no doubt, occurs in a great measure where people remain all their lives in one town, but the manner in which—

"All things are taken from us to become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past,"

is less perceptible.

I believe that under rough husks, the same feelings exist, even though the poor suffering kernels are quite dumb-founded as to the nature of their own sufferings, and think their misery must be a mistake because they cannot explain or understand it. I have seldom fallen in with an old resident (who has not been home) without finding—if you get him into a sentimental mood over a glass of brandy and water—that he cherishes his old home recollections with a fondness greater than he perceives himself. I have seldom fallen in with an old resident, who has gone home, that has not come back again disappointed and changed. Probably, he went home intending to stay, and thinking that at last he was to realise his dreams. But his cup has been that of Tantallus, and he has found out his mistake. He tells you he could not bear the climate, and was irked by the modes of society, and in short, gives you the explanation of his disappointment with which he has deluded himself. Poor fellow ! it has been the destruction of the best part of his life—his dreams—that has changed him. His chief *hope* has gone and he becomes an old fogie at a jump—not as people do in Baker-street by a gradual and insensible process. The virtue of romance has gone out of him for ever. He never knew he had it—he does not know that he has lost it, but so it is.

My philosophy enjoins upon me to keep melancholy destiny constantly in view, and so to *discover* the ultimate grief and disappoint-

ment. Perhaps those are happiest here who ever hope and never realise their wishes, and therefore cherish their shadows to the end.

These are feelings that I can write to you about, but do not care to speak to any one of—except indeed, that I had some talk on these topics to Mary Dorrington on my second trip into her neighbourhood, from which M'Tavish and I have just returned, having been moderately successful in our second cattle speculation. She enters into one's feelings upon such matters more than I expected any one here to do.

"I am half sick of shadows, said
The lady of Shalot"—

and I say the same thing. Fiddle-de-dee. Let me shake my head clear of these cob-webs.

When I reached Melbourne again, I was surprised with a *subpoena* to appear on the trial, for arson, of a fellow I think I once mentioned to you, named John Slagge. He was a passenger by our ship—the Blunderbore, and I knew really very little of him, and that little not to his credit, and so I told the attorney who summoned me. Still they would have me attend at the court—what for I don't know, for I was never called after all, whereat I rejoiced. He had become insolvent it seems, but managed to get credit again in some way, after he got his certificate, took a store, filled it with goods, insured them all, and then in some way lost every thing in a fire. There seemed to be an amazing disproportion between the goods found on his premises and those that he had insured, and there were some awkward particulars about handkerchiefs steeped in turpentine and so on. There was a terrible presumptive evidence of guilt about the whole business, but nothing certain, and Slagge was acquitted. After the trial, he kept hovering about me and telling me of his grief, in a way that I felt to be most painful. He described how he had been cheated by this man and cheated by that, and talked of the people he had had to do with, in language that would have made your chaste English ears twitch. I suppose you have never come across a man of this kind, but there was a horrible crawling obsequious style about him as he congratulated me about what he called my success, and a miserable moaning way of alluding to his own pecuniary losses, (cursing everybody he had had to do with the while, as a rogue and swindler) that made me glad to get away from him as fast as I could. He kept begging my pardon for certain shipboard passages of ours of an absurd kind that we had had together, and seemed so to like rolling himself about my feet because he found I had made some money, that whether he were guilty or innocent of the arson imputed to him any kind of intercourse was equally distasteful. Poor devil ! I hope I did him injustice in the surmises I could not help forming during the trial, but I trust I may never come across him again. I think this likely indeed, for he borrowed a little money of me, and I think I got rid of seeing him again that way on the Vicar of Wakefield's principle.

M'Tavish and I have taken up a station together, and we shall soon be going to look after it. I certainly belong to the lucky ones as to pecuniary matters—or have done so at all events since I came here—but I have seen so many slips between the cup and the lip in this respect, that I shall not give vent to any premature cackles. I shall not write more now, for I undertook a few commissions for the Dorringtons that I must now go and look after, and the mail by which I propose sending this closes to-morrow.

Will you tell

Your affectionate brother,
GEO. CHISLEHURST.

Mint Sauce.

ONE of the first fruits of the Sydney mint has just been brought into the market. The papers detail a very pretty case of a trader who went up from Melbourne to Sydney with a quantity of British sovereigns, the real stuff, which he paid into a bank during his stay there. Wishing to withdraw the balance on his return, he was offered the very inferior colonial article, that or none. This proceeding is of a stamp which not even the sages who advocated colonial mint, could make to pass current. These Sydney moralists seem to ignore the *Lex Talionis*, and refuse to pay a man off in his own coin, but prefer to make their token a "coign of vantage." By the same token, we prefer the genuine sovereign with a crown to the Sydney imitation by itself. *Finis coronat opus.*



Official Intelligence.

A thorough paced metaphysician is permanently miserable on account of his inability to prove his own existence, and we apprehend that the Government of Victoria must often suffer equal pangs from their inability to procure "Official Intelligence" of obvious facts. Thus we are told by Mr. Haines that we are to hold a national jubilee when we

have received "Official Intelligence" of the Fall of Sebastopol, but not before. "Once bitten twice shy," we presume. Having officially recorded the event a year before it happened, the Government are going to make up for that precipitation, by declining to believe it for a year afterwards.

The following are a few more cases in which inconvenience has resulted from absence of "Official Intelligence:—

Sir Charles Hotham, on a celebrated occasion had received no Official Intelligence that champagne was procurable, and therefore was compelled to employ Murphy's beer.

Mr. Grimes has never received Official Intelligence of the facts recorded in the multiplication table, and has therefore never been able to recognise them when carrying on his official duties.

None of the ministry have received Official Intelligence that there is anything wrong in the thinking one way and the voting another, and therefore though their opinions differ, their votes agree on the Ballot question.

Reasons for Public Rejoicings,

IN HONOR OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

(By a Sarcastic Member of the Peace Party.)

1.—Because war is the normal condition of mankind, and the wholesale destruction of our fellow creatures the most sacred laws of humanity.

2.—Because the carnage, consequent upon this particular war, has been so extensive, that the mere contemplation of it must fill every heart with a thrill of delight.

3.—Because death has been inflicted under every conceivable form and variety of torture; and it is both wise, humane and natural, to celebrate an event which has been preceded and attended by such ingenious mutilations of God's images and such a multiform destruction of human life.

4.—Because the knowledge that half-a-million of men have been spitted by bayonets, riddled with grape shot, gashed by sabres, cloven by swords, mangled by shells, blown to atoms by cannon-balls, pounded to death by the hoofs of horses, shredded into shapeless fragments of flesh and blood by the explosion of mines, and destroyed by pestilence, must of necessity impart a gusto to, while it constitutes an ample justification for, a public jubilation.

5.—Because while the war has been thus prolific of physical, it has also entailed the most widely-spread mental suffering. Tens of thousands of wives have become widows, children innumerable have been rendered orphans; parents have lost the hope, and pride, and solace of their declining years; and desolation has fallen upon an almost countless multitude of previously happy homes.

6.—Because all wars are notoriously undertaken and carried on, by, with, and for the people. Neither the ambition of monarchs, nor the folly of ministers, has ever provoked or encouraged hostilities. Every soldier in the English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish armies, and more particularly every officer and private in the auxiliary legions, has a direct and personal ground of quarrel with every conscript serf in the service of the Czar, and vice versa. For this reason the "peoples" everywhere should glory in the events which have been transacted in the Crimea.

7.—Religion enjoins and reason sanctions a public demonstration of gratitude on a scale of magnitude commensurate with the scale of magnificence, on which half a million of lives have been "gloriously" butchered.

Finally, Sydney has held her revel, and Geelong chaunted her Io psalm; and therefore Melbourne must follow in the wake.

Greeting a Member.

"THIS is too bad!" Punch is sorry to infringe upon Lord Londonderry's copyright in this celebrated exclamation, but he cannot help repeating, "This is too bad!"

What is "too bad"? Punch in his mind's ear (for there must be a mind's ear, as well as a "mind's eye"), hears the question propounded by every one of his nine hundred and eighty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-two subscribers, and thus responds:—"It is too bad that the reporters of the Melbourne daily papers should have curtailed, excised, mutilated, abbreviated, compressed and suppressed nine-tenths of Dr. Embling's memorable oration on the "State aid to Religion" question.

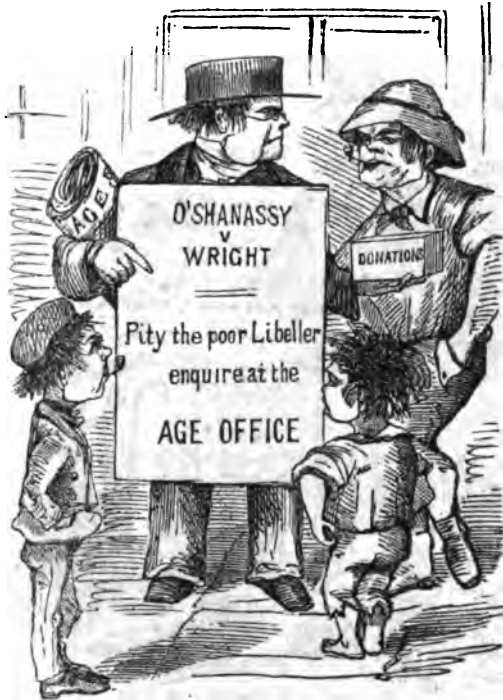
Punch was in the gallery; Punch heard it. Punch was—so to speak—floored by it. Nevertheless, Punch distinctly remembers one or more passages of that never-to-be-forgotten monologue which escaped the watchful *Aryus*, were never proclaimed by the *Herald*, and were too elevated in expression and too pure in sentiment for an unworthy *Age*. But Punch rescues those passages from oblivion, and calmly anticipates the gratitude of posterity.

"I stand before you," said the hon. gentleman, "to illustrate the adage *semper mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, for, if I had known at what hour Fulton's omnibus did start, I would have brought this motion forward at an earlier period of the afternoon. I am deeply anxious that every member present should consent to the terms of that motion, or, as the poet more elegantly expresses it,—*certum personale concordat*. ("Hear, hear") Voluntaryism is the only principle that can be rationally adopted; for, as Herodotus observed in his memorable oration against Catiline *et pro ratione voluntas*. (Cheers.) Although it was formerly considered proper to pay tribute to Mayors (*Propria quis maribus tribuuntur*), I hold that that does not warrant our making grants to preachers. *Jam post pulpita perlegat sacerdos*,—why should this council be called upon to provide jombs and posts for the pulpits of saucy Legates! ("Question, question.") That is the question, and I am prepared to prove it. [The hon. gentleman here read fifteen pages of Defoe's "History of the Plague;" two chapters from the "Whole Duty of Man," and numerous extracts from Milton's "Treatise on Divorce."] I have now, "said he," established my position.

Rumpas bellorum lorum,
Vim confer amorum,
Morum verorum, rumum
Tu plena polorum.

(Cheers, and cries of "Encore" from the diggings members.) Involuntaryism is false in principle, and the product of a spurious civilisation. "When wild in woods the noble savage ran," *Arma viumque cano*, with only his arms, his bottle of rum and his canoe, the priest or medicine man was invariably supported by the voluntary contributions of the tribe; but since civilisation had separated the therapeutic from the spiritual functions, *sermonis publica forma placet*, the public who listen to sermons are willing to pay for their places on the forms. (Great applause, in the midst of which, the hon. gentleman took breath and a glass of water.)

THE "TIMES."—It is said that a correspondent of the *Times* is resident at Ballarat. It is clear, however, that the *Age* of Melbourne in no way corresponds with the *Times* of London.



O'SHANASSY'S "RINT."

Mr. O'SHANASSY having lost an action for libelling Mr. WRIGHT (damages one farthing) it is proposed to raise a public subscription to meet the patriot's expenses. (See Age, Dec. 11th).

A PANTOMIME.

ACT I. SCENE I.—A jungle of red tape. The wizard Coldpig (dressed in a costume like that of a naval officer down one side of his person and like that of a nigger-driver down the other), is seated on a huge beer cask for a throne, and carries a rod of iron in his hand. Several uncouth creatures are crawling about his feet. Round their necks are collars bearing these words—"Executive Government Officer, the property of Coldpig—registered."

COLDPIG: Though the power that now I bear,
And the rod that now I wield,
Soon must melt away like air,
When to mightier spells I yield;
Yet until my hour has passed,
My will shall govern to the last.

Colseo—come here—

[One of the creatures approaches timidly.]

—Lick my shoes;
What, you dog, you dare refuse?
My last Colseo was not so bold,
But did whatever he was told,
And though he'd sometimes howl and whine,
He learned to know no will but mine.
Albeit a Colseo but a brute is,
He'd do even *ad valorem* duties;
And though I knew that he hated the sight of 'em,
When I bid him he'd seem enamoured quite of 'em.
He'd watch my every word and nod,
And I taught him this way with my iron rod.

[Coldpig beats Colseo and the creature retreats howling—each of the other creatures is called up in turn and treated in like manner.]

COLDPIG: Listen, creatures, what I say,
Mark my words, and then obey:

I've some estimates ready—slaves, body and soul—
Like 'em or not—you shall swallow 'em whole;
Follow my footsteps in just half-an-hour,
Remember my mandate and dread my great power.

[Exit].

[The creatures rise up from the ground and gather together groaning and examining their injuries.]

1ST CREATURE:
What mess is this the wretch would have us eat?
He treats us like the dirt beneath his feet.

2ND CREATURE:
By the compulsion of his kicks and bruises,
We needs must eat whatever mess he chooses.

3RD CREATURE:
To swallow down a single measure more
Wont make us much worse than we were before.

COLSEO:
My collar galls me quite as much as yours,
I feel as much as you the iron rod,
But I propose that we refuse to swallow
The shapeless mess that he would cram us with.
You start and tremble at the bare idea;
But listen to my words. The "juggling fiend"
That lives in Downing-street, and doth impart
The powers that Coldpig uses to our harm
Hath sworn to take them from him, set us free,
And to restore us to our proper shapes.
By chance I've learned the spells that will suffice
To bring about this happy revolution.
Ere Coldpig can return to spoil our scheme,
We'll set about the process. Be but firm
And soon we'll laugh at Coldpig's iron rod.

[The creatures signify assent; a cauldron is brought in. The creatures proceed with their cooperation.]

1ST CREATURE:
Round about the cauldron go,
In the resignation throw;
Nominee that right or wrong,
On Cold Pig's side has voted long;
Blowing cold and blowing hot,
Boil thou first! the charmed pot.

All.—Salary double, lessen trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2ND CREATURE:
Vote of venal member take—
In the cauldron boil and bake.
Eye of peeler, tongue of mayor,
Cast together share and share.
Principle of city council—
Ever tardy to denounce ill;
Wills's long discarded A.'s
Couple with O'Brien's speeches—
For a charm of powerful trouble.
Like a hell broth boil and bubble.

All.—Salary double, lessen trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3RD CREATURE:
Scales of old Colonial justice,
Suttor wronged that long since dust is;
Tyranny of huge land shark,
Reef of Clunes and run of Clarke &
Foul-mouthed speech of demagogue,
Cut off tail of lawless dog.
Argus grammar, *Age* abuse,
Herald leaders loud and loose;
Mix the whole with Murphy's beer,
Emblem of our Coldpig's cheer.
Pour corrupt officials in
Head that's thick and skin that's thin;
Add the figures of Ned Grimes
So complete our magic rhymes.

All.—Salary double, lessen trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.



DOMESTIC COMFORT IN AUSTRALIA.

LANDLORD LETTING THE PREMISES : Call this yard a mess, marm ! I should say you hadn't been very long in the colony, marm. Bless yer 'art, you should ha' seen how the last tenant left it. It aint often you see a yard kep up so orderly as this here.

2ND CREATURE :

Cool it with red tape hauteur,
So the charm is firm and sure.

Enter COLDPIG :

How now ye base and servile race of dogs,
What is't ye do !—Swallow these estimates !

ALL.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

1ST CREATURE : ——— Coldpig you're sold.

COLDPIG (Aside) :

My iron-rod is shivered in my hand,
My arm is shattered to the shoulder blade ;
They've baffled me—but still the deuce is in it,
If I wout circumvent them in a minute.

[Exit.]

COLERIDGE :

The magic words at length are spoken ;
The tyrant's power at last is broken,
That which has been done so strange is,
We'll add unto it other changes ;
Lo ! I myself will first appear
As a responsible premier ;
(The accent's odd, but still I use it,
Because I know that Fawknar 'd choose it) ;
Dear Childers, you as Columbine
Will grace and airiness combine ;
Lawyers, we know, will pocket all things,
Regardless, be they great or small things ;
So Stawell shall become our clown,
As best befits his great renown ;
But Croke, alas, resigned so soon
—What shall we do for Pantaloon ;
We must have one of any rate,

Let Chapman aid us in our strait,
Not to be tedious—for the rest,
Let each man take —what suits him best.

[In the course of the above speech various changes are effected, and after a few summersets and tumbles, the scene closes.]

SCENE II.—Here the "practical business" of the pantomime commences ; but in the absence of scenery, machinery, etc., Mr. PUNCH is unable to give any idea of the tricks performed, and recommends the curious to pay a visit to St. Patrick's Hall any Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday.

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

Of Publications prohibited at the undermentioned places :—

AT TOORAK—

"Melbourne Punch,"
"The Age,"

The Art of Governing.

All Histories of Revolutions in which the popular element has successfully repressed despotism.

AT THE FRENCH CONSULATE—

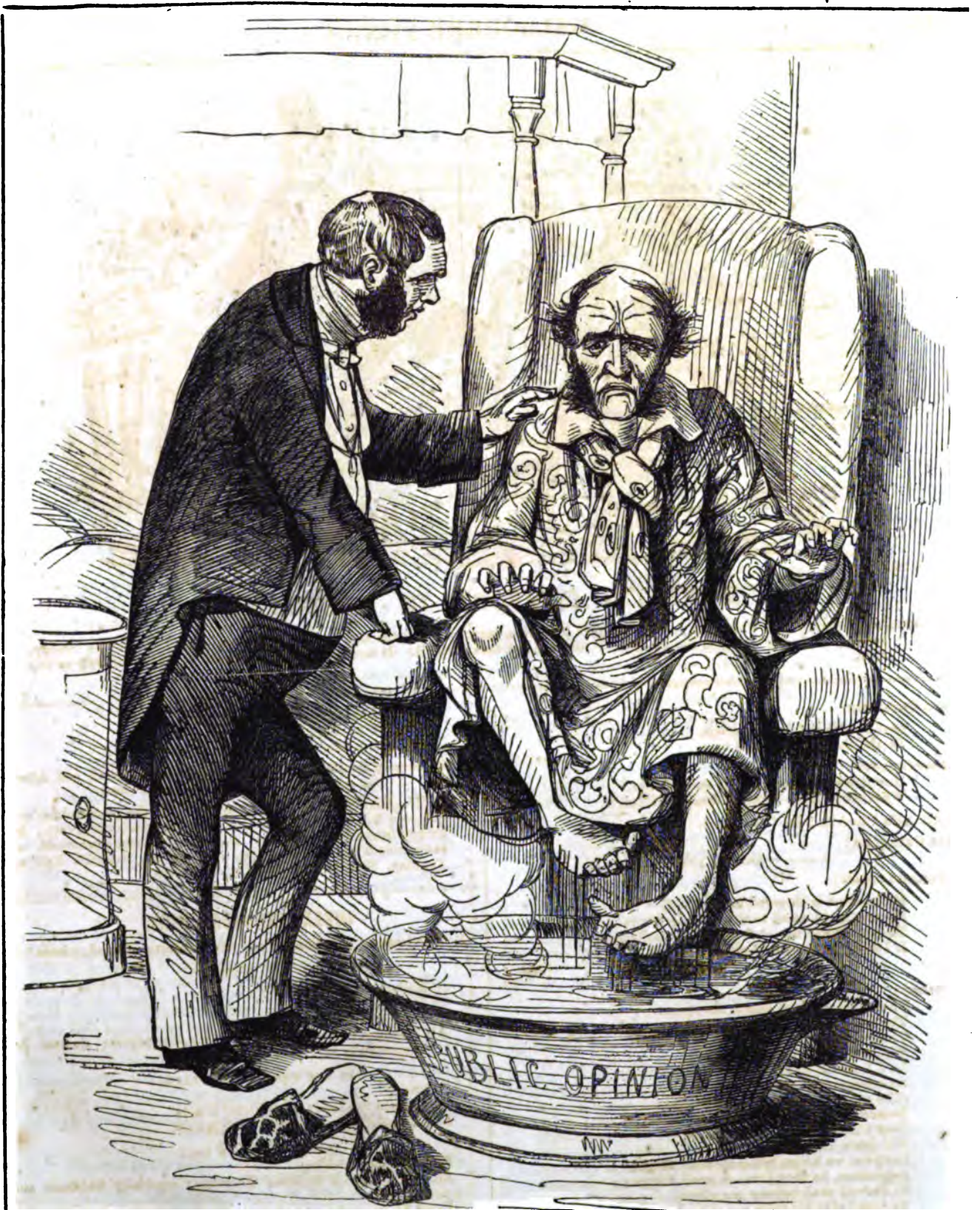
"Punch,"
"Napoleon the Little," by Victor Hugo.
Any Bill of Fare containing Champignons.

AT ST. PATRICK'S HALL—

Materials for Thinking,
All Treatises on Political Economy, especially Bentham and Mill,
Rules for the orderly conduct of debate.

AT THE TOWN HALL—

Handbook of Etiquette for Gentlemen.
Murray's English Grammar.



TOO HOT TO BE PLEASANT.

PATIENT: OH, DOCTOR, DOCTOR; IF I'D KNOWN HOW HOT IT WAS, I WOULDN'T HAVE PUT MY FOOT IN IT.
DOCTOR: NEVER MIND. WAIT A BIT. A MAN MAY PUT HIS FOOT IN IT IN A MINUTE, WITHOUT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT. STOP A LITTLE, NOW, AND YOU'LL FIND IT WILL BE COOLER PRESENTLY.



A PRUDENT CAUTION.

1st Boy (Looking into the Window): Them's the kind of boots I should like to have, Jen.

2nd Boy: No Bill, you take my advice, and never have patent leathers. I wouldn't wear 'em if you were to give 'em to me—they aint no ways sootable to the climate—beside they're quite going out o' fashion.

[A CARD.]

PATRICK O'BRIEN, M. L. C., Author of "An Essay on the Superfluity of the Letter H;" "Difficulties of the Diffident;" "Recreations in Rhetoric;" and numerous other works, has the honor to announce his intention of giving lessons in Elocution. Members of Council, aspirants for legislative honors, and public orators whose early education has been neglected, by availing themselves of P. O'Brien's experience and tuition, may rely upon achieving a distinguished reputation as speakers, and may possibly acquire a renown second only to that of their teacher himself.

NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.

Among the forthcoming literary novelties, *Punch* is requested to announce the following:—

A SPEECH,

Delivered in the Legislative Council of Victoria, on the 14th December, 1855, by

DR. HEMBLING, M.L.C., M.R.C.S.E., &c., &c.,

In three volumes, imperial octavo,
(1236 pages each),

With a supplementary volume of notes and references, illustrative extracts, and elucidatory observations.

Another Ministerial Crisis.

IN consequence of the defeat of the ministry last night, on the Ballot Question, the Premier felt it his duty to tender his resignation to His Majesty at Toorak. On the departure of Mr. Haines, His Majesty sent immediately for Mr. Myles, and requested him to form an administration. Mr. Myles proceeded to the town residence of Mr. Fawcner and thence to that of Mr. O'Brien, having interviews of considerable length with each gentleman. Ultimately, Mr. Myles returned to Toorak, and expressed his regret that he was unable to form a ministry.

Mr. Furlonge was next sent for, and he had interviews with Mr. Molison, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Goodman, and others, but the hon. gentleman informed His Majesty that no sufficient community of sentiment existed on the subject of the scab in sheep, to enable him (Mr. Furlonge) and his friends to form a ministry.

Various other attempts at forming a ministry were made, but we understand without success, and at the present moment, the country has no ministry. Mr. Punch has no wish to enter political life, but for the sake of Victoria, he proposes to be at home during the greater part of the day—should he be wanted.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MESSES. MYLES and O'BRIEN write to enquire "whether death invariably ensues in the case of suicide." We hardly think it does, but we believe it to be contemporaneous with such a proceeding.

CHESS.—We have received the following problem, which for the benefit of the world in general, and the "Argus" Chess Editor in particular, we publish:—Lalock to move—L Q P to A Bish, 3 P 3 to Rook P 2; black stripes blue cap 2 P 3 to Kat Bish 4 Q Bish 7 to 1856.

REFORM.—The *Melbourne Herald* has truly now become a leading journal. Downing-street is startled by its thunder; the Victorian Executive exist only by its suzerance, and the cheesemongers, for miles round, look anxiously for its valuable assistance.

CRIBBAGE.—If you consult Monsieur Sohier you will find that he usually takes the "nob" in his hand, and if you "go" he will play out and score—you in his books.

USES OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

I. To be packed in close cases and kept in store for at least a year. This is essential to prevent the books from sustaining the injury which might accrue from exposure on shelves, to the dust of summer or the damp of winter.

II. To be ultimately disposed as far from the centre of population as possible. It is well known that many readers, especially those who have not libraries of their own, and therefore need to use public reading rooms, are very careless of books.

III. Many books which are essential to studious men, contain matter which it is not desirable for various reasons to put into the hands of the general reader. It is therefore highly judicious on the part of the trustees, to obviate this danger by keeping the library out of sight, until they can make arrangements for placing it beyond the reach of the mere loungeur.

RESIGNATION AND DEPARTURE OF THE MAYOR OF MELBOURNE.—We regret to learn that His Worship the Mayor is about to resign his office and quit the colony. We learn this on the best authority, namely, on that of His Worship himself, who declared that should the ballot principle be carried, he would no longer live in such a "sneaking" place. Let us hope that we shall have strength to bear the loss.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE OLD MAN TO HAVE HAD SO MUCH BLOOD IN HIM.—We observe that a good deal of "Perfume" has recently been introduced into the columns of the *Herald*, and considering the sort of illustrations and allusions with which those columns are apt to abound, we admit the propriety of using a disinfectant. But we fear the *Herald* might truthfully quote the words of Lady Macbeth (slightly altered) and say, "All the perfumes of Australia will not sweeten this little journal."



USE AND ABUSE
OF AN IRON STEW-POT;
OR
COPPIN'S BALLAARAT BENEFIT.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.—The "scientific reporter" of the *Herald*, was panic-stricken by the thunder-storm on Monday last. The "general reporter," who looks after fires, explosions and little events of that nature, was bogged on the afternoon of the same day in a "Slough of Despond," and all but swallowed up in a "Charybdis of mud," and a third emissary from the same office, would have encountered similar trials, if he had not fortunately possessed and exercised a little "common sense." *Punch* congratulates the reporters aforesaid, on their escape from such imminent perils; but his most fervent congratulations are offered to the public on their providential escape from the "tremendous report," which might have been inflicted upon them, had it not been for these fortunate disasters.

A NICE DISTINCTION.—During the discussion yesterday, in the Legislative Council, on the subject of the ballot, [the Mayor of Melbourne objected to the proposed innovation as "sneaking." Now, did His Worship, who is not renowned for a felicitous manner of expressing his opinion, intend that the ball lot to which he had so strong an objection suggested reminiscences of the Fancy Ball lot which secured his re-election to the civic chair?

FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.—The members of the Melbourne Cricket Club have arranged to give each other balls (round) every week until further notice. It is also expected that there will be some balls over. Saturday is the settling day, when every one is required to stump up.

MELBOURNE PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

M. PUNCH has the pleasure to announce that in the last week of December, he will Publish, at the ridiculously low price of EIGHTEEN PENCE, an

ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK,

Which he confidently predicts will create a new era, not only in Colonial Literature, but in the Literature of the World. The Seaman and Astronomer will find the forthcoming work in many respects vastly superior to the Nautical Almanack, Mr. GRIMES's services having been secured at an immense expense for the mathematical department. The Diplomatist will prefer M. P.'s publication to the ALMANAC DE GOTH. The British Almanack will pale it's ineffectual fires, and even MURRAY's Instructive Annual will be comparatively superseded both as to information and entertainment. Give your orders early, as the means of publication (in spite of able assistance from Mr. APPLGARTH) unfortunately limit the issue to half-a-million.

N.B.—As a proof of his disinterestedness, M. PUNCH will accept from distant admirers Nineteen postage stamps in lieu of the sum first above written.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN SLAGGE, Esq., TO MESSRS WILEY & SHARPE, SOLICITORS,
LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have been recommended by my legal advisers here to write to you, respecting a party by the name of Robert Poppe, of ——— street, London, who has been and taken me in frightfully, whereby I am reduced to poverty—and I reposed in him the most implicit confidence. I trust you will also consider this letter strictly confidential—for reasons which I need not here enter. I sent some large consignments of goods and gold to Mr. Poppe, who had been my friend from childhood, preferring him for these transactions to my regular commercial agents. For these goods he has never accounted nor will he, and I desire legal proceedings to be taken against him, if that is, you think this course advisable; any way, I think you might frighten him out of a good bit. I enclose you letters I have received from him, which I humbly think, acknowledges the goods are come to hand, but you will see he indulges in imputations the most scandalous towards me, which if I had him here he should know the falsehood of in a libel action.

Still being the victim of circumstances of a most unfortunate description, I feel that I am open to most unjust suspicions, and I must in particular beg you to consider this letter strictly confidential and to act most cautious according to your judgment, whereof I doubt not.

The first lot of goods was unfortunately sent at a time when my circumstances was somewhat embarrassed, and not long afterwards I became insolvent. I obtained my certificate and honourable discharge from his Honor the Insolvency Judge who indeed complimented me in the most handsome way on my conduct throughout. Mr. Poppe in the meantime for some reasons unknown to me, took it upon himself for to postpone remitting me any money, and when the newspapers get home, giving what was shamefully garbled reports of my case before the Insolvency Court, Mr. Poppe wrote to me the most scandalous and impudent ungrateful letter full of low wit, and saying he wasn't going to encourage me in cheating my creditors—me, who would'n't cheat a babe, and my character has always stood unimpeachable here during the many years I have been in business—and that he should keep the goods till he heard from them, as they wasn't down in my schedule. Indeed they had got left out by some strange mistake, but I hope I need hardly assure you upon my honor, that if I get paid my dues, it shall go to liquidating my just debts in spite of the discharge of the honorable Insolvency Court.

What renders me doubly unfortunate, however, was circumstances I have still to retail. Enjoying, as I am proud to say gentlemen, the first of credit and integrity in this place, I was enabled soon after my insolvency to open again with a good stock, and being at that time still quite unaware of Mr. Poppe's base and fraudulent designs to betray the confidence I reposed in him, I again sent him a large consignment of some goods as was quite unsuitable to this market. Soon after this I had the misfortune to have my store burnt down, and as I believe, through the machinations of a clerk as I had had occasion to discharge for dishonesty, was charged with the heinous crime of arson. I need not say, gentlemen, that there was no evidence whatever against me, and that I left the court without a stain on my character.

Still, Mr. Poppe, in his base and wicked attempt to ruin me and to blast my character, refuses to account for the goods transmitted to him, as my principle books was burnt in the fire, I am in great doubt how to treat him. I was most anxious not to take harsh measures, and have wasted much valuable time in correspondence, and have tried remonstrances and threats alike unsuccessful. In fact he dares me to do anything, and I desire to be guided by you, for however I am conscious in my own heart of innocence, I am aware that appearances are not what I could wish. Therefore, I beg that you will use your own discretion, for I know the proverbial uncertainty of the law, whereas I had a proof of it myself as though I quit theed court on my trial with an unblemished character, the company as I insured with refused to pay up, and beat me in a action that I brought to recover the sum. I learn that the jury was packed with shareholders, but judging that other people would act as upright as myself I never objected to one.

The consequence of all this is that I have been compelled a second time to apply to the Honourable Insolvency Court, and am now awaiting my certificate which I hope it will be very shortly given me.

You will see, gentlemen, to what a train of unavoidable circumstances I owe my present most unfortunate situation, and I trust you will consider most carefully the documents enclosed, and act as may seem to you best, in particular considering this letter strictly confidential.

I remain,
Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN SLAGGE.

AMELIA SLAGGE TO HER SISTER MARTHA IN LONDON.

dere marther,—

Has you wil purceev by mi sicknathure mi dreems i hacompilht, hand i ham marid 2 Mr. Slagge. i ad not heard from im for mor than 18 munths, witch I see im oncest or twice, in the meen wile butt he never see me, hand I thot he had kwite fowgot me, witch it seams, to youse his on wurd, i were constintlie presinck to is himajinaahun hall along. The way it cum habout were this: i were warkin alon 1 hevenin in Richmond Paddick, whereby it is a sin to cawl it Richmond, witch it no way disembla, thinkin of hold tymes, and halso of sumthink has a milkman ad sed 2 me, and sumtimes thinkin of nothink hat all, wen oo shud i boold but Mister Slagge. Pore feller, ee were not drest as he were on shipbord, with butiful chayns and ringes, hand weskits; but he were kwite seedi in his custoom, and lukt pale and hill. He cum hup 2 me as haffable as pawible, and said he ad been wantin 2 see me for hever so long, but did not no ow 2 fynd me. He asked me ow i got hon, hand tuk kwite a hinterest in mi haffairs, hall witch i told im, hand ow I ad hacting on gud hadvice, bin hand put my savings in a land sosity, witch i got an hallotment, has terned hup trumps, hand I was hofferod 200 lbs. for the weak befaur last. mister Slagge thou told me ow he ad been robd and cheeted hof is last pound, but shud be hall rite agin wen a shipp cum in, as is father ad sent im. nex hevening, i sed as i wantid to by a bit of ribbing, hand went, hand i met im in Richmond paddick hagen, hand tuk im a smawl lone, witch he haccepted hat onest. hafter that i see im mpany tymes, hand he wanted me bad to sell my land, hand sed he noo a way has he cud mak mi fortshin with the money, but I ware advised knot. Soon hafter that he proposed matringmony wareby we pore garls hall luk fawward 2 the oly stait, hand in a few dais hafter i give im mi and hand art. Pore feller, he ave bin sorli trubbled, hand it ave maid is temper not kwite has I cud wish, but hall is not goold that gliters, and marridge is won. i found hout as he ad bin put in prising bi the plotts of raskils witch he did not tell me befaur marridge for feer to urt mi feelins, witch he are less choyses habout now has no dout is honly natahural. he sold my land witch of cawse it ware is own, and he ad a rite 2. wot he ave dun with the mony i no not. when i haak im habout the shippes as was cumin he swos hawful and cawld me a fule. he are awai hall dai hon bixnis hand cum ome at nite hoften the wus for liker. wun nite he cum ome hand thare ware nothink in the ouse hand he ware very ad huppon me, avin 1 dersay bin hagravated in biznes but i ad no mony and cud not elp it. nex mornin he bid me go hand sea for washin to do, hor sumthink, witch i do now reglar and cud do putty well hat, only he talks 2 mutch for his shaire. i bare hall veri well but i oped like hall of us for better, hand i sumtimes think i wish i ad nown wen i was well of. i av got 2 the hend of mi paper and mus leev of. i ope you are hall well in elth and sperrits as this leevs me,

your affeckahunit sister,

AMELIA SLAGGE.

A GEM OF A CUTTING.—The operations on the Koh-i-noor will be completely out-done by the St. Kilda Railway Company, which proposes to cut the Emerald Hill. It is supposed that they will facet with brickwork.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Goodmau have, it is said, claimed the reward of £10,000 offered for the discovery of the best amalgamating machine. The machine combines principles never before associated together, and all persons interested in contrivances of this nature look anxiously for the result of experiments on a larger scale than have yet been attempted with the new invention. Among practical men we believe an opinion prevails that the various parts of the machine are not sufficiently bound together for the work it is designed to carry on, but that as *puddling machine* and for a short time it may do very well.



Edwards to his Pupils.

It is well known that *Punch* weekly disseminates instruction (at the low rate of sixpence a lesson), to a large number of pupils, varying considerably in their general aptitude, intelligence and power to apprehend, and retain the precepts of their teacher. Ever anxious to reward merit, and encourage progress—*Punch*, on Monday last, assembled his "young friends," (and a few old ones), around him, preparatory to dismissing them for the Christmas recess, and distributed the following rewards, prefacing the distribution in each instance by a few appropriate remarks, of which Toby has supplied the printer with the subjoined report:—

To the Editor of the *Argus*, my honored master observed:—For the very commendable attention you have paid to figures, I have the pleasure to present you with a copy of "Walkingham's Arithmetic." I have carefully checked the totals in those interesting tables which enliven your summaries, and I can bear willing testimony to their uniform correctness. I have to regret at the same time that you are still very backward in your English composition.

Mr. Punch next addressed himself to the editors of the *Age*:—Gentlemen,—I have observed with unspeakable gratification, the chivalrous courtesy, the graceful avoidance of everything approaching to a personality, the high-minded delicacy of feeling, and the elevation of sentiment, which characterise your political writings; nor do I know how I can more emphatically mark my approbation of the tone of those writings, than by presenting you with an elegant bound copy of "Lord Chesterfield's Letters." (The recipients of this prize were observed to blush deeply, while diffidently stammering forth their thanks.)

I desire, said Mr. Punch, turning to where the theatrical critic of the *Herald* stood, to convey to you my warm approbation of the antiquarian zeal and unwearied perseverance which you have displayed in the exhumation of the most venerable of jokes, and I am sure you will receive with pride, and will treasure with affection, this early edition of the entire works of Mr. Joseph Miller, inscribed with my own autograph upon the fly-leaf. (The fortunate prize-holder retired, closely hugging his reward to his heart.)

Master Haines, although you no longer wear the Hotham livery, you will naturally feel a tender affection for every memento of your former servitude. I therefore present you with the stump of the pen with which his Excellency wrote the rough draft of his memorable minute; and I trust you will frequently make it the subject of your contemplation, in your retirement among the Barrabool Hills.

To Masters Pasley and Clarke, I freely accord what they so ardently desire—my letters dismissary, which will enable them to take their immediate departure for the purpose of rejoining the head quarters of their respective regiments.

Master O'Brien, your modesty and your elocution are equally conspicuous and equally laudable; I present you with an Italian Dictionary which I am convinced you will study with peculiar pleasure, from the fact of its containing no "h's."

Master Stawell, your study of the Constitutional Law, has been as prolific of advantage to your fellow pupils as to yourself. Accept as the reward of your diligence a *verbatim* report of the trials of the State Prisoners, with notes and comments by the editors of the *Age*, and Mr. B. C. Aspinall.

To Master Childers, on his retirement from the establishment, I offer this volume of Scott's "Ancient Customs," which I hope he may succeed in comprehending more clearly than he has done those of a modern date.

Master Nicholson, I have observed with regret the distress of mind under which you appear to be laboring. In order to qualify you to make a beneficial use of the box of tools, with which your

friends have presented you, as well as to offer you my testimonial to your general good conduct, I now place in your hands the latest edition of "The Cabinet Maker's Guide:" and beg of you to pay particular attention to its instructions.

This terminated the presentation of the rewards, and the prize-holders retired to partake of some refreshments, and to receive the congratulations of their friends.

A DIFFICULTY.

On the Melbourne platform standing,
Waiting for the Sandridge train,
Thus I heard a voice melodious
Pouring forth a troubled strain:—

"Oh, where shall I seek an efficient collector,
Since Childers his post and his seat has resigned?
Oh, who shall I ask in my present dilemma
To throw o'er my woes 'his rich mantle of mind'?"

Say, Goodman (who once in the vale of the Loddon,
While watching his flocks as they nibbled at peace,
Accepted for gospel the squatocrat doctrine,
That land-loving men were as easy to fleece).

Oh, say, wilt thou quit for the post of collector—
I should say commissioner—pardon I pray—
The rum, and the brandy, the gin, and the whiskey,
The port, and the sherry, that charm thee to-day?

For objections I fear might be possibly taken
To the Head of the Custom-House dealing in wine;
Then, say, my dear Goodman, the place or the license—
The Treasury bench or the trade will't resign?

The Treasury bench is suggestive of treasurer,
And who will the place of the treasurer fill?—
From the Bank of Victoria murmuring accents
Mutter meekly but firmly the answer, "I will."

Oh, Henry, I fear that thy dealings in discounts
With the treasurers functions would scarcely accord,
Although I perceive you hold out the temptation
That the bank in that case could cash credit afford.

But I say that I fear if as treasurer you borrowed
The very same coin that as banker you lent;
Your conduct might lead to unpleasant conjectures,
However uprightly and honestly meant.

I see that you're willing to bear the suspicion,
And mildly to brave all unpleasant surmise;
To pocket the petty and false imputation,
And the pitiful pittance of office likewise.

But I must not too far tax your zeal patriotic,
How're to the sacrifice you may incline;
And therefore I will not accept your proposal,
For the sake of your character—also of mine.

And Stawell—though petulant, arrogant, proud,
And teeming with faults that are plain to the view—
I almost despair of being able to find
A successor as clever and honest as you.

There's Chapman, though honest—well-meaning—straightforward,
Is so frightfully slow—such a terrible bore,
That however his enmity should be avoided,
His alliance, I know, would perplex me much more.

The solicitor's place must be also considered
And puzzled I look down the bar list to see,
The name of a man I should willingly work with—
Who would also be willing to work well with me.

And alas the obstructions with which I'm surrounded,
Increase as I think upon Pasley and Clarke;
And on whom in their stead I can place in the Council—
That as engineers also are up to the mark.

But though obstacles threaten and trials lower on me,
I'll meet them and beat them "in spite of their teeth."
I know that the battle I wage is no light one,
But I'll win it and bear forth the conqueror's wreath.



A SKETCH IN THE 'OUSE.

THE PRESS.—The name of Mr. Duffy's New Papers, following the nomenclature of the *Democrat* is to be named the "Irishtocrat," to advocate the views of the Colonial "Irishtocracy."

BANK ROBBERY.—The Sydney banks seem to understand our duties as little as they regard their own. They impound the genuine sovereigns of any one that meddles with them, and having given their own medals in exchange, send the sovereigns down here to buy gold with which to make more. This a counter-feat beyond our comprehension. One of them seems to have been too knowing by half, and to have sent to Melbourne 1000 of the unmarketable tokens by mistake, and as there is here no demand for the article, they now coolly demand to have them returned free of the export duty on gold. They first send us a consignment which is worth here 5 per cent. discount, and then want to do us out of half-a-crown an ounce, thus making us pay a penalty of 8 per cent. more for the blunder by which in their over-cuteness they have outwitted themselves.

Punch's Popular Biographies.

No. 4.

The Premier Designate.

It is not *Punch's* vocation to pry into parish registers, investigate the fly-leaves of Family Bibles, or listen to the babble of superannuated nurses and senile schoolmasters. *Punch* takes it for granted that the subject of this memoir was born, cut his teeth, underwent the measles, endured the hooping-cough, was familiar with the birch, and not wholly ignorant of the process of manufacturing "little dirt pies."

Furthermore, *Punch* has it upon indubitable authority that the Premier Designate lisped his earliest lessons out of Deloime, preferred Blackstone's Commentaries to Sandford and Merton, and devoured with avidity the lively and facetious contents of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*. In his ardent thirst for political knowledge, the young enthusiast furthermore committed to memory the whole of Grotius, Vattel and Puffendorf, Plato's Republic, Hobbes' Leviathan, and Machiavelli's *Principe*.

Condemned in early youth to the dispensation of groceries in retail quantities, his occupation only served to strengthen his love of political science and to widen the range of his studies. The scales suggested to his apprehensive mind weighty considerations connected with the balance of power, the attributes of even-handed justice, and the equipoise of popular rights and royal prerogative. Through the till, he obtained a profound insight into the currency question. Concessions of credit opened up the subject of the national debt, loans, and the funding system generally. A hoghead of sugar would set him pondering on the differential duties which were then in force; and molasses would cloud his mind with sombre thoughts on negro slavery. With the receipt of every box of candles, a new light would dawn upon his mind in reference to the intellectual illumination of the people; and not a bar of soap that was not pregnant with moving arguments in favor of sanitary reform.

Called from the obscurity of a village chandlery to the plate-glass and mahogany magnificence of a metropolitan tea-dealer's, the political love of our youthful statesman could not long remain hidden from a world ever-anxious to heap wealth and honors upon moral worth and intellectual greatness. Having privately furnished both Canning and Huskisson with the skeletons of their best speeches, having "crammed" Cobden, and converted the late Sir Robert Peel to the principles of Free Trade; having written the most pungent leaders in the *Times*, and the most argumentative in the *League*; it was only natural that the subject of our memoir should be recognized as a leader and appealed to as an authority by the most eminent political thinkers, speakers, and writers, of the day. Accordingly, on the formation of the most powerful association of statesmen and statisticians that the world ever saw, the present Premier Designate of Victoria, was unanimously elected to preside over its deliberations. In this august assembly, which did not disdain to hold its meetings at the Garrick's Head, Bow-street, our hero (to whom the title of Chief Baron was awarded by common consent and uncommon courtesy), enjoyed the intimacy of, and interchanged ideas with, the most illustrious men in Europe,—with the Duke of Wellington and Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds; with Prince Metternich and Colonel Sibthorp; with Lord Brougham and Tom Spring; with the Bishop of Oxford and the editor of the *Family Herald*; with Thomas Carlyle and Dr. Pusey; with Lord John Russell and the Norfolk Giant; with Macaulay and Mr. Spooner; with the Earl of Derby and Professor Holloway; with Benjamin Disraeli and Charles Southwell; with the Rev. Sidney Smith and the poet at Moses's.

If the fruits of that intercourse have not exhibited themselves during the political career of the "Chief Baron" in this colony, it is because he has been wisely hiving his experience, husbanding his powers, and progressively augmenting his stores of political knowledge, until the arrival of that opportune moment, when he would be called upon to guide the vessel of the infant state, and to dazzle the world, by displaying in combination the inflexible firmness of a Pitt, the burning eloquence of a Mirabeau, the administrative ability of a Peel, and the stainless honesty of a Washington.

But if the autumn of his life should not fulfil the promise of its spring; his country expects, and *Punch* believes, that the Premier Designate will exhibit qualities both of mind and character, which will render his ministerial career more beneficial to Victoria and more creditable to himself than that of the ambitious mediocrities who have just retired from office.



PUNCH'S RECIPE FOR HIS CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Equal parts of wit and sense,
First with liberal hand dispense;
Throw in next the broken yokes
That we poor colonial folks
Bore with patience far too long.
Logic, subtle, keen, and strong,
Must be added, but with care,
For the whole 'as light as air
To the last preserved must be,
Or with some 'twill disagree.
Pungent satire largely use,
Freed with care from rank abuse,
Mixed—to temper even this—

With milk of human kindness.
Skim the cream of newest jest,
Which though full of point and zest,
Still must be so pure and chaste
That even your fastidious taste,
Dearest lady, can't detect,
Aught to which you can object.
Let numbers and let quantity,
With heedful metre measured be.
Thus does generous *Punch* produce,
A pudding fit for every use ;
That from the boudoir to the hall,
Shall gratify and nourish all.

UNITY IS STRENGTH.

A SCENE FROM AN OLD PLAY.

[MR. PUNCH, the other day, while turning over some "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," came upon a play bearing the above title. One scene which it contained seemed to bear so palpably on passing events that Mr. Punch has transcribed it entire, merely altering a few names to make the application more apparent. The *dramatis personae* are engaged in discussing the preliminaries of a political club they are about to form.]

MR. NICHOLSON: Well gentlemen, we all seem agreed as to the propriety of establishing this club, but one thing, it seems, we have not yet thought of discussing. Are we really sufficiently accordant as to opinion?

ALL: To be sure.

MR. GOODMAN: Oh yes—we all think alike in the main.

MR. NICHOLSON: Well it wouldn't do to differ about important matters especially at the outset. Let us run through a question or two, and see how we really stand. Now for example as to the squatting claims

MR. GOODMAN: Oh! oh! Yes indeed, that must be an open question; I could not hold with some of you upon that. It would be monstrous, and an invasion of the public faith to trifle with their rights. They're the pioneers of civilisation. Their sacrifices have been enormous. Besides, they are the wealthiest class in the colony; and as for

taxing them exclusively, I can't consent to that; I assure you, that squatting is in the long run, anything but a paying game.

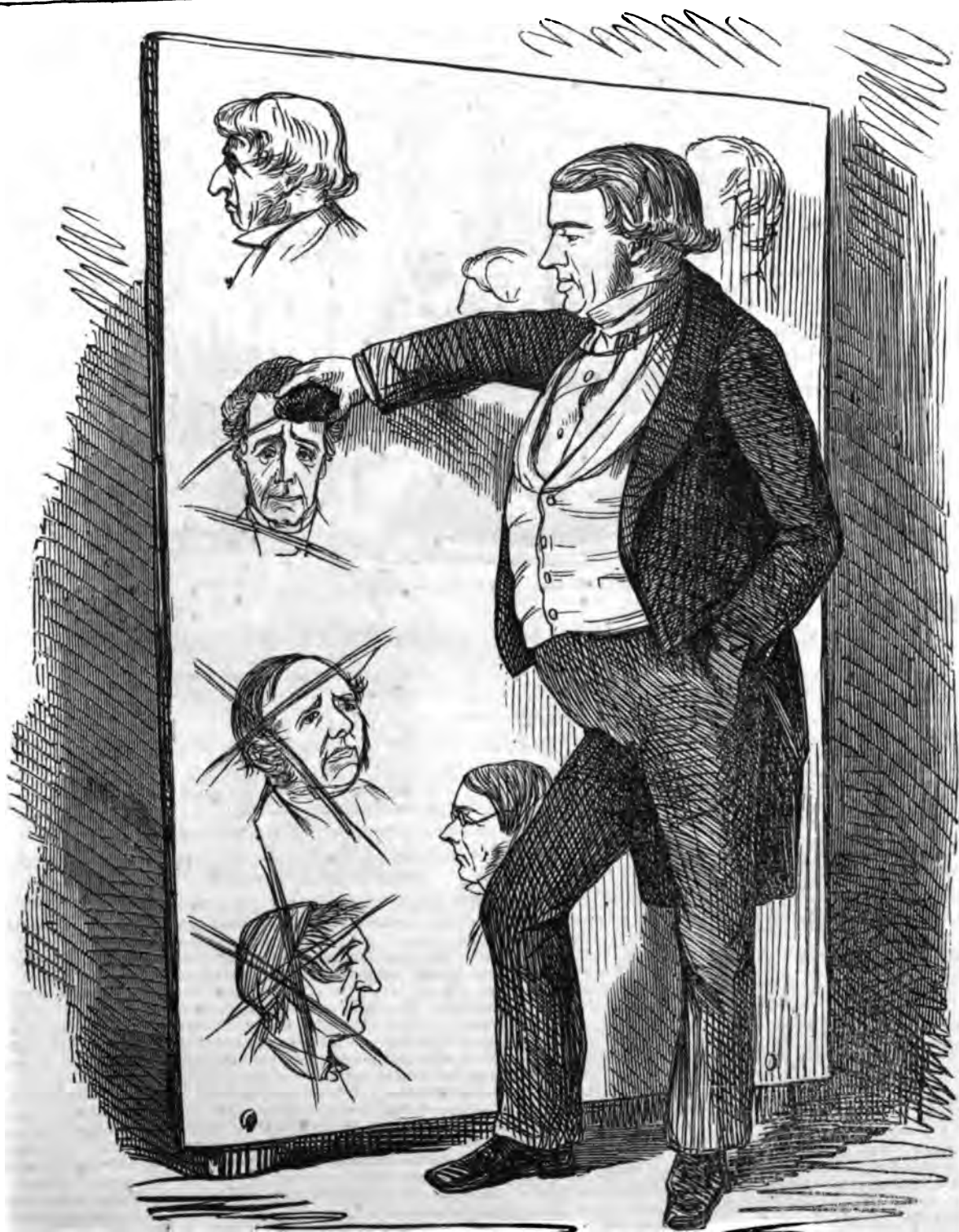
MR. CHAPMAN: I must say I differ from my impetuous young friend in toto, but to arrive at a just understanding of this case, we must consider briefly the various kinds of tenures that exist in different countries. The feudal tenure is the basis of the majority of English tenures, and I will presently return to this matter and point out the various kinds into which this tenure has ramified. Then the French system, although leading to the infinitesimal division of land—I don't mean the *metayer* system, you will please to understand—should be considered, because the evils likely to arise, are precisely the reverse of those towards which the squatting system tends, and it often occurs that phenomena can be most advantageously studied in their opposites. By the way, talking of infinitesimal division, there's a curious mathematical paradox that I'll tell you about, when I've exhausted my present subject.

MR. MILLER: (*Speaking very mildly but deliberately*): I'm afraid you'll exhaust us first.

MR. CHAPMAN: Really, these kind of interruptions at the very beginning of an argument are quite unfair—

MR. NICHOLSON: Well, suppose we hear the remainder of that another time; we've several more things to consider. Now, there's that ticklish ballot question—

MR. GREEVES: Oh, we needn't discuss that. I know when one enters a club of this kind one must give and take a little as to opinion. My feelings on this subject are very strong—very strong indeed. In fact I can scarcely trust myself to express my feelings in all sincerity on so demoralising a system. Still, for the sake of unanimity, which



MR. NICHOLSON'S "PICTUR CARD;"
OR, CHOOSING A MINISTRY.

"It might be easily managed by taking as the basis of the system the present practice of voting by card, with the name of the candidate. A difficulty would arise as to those unable to read and write; and it was a difficulty which the New Constitution would remove gradually. To these parties he would give something like a picture, colored,"—&c.. &c.

Mr. Nicholson's Speech on the Ballot Question.—ANGUS, 19th Dec.



A VERY JUST COMPLAINT.

OLD GENTLEMAN: You want to leave Mary! What for? I should have thought you had a comfortable place.

MARY: Well, sir, mostly things is very comfortable here indeed; but there aint no "Punch" took in, and one must 'ave somethink to compingate one for the climate.

is a most valuable thing, I will control my emotions and vote with the rest. Pass to another question. Take postage with England for example.

MR. GOODMAN: Oh, by the way Greeves you were quite wrong there. I remember when I was at Bruce Castle, Rowland Hill came to see his brother, and told us all about it. The theory is—

MR. NICHOLSON: Well, well; we wont waste time over that; but let us see how we stand on the important question of state aid to religion. I'll lead off. I oppose it.

MR. GREEVES: Really on this question, if it were to come on the *topic*, I could not control my emotion. I must differ with you.

MR. CHAPMAN: I think it probable that none of you will be in a frame of mind to understand this question until I have called your attention to the fundamental distinction between the system of state aid which prevails here, and the system of an Established Church which prevails in England. That system indeed underwent considerable modification at the time of the Reformation, and at various times since that memorable period. But the distinguishing feature of the English establishment is the state patronage of one distinct set of opinions instead of a variety of clashing and discordant doctrines. Now, I dare say none of you ever considered the matter in that light before—

MR. GOODMAN: Oh, we know all about that, but I say that state aid is essential here because—

MR. NICHOLSON: Oh, are you for that too? Pass on to something else, and see where we do agree. Now, for example, with regard to the public banking accounts, I think they should be equally divided among the various banks.

SEVERAL VOICES: So do I.

MR. MILLER: Then I most strenuously object. I conceive the government banking account to be the irrefragable right of purely

local institutions. Here we have but one well established local bank although I am informed that some persons are endeavouring to get up some kind of ephemeral banking concern, under a plagiarised name. The Bank of Victoria, however, is clearly entitled to be the national bank of Victoria, and on this point I feel compelled to take a conscientious stand.

MR. NICHOLSON: I see the bank must stand over too; how now about National education?

(At this question, discordant speeches are made by every one at once and the scene closes, while Mr. Nicholson vainly attempts to restore order.)

EARLY CLOSING.—The agitation now in progress for shutting up shops at six o'clock instead of seven as heretofore, is generally understood to have had its rise among the drapers and clothiers. It may, therefore be appropriately termed the "Early Clotheasing movement."

MINISTERIAL RUMOURS.—It was currently reported on Saturday, that the Commissionership of public works had been offered to and accepted by Mr. Goodman. The rumour arose from the fact that Mr. Goodman was seen driving into town in company with a monkey, and both wearing an expression of anxiety on their countenances. It has subsequently been stated that the appointment was offered to the latter gentleman and declined.

A MERE ERROR OF THE PRESS.—The papers have recently chronicled the punishment by the police bench of an itinerant fruit seller, for standing with a barrow in Elizabeth-street, upon the pretended charge of obstructing the thoroughfare. The whole thing is a mistake. The parties really convicted and punished were not the poor fruit-sellers, but certain wealthy storekeepers of Swanston-street, who block-ade the street entirely by making the footway a store for their goods, and the carriage way a yard for their bullocks.



THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Pump handles were invented by Copernicus, in the year 1947 Dr. Johnson was the first man who played Ariel on the British stage.

Julius Cæsar was of African descent by his mother's side, and was called Cæsar after his maternal grand uncle—a negro on a sugar plantation in the West Indies.

The best cure for toothache is to rub the cavity with a fragment of the confection known as hard-bake.

If you pound two pieces of ice together in a mortar they will presently explode with a loud report.

The clipper ship "Lightning," is built entirely of *papier mache*.

Split peas, melted in cold spring water and run into moulds constitute the best material for gun carriages.

In weaning children, the most wholesome diet for them is acetate of lead, which should be rolled into pellets and inserted into the *trachea* with a walking stick.

In the year 1792, Sir Walter Raleigh invented, and ascended to a considerable altitude in, a balloon composed entirely of cast iron and inflated with quicksilver.

Richmond Park was formerly in Yorkshire, and was removed to its present site by Marco Polo, the minister of the period.

John Thomas Smith, though a poor man, is universally respected by his fellow colonists.

A Lament for John Thomas.

Alas this Country's going to ruin,
Smith wont dwell among us more ;
For the "sneaking" ballot system,
Drives him from our wicked shore.

II.

How will poor Victoria prosper,
When John Thomas goes away ;
And his solemn declaration—
Is, that he'll no longer stay

III.

In a council or a country,
Where the ballot scheme prevails ;—
Our sad muse prophetic weeping,
Watches J. T.'s leasening sails.

IV.

This it is to be so honest !
This it is to be so pure !
Good John Thomas cannot sanction,
Aught that's secret or obscure.

V.

Proudly does he look behind him,
At the course he has pursued ;
Fame and name and conscience spotless,
Spite of comment coarse and rude.

VI.

Who that knew the old Adelphi,
But must know that Smith our Mayor,
Ne'er took part in any action,
That was not as pure as air.

VII.

What man at St. John's has tasted
Nobblers, but can testify ;
That John's morals are undoubted,
As his principles are high.

VIII.

From his birth until this moment,
John has been like Cæsar's wife
As she should be—leading ever
Spotless unsuspected life.

IX.

John can ne'er endure concealment,
Every thing must open be ;
If you once admit the ballot,
What becomes of such as he.

X.

Virtuous publican no longer,
Places John at top of poll—
Licensed victuallers dont acknowledge
John's both good and wise controul.

XI.

Since no conscientious censure,
On John Thomas ever falls ;
Black and white in ballot boxes,
Are not J. T.'s "fancy balls."

XII.

Secret votes will ne'er find favour,
With so pure and good a man ;
We shall vainly strive and struggle,
To replace him if we can.

XIII.

John—alas too sure we know it—
Acts upon each word he speaks,
He will not much longer sojourn
With us—ballot-using "sneaka."

XIV.

Money loses half it's power,
Where the ballot scheme prevails,
And where wealth no more can influence
Justice's too even scales.

XV.

Readily can we imagine
Whence John's resolution rose,
We can only hope for courage
To bear his loss when hence he goes.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—In calling attention to the propriety of proceeding at once with the erection of a building for the accommodation of the two Houses of Parliament to be shortly assembled according to the provisions of the New Constitution, Mr. Greeves dwelt eloquently on the inconveniences that would result from having the meetings of the Legislative Council in St. Patrick's Hall and those of the Assembly at the other end of Bourke-street. Amongst other things the hon. member called attention to the sufferings which members of the Assembly would experience when Parliament was being opened in wet weather in having to trudge through the rain and mud, and to appear all dirty and draggled before the representative of Royalty and all the assembled peers and peeresses in Victoria. *Punct* sympathises with the anticipated grievances, but can suggest a remedy, even if the funds of the colony should not permit the erection of a building for both houses. Let an address be presented to His Excellency, praying him when Parliament is opened in wet weather, to grant to the members of the Assembly the use of the new POLICE OMNIBUSES that have recently been introduced. We are sure that a grateful people would not grudge so much to their trusty representatives.

In Memoriam.

Punch, to whom mirth is native, and sorrow seldom comes, finds himself "checking the career of laughter with a sigh;—" his gibes, his flashes of merriment, subdued by a feeling of respectful sympathy, and all his sportive sallies solemnized by the presence of Death. And as *Punch* lays aside the weapons, never more to be used against one who has been struck down in the pride of manhood, and in the full enjoyment of the faculties which give to manhood all its power and worth, perchance there falls upon those weapons, that which dimmed the sword of poor Le Fevre with its solitary speck of rust. Peace to the dead, and oblivion of the past. *Punch* remembers only that the dread shadow has darkened the household of him who represented the Majesty of England, and that a lady has sustained a bitter bereavement in a strange land. He reverently respects that mourner's grief, and laying a wreath of cypress on the coffin-lid of the illustrious dead, silently passes on.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BLUNDERBORE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. XVI.

[THE Editor, into whose hands the foregoing communications have fallen, has been unable to procure any farther letters of the least interest, and must therefore bring the series to a close. He has however come upon two torn half sheets of letter paper in Mr. Chislehurst's handwriting, from which a speculative reader may perhaps obtain grounds for conjecturing the subsequent fate of that indefatigable and somewhat prey correspondent.

In the first fragment, indeed, he has launched out into versification, with a desperate recklessness which the present writer is informed is very commonly symptomatic of a kind of fever that is apt to overtake young gentlemen of Mr. Chislehurst's temperament—at least once in their lives. It is scarcely to be supposed that time, fate, and the other allegorical and metaphysical gentry to whom Mr. Chislehurst appeals have paid any attention to him, nor does he at all specifically state reasons which would justify them in altering the ordinary course of events for his particular benefit.]

(FIRST FRAGMENT.)

Ye hours rein in your swiftly flying coursers,
And Time delay to use your ruthless steel;
Imperious fate forbear to exercise
Your cruel might: leave me awhile to feel
That even in a world of grief and pain,
Untainted bliss has sometimes power to reign.

Unto no future do I turn with longing,
Nor even would recall the golden past;
Hope I discard, for I have no desire
Save that the present sunshine would but last.
I ask no farther joy—should dread no ill,
If evermoving time would but for once stand still.

Too often as the road of life we travel,
The walls and house-tops that few hours ago
Seemed while we passed among them grey and sombre,
Now with reflected sunlight shine and glow.
The cloud lowers only over where we are,
And dims the roofs that shone and glittered from afar.

Yet hope persuades us still to keep pursuing
The fleeting radiance that moves on before,
And sad regret alone awaits our coming,
To bid us mourn we can retrace no more
The foot-prints that with eager haste and blind,
We trod to gain the goal, which reached, we worthless find.

At length my often disappointing journey,
Has brought me to a city bright and fair,
Where even common things in golden lustre
Are bathed; and where each passing breath of air
Teems with the power—to gladden and to bless
And overcomes my soul with present happiness.

(FRAGMENT 2.)

When we entered the inn, the waiter's face struck me as being one I had seen before, but I could not for the moment recognise him. After Mary had left the room, however, he came up to me and said, "I wasn't surprised you would not know me Mr. Chislehurst considering what my follies and misfortunes has brought me to. When you and I came out together, I was a gentleman and hoped to keep one, but I've been so took in right and left by a set of unprincipled rascals, that you see to what I'm brought down." In an instant, I recognised who he was—John Slagge—of whom I have made mention more than once when writing to you. To disabuse him of the notion that I had cut him because of his circumstances, I became somewhat more cordial than was quite honest, and he immediately began pouring out his griefs to me in a most copious stream. If I were to believe all he told me—which I certainly don't—he had been victimised frightfully, and while preserving the most unswerving integrity, had been suspected and accused to his ruin. I might have been more inclined to believe him, if he had not re-awakened all my old antipathy by reviling a poor girl—one of the passengers by the Blunderbore—who had, he said, entrapped him into a marriage. He lamented bitterly having so "thrown himself away," as he called it, but I confess while he spoke, the thought was uppermost in me, that any specimen of womankind on whom Master Slagge could properly be said to throw himself away, would be a curiosity. According to him however, his marriage had been the sole cause of his estrangement from his family, and of his having been unable to retrieve his fortunes. He professed to have married in a fit of justice and generosity, but I must say the explanation seemed to me much more honourable than characteristic.

Certainly a man of Slagge's class is much to be pitied for pecuniary disasters, however mean and base he may be, for whoever makes money his only good must feel utterly broken down when that good deserts him. He obviously had respected himself according to the state of his purse, and seemed to think that the contempt of any one for him in poverty was as much to be expected as a matter of course as would have been their respect for him had he been wealthy. At the bottom of his Pandora's box, he had however still got a hope that was suitable to his nature, and which he revealed to me in a confidence that I do not think is broken by my mentioning it to you. He had bowed out the landlord, his employer, in some breaches of the laws whereby publicans are bound, and trusted that by getting these offences judiciously brought up before the licensing bench, the unsuspecting host would be deprived of his license, and would leave an open field which Mr. Slagge proposed to occupy if he could bring to perfection certain schemes designed with that view. His great fear was, that the magistrates would be opposed to him, because he had on one occasion been brought before them for ill-treating his wife; his account of the transaction being, that he had been patient and long-suffering as a saint, but had been at length aggravated beyond human endurance to the violence for which he was arraigned. I felt persuaded that this was a false account, and the more so when I had seen her. She had always been on board ship a foolish, frivolous kind of personage, but with a good deal of health and prettiness and good nature, that were now quite gone. She had a bruise too upon her forehead that looked suspicious, although Slagge said she got it by knocking her head against a mantel-piece—and she did not contradict him. She was acting as a chamber-maid, and Mary, who is much given to compassionate overflows, had some sympathetic talk with her, in which she stated many things, whence it appeared that the only just verdict upon Slagge would have been "served him right" even if he had been much more heavily visited by fate than he was. She had saved some money, which Slagge quickly spent for her, after they were married, and he then made her support them both for some time by taking in washing. But not satisfied with this, he had pawned divers of the properties, drunk up the proceeds, and so she lost the laundry connection. Slagge, who, if he liked working little, liked starving less, had been then forced to do something himself, and had obtained their present places for himself and his wife. She did not complain much however, and seemed to think that much was to be borne and forborne, as a set-off for the honor of marrying a gentleman, "which he is a real gentleman," she said "and kept his carriage once, though now down low enough poor man."

P I N I S.



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

BUTCHER BOY : "Now, then, Guv'nor, I'll trot you and the ladies to the Bank o' Noo South Wales for a shout round. Last in to pay the lot.

(DISTINGUISHED SWELL is speechless with indignation, and rapidly becomes purple in the face.)

BUTCHER BOY : Oh ! well ! if you aint game to trot, let it alone. But you needn't tear your shirt about it that way. Anyways you might give us a lock o' yer hair, old Stick-in-the-mud.

(Butcher Boy trots off without waiting for compliance with the last request.)

Directions for Scientific Observations.

MANY persons of a naturally scientific turn of mind refrain from observation and experiment because of a mistaken idea of the difficulty of the process and the expensive nature of the apparatus. By following the directions which Mr. Punch now gives, however, very useful results may be attained with ease and economy.

The mill-stone known as the French burr, when raised to a white heat by friction with sand paper becomes thoroughly transparent, and on being fitted into the end of a gas or water pipe constitutes a very powerful achromatic telescope. In looking through a mill-stone, however, some allowance must be made for refraction. Where G equals the radius of the mill-stone and B the third power of nine bawble square, P T Z multiplied into the hyperbola of R, will give you the logarithmic sine of X the unknown quantity you seek. In using delicate instruments of the kind recommended however, you must be careful not to knock your head against them, or the shock may throw them out of adjustment.

For measuring lunar distances a common kitchen poker will answer all the purposes of the sextant if first heated in the fire sufficiently. Double up the poker with your hands till it subtends the required angle, and ascertain the degrees with a thermometer and the minutes and seconds with a watch.

For meteorological purposes an excellent barometer may be constructed as follows. Take a common soda-water bottle and wring its neck off. Fill it with the best table salt, and insert a lucifer match with the detonating end downwards. Then if you accurately raise and depress the other end with your finger and thumb, according to the state of the weather the rise and fall will correspond with the density of the atmosphere.

For the following directions for ascertaining the evaporation of water in warm climates, Mr. Punch is indebted to Dr. Wilkie. Fill a frying pan or other shallow iron vessel with river water—that from the Plenty will do best. Light a large fire in some shady place, where the heat of the sun will not affect the accuracy of your observations and hold the frying pan over the fire till the water boils. Note the number of inches that the water sinks in the course of an hour, and the result multiplied by 365 (for the days in the year), will give you the mean evaporation of large bodies of water like the one at Yan Yean.

For chemical purposes, the best crucibles are made of borax and honey. Glass retorts should be avoided on account of the large quantity of free cotton which they contain, which would always throw you out in the analysis of any substance containing cork or india-rubber in solution. First-rate retorts are made of fresh butter cast in a clay pipe and placed in the sun to harden. By aid of one of these implements Dr. Maund has made some surprising experiments—amongst others, that by which he detected the nefarious custom of adulterating chalk with cheese. The cheese was precipitated in the form of gunpowder by the ferro cyanate of spring onions.

For researches in microscopy, the most effective instrument will be found to be one constructed entirely of arrowroot with curled horse hair lenses. Mr. Gibbons recently read a paper before the Philosophical Institute, describing the discovery made by him, with one of these homely but effective microscopes, of some stuffing in a leg of roast pork.

Without going into farther details, Mr. Punch must impress upon scientific observers, the necessity for great accuracy as to *number and quantity*. An error of 90 in 100 will be apt to vitiate the nicest astronomical observations, and in the quantitative analysis of toxicological agents (particularly arsenic in the human stomach) no error exceeding a ton should ever be overlooked.

The Ministerial Crisis.



Ye are informed that, during the past week, numberless gentlemen have been engaged in forming ministries, and have never left their usual places of abode even for ten minutes at a time, without leaving ample directions as to where they could be found upon an emergency.

The editor of the *Age*, after writing the celebrated leader about "head, head, head," scratched his own significantly, and muttered "I flatter myself they won't now venture to mistake the real shop for the commodity." He then obtained the loan of Policeman X's official costume, to enable him to judge of the effect

that would be produced by the editor of the *Age* in a Windsor uniform. Result considered satisfactory.

The Programme which the Editor of the *Age* proposed submitting to his Excellency, was the following:—

Chief Sec.	Mr. D. Blair
Col. Treasurer	Mr. E. Wilson
Trade and Customs...	Mr. A. Murray
Surveyor-General	Mr. E. Syme
Public Works	Mr. W. Shaw
Attorney-General	Mr. A. Michie
Solicitor-General	Dr. Evans

Dr. Milton was informed that he was to be sent for, and he immediately had the letters V. D. M. erased from all his cards, to escape the disqualification clause of the New Constitution. He set about making up a list, and the following is the result:—

Chief Secretary	Dr. Milton
Colonial Treasurer	Mr. Peter Virtue
Trade and Customs	Mr. Chas. Southwell
Public Works	Mr. Thomas Mooney
Surveyor-General	Mr. Henry Kemble
Attorney-General	Capt. Harrison
Solicitor-General	Dr. Mingay Syder.

Mr. Myles was in a great state of expectation all the week. At one time he thought of rewarding with office six of the fifteen Grant electors who returned him to Council. Eventually, however, he rejected this scheme in favour of the following:—

Chief Secretary	Mr. Myles
Col. Treasurer	Mr. W. F. Baylie
Trade and Customs...	Mr. Gallagher
Public Works	Mr. T. Furnivelle
Surveyor-General	Mr. P. O'Brien
Attorney-General	Mr. G. Smythe
Solicitor-General	Mr. Dunne.

Mr. John Thomas Smith came to the resolution that he would save his country by forming a ministry, composed of men of wealth, standing, long colonial experience, and moral and political principles similar to his own. He accordingly drew the following list. For the sake of securing the highest legal talent, Mr. Smith departed somewhat from the rule he had laid down for his guidance, with respect to the Attorney-General:—

Chief Secretary	Mr. J. T. Smith
Col. Treasurer	Mr. T. Robinson
Trade and Customs	Mr. David Young
Public Works	Mr. M. Pender
Surveyor-General	Mr. C. Payne
Attorney-General	Mr. Albert Read
Solicitor-General	Mr. J. Edwards.

Several other ministries have been privately formed, but we refrain from publishing any more lists for the present.

The Theory of Poetical Composition.

Edgar Allan Poe—one of the greatest blackguards and one of the greatest geniuses that America has produced, has written an elaborate essay to show how poets carry on their work. An esteemed friend of ours who if considerably less of a blackguard, is—it must be also owned—considerably less of a genius than Mr. Poe, has, in the following lines indicated the mental process that goes on within him, when (according to Cocker, or somebody,) his eye should be "in a fine frenzy rolling." It must be premised that our friend received, on short notice, peremptory instructions to write some appropriate—

Lines to the New Year.

Hail first born of the year—though snowy blast,
 [No, hang it, that won't do, I'm going too fast,
 Ye muses nine, inform me—say, how hail ye her,
 When singing to the new year in Australia].
 Though to the wanderer times and seasons change,
 [That's true, at least, if neither new nor strange].
 New year, I'll greet thee wheresoe'er I range;
 [Range comes in badly, but no other word
 That rhymes with "change" has yet to me occurred,
 Excepting "mange," and that would be absurd].
 In wintry Norway's never-ending night,
 Or Australasia's new years warm and bright -
 [I fear that stanza somewhat flat and stale is,
 Can I drag in "Aurora Borealis."]
 I'll sing my welcome to the infant year,
 Bright, hopeful, renovating, precious, dear,
 [All things are "precious dear," I've found, out here.]
 Appropriate time, when resolution strong
 Clings to good purpose—spurns the thought of wrong.
 [Smith told me—but I know he must be joking;
 He meant from this day forth to give up smoking].
 Let me too climb calm virtue's thorny path,
 And banish vice with stern indignant wrath.
 [The rhyme it must be owned is somewhat seedy—
 'Twould not be so if spoken by Macready].
 Let me with justly poised and steadfast mind,
 Discharge each obligation to mankind.
 [I would do so, at least, with pleasure, still
 I can't yet pay that greedy Snip his bill].
 Let me be mindful as the hours run,
 That each hour brings some duty to be done.
 [By Jove, I quite forgot to make enquiry,
 For this year's pocket form of Letts's Diary]:
 So shall unsought for happiness be found—
 When least we seek her doth she most abound.
 [Talking of that—I've hunted all the town,
 And can't get port like that I got from Brown].
 Let not deluding pleasure's fitful rays
 Betray me into thoughtless folly's maze.
 [Come—go it Muse—if you're so deuced slow,
 I shall be late for Thomson's hop I know].
 But let each act of mine, throughout the year,
 Be fit to bear inspection, calm and clear.
 So shall reflection teach—[oh, hang the rest of it;
 The editorial coon must make the best of it].

FACTS NOT "OUT OF HARNESS."—It is said that Haines can scarcely bridle his cholera at not being recalled to reign over us once more. Mr. Punch, however, sees no traces of such a feeling, and decidedly would prefer waiting a bit, to being re-saddled with the old ministry. He would rather curb his impatience, than bow beneath the yoke of irresponsibility. The foregoing paragraph is worth exactly ten-puns.

HERALDRY.—A correspondent signing himself B. A., asks us "Why is a drain like a needle-woman?" Answer—"Because she a "sew-er." We presume that our correspondent took his degree in the "Herald's" College.

A Partial Improvement.

The "Age" declares—no man the fact denies—
 'Tis much improved by being halved in size;
 If wholly carried out, the reformation
 Would be yet more applauded by the nation.



OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.
OR
A PRIVATE POST OFFICE AT THE DIGGINGS.

Punch's Advice to Clipper Skippers.

As the British people, under the influence of an amiable weakness, are strongly prepossessed in favor of sea captains and sea-faring men generally, it is your duty, and you must make it your especial endeavor, so far as you are individually concerned, to purify the national mind from this foolish prejudice, and to demonstrate that a master mariner is not necessarily either a gentleman or a seaman.

Being appointed to the command of others, it is not at all essential that you should have learned to command yourself. Intemperance of language and petulant irascibility of temper, are obviously preferable to suavity of manner, moderation of speech, and calmness and coolness of demeanor. As the temptations to licentiousness are proverbially few and weak among those who have no other occupation for their thoughts, (on shipboard, for example) it becomes your duty to promote laxity of morals by the force of your own example, and to encourage profligacy by exhibiting your own disregard of the obligations of morality, and of the most sacred precepts prescribed by religion, the laws of your country and your own moral sense.

If you happen to be a Scotchman, and a large proportion of your passengers are Irishmen, stigmatize them as rebels, and assail them with indiscriminate invective. Animosities on account either of race or of religion, are always commendable, and cannot be too carefully or too perseveringly cherished, especially within the populous but narrow, floating realm, over which Providence (and the discreet owners) have given you absolute rule.

When a noble and magnificent vessel is entrusted to your charge, containing several hundred souls, and a cargo of costly merchandise, you will of course exhibit your sense of the magnitude of your re-

sponsibility, and at the same time provide a little wholesome excitement for the minds of your passengers, and indulge your own laudable propensities for daring adventure and reckless bravado, by provoking a collision with any vessel you may happen to speak, grazing the base of vagabond icebergs, and ploughing, with the keel of your clipper, the sandy margin of such desolate islands as you may chance to sight upon the voyage.

Always remember that insolence and brutality are passports to respect: that depravity is the characteristic of a gentleman; that rashness and foolhardiness are the distinguishing qualities of a skilful and experienced navigator; and that to wantonly imperil the lives and property of others is a duty you owe to your employers, your passengers, the mercantile public, your country, and yourself.

The Town Lights.

EVERYBODY knows that King Kerr is one of those characters that love darkness rather than light, for the reason usually assigned and it is equally notorious that the Corporation is far behind its age. By putting this and that together, we may perhaps arrive at an explanation of the phenomenon, that while the shops of the city are now lighted by gas, there is not any preparation either made or in progress for lighting the streets. The City authorities perhaps think so much gas is evolved at their weekly demonstrations, as to be quite sufficient for all purposes, and of its kind it is more than enough, but the wise men of Gotham have forgotten that the gas they give out is altogether void of illuminating properties. Not Kerr himself can realise the proverb, *e fumo dare lucem*, with the bottled smoke let out in the City Council.



THE INFANT YEAR.



KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

Chapman Vis Futur.

Hey ding-a-ding,
I heard a bird sing,
That Chapman's behavior has not been the thing.

With a wink and a nudge,
He swore he'd not budge,
Unless Nicholson promised to make him a judge.

And said for excuse
While he played fast and loose,
A Solicitor-General he couldn't produce.

But finessing too long,
While singing this song,
He found out at length he was all in the wrong.

So he said he could find
A man to his mind,
And to enter the ministry he was inclined.

The late recantation,
Drew this explanation —
"I've finally tendered, Sir, my resignation."

Then Chapman he stamped,
And Chapman he swore,
And from being a tame one, became a wild bore.

Were Chapman none
To reap what he'd sown,
It would serve him so right, there'd be noought to bemoan.

But alack and alas,
It has so come to pass—
That his personal faults are revenged on the mass.

And the country must suffer,
Because this self puffer,
Has turned out to be such a greedy old buffer.

TO VIRTUOSOS

THE following curiosities having been advertised for in the columns of the daily papers, *Punch* has compiled this list which he publishes for the information of virtuosos, in the anticipation that he may render a service to art and science by introducing collectors of curiosities to each other, and thus facilitating the exchange of specimens:—

- "A circular sawyer," (content with his own sphere!)
- "Two smart lads to tie to a lemonade machine," (for ornaments.)
- "First-class washing," (no garments the wearer of which has ever made himself useful!).
- "Two-story China houses," (like Aladdin's palace which was erected by saucery!).
- "Two young ladies—one as cook, the other as waiting maid," (some precise bachelor most likely wants a thoroughly domesticated wife.)
- "Two men to cut up a tree," (*a la* opossum.?)
- "Men to grub," (washing extra.)
- "A person to play the piano."
- "A waiter or plain cook, who can sing comic songs," (*miacere utile dulciter*)
- "A man to touch up a few paintings."
- "A good canvass man," (a duck of a man—would a New Hollander do!)
- "A thorough snuff hand," (up to snuff!)

Punch's Prophetic Almanac for 1856.

- JAN. 7**—The Editor of the *Herald* publishes a further instalment of his auto-biography.
- 10**—The Yarra frozen over at Prince's Bridge. A number of torpid lightermen from Coles' Wharf conveyed to the gas-works for the purpose of being thawed.
- 11**—Mr. J. P. Fawcner is requested to construct an administration.
- 15**—Arrival of Grisi, Mario, and Lablache to fulfil an operatic engagement at the Theatre Royal. The dramatic critic of the *Herald* goes into convulsions.
- 17**—Mr. J. P. Fawcner relinquishes his task in despair.
- 21**—The *Age*, daily newspaper, makes its appearance as a two-page paper, price two-pence.
- 24**—Great fall of snow. Elizabeth and Swanston-streets impassable for thirty-six hours. Gas freezes into solid blocks, and bursts all the mains throughout the city.
- 28**—Mr. Patrick O'Brien vacates his seat in the Council, having accepted the Chair of Logic, Rhetoric and Eloquence in the Melbourne University.
- FEB. 2**—The *Age* makes its appearance as a one page paper, price one penny.
- 6**—Monster nugget, weighing one ten seven hundred weight ten pounds four ounces and eight pennyweights, discovered in the deep sinkings, Collins-street west. The Criterion and Hall of Commerce rushed.
- 8**—Mons. Fleury is sent for and charged with the formation of a cabinet.
- 15**—Public holiday at Geelong in honor of nothing particular. Powerful article in the *Advertiser* on the supremacy of the Pivot.
- 20**—M. Fleury declares his inability to form a Government. The members of his band can play but won't act.
- 25**—Opening of the Melbourne and Albury Railway. Express train performs the journey from the Yarra to the Murray in one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 29**—Madame Alboni and Signor Ronconi arrive, and are engaged for two hundred nights to sing at the National Hotel, Bourke-street.
- MAR. 3**—Fancy ball at the Exhibition in aid of the fund for supplying the aborigines on the Murrumbidgee with warming-pans and coal-scuttles.
- 6**—Abolition of hot winds and dust-storms, by Act of Legislative Council (reserved for royal assent). Mr. J. P. Fawcner records his solemn protest against this destruction of one of the oldest institutions of the colony.
- 8**—The *Age* reduced to one half-page, price one halfpenny.
- 10**—*Newsies*, clipper, telegraphed at the Heads; having made the run from Liverpool in nineteen days and seven hours.
- 15**—The four professors of the Melbourne University give a banquet to the three students, to commemorate the unexampled growth of the Institution.
- 20**—Col. Macarthur receives her Majesty's commands to confer the honor of Knighthood upon *Melbourne Punch, Esq.* General illumination of the city in consequence. Mayor and Corporation present addresses of congratulation, which *M. P.* receives with his customary modest dignity, while he declines the proffered title.
- 24**—Mr. G. V. Brooke sent for by the Acting Governor, and offered the Chief Secretaryship. Declines it on the plea that although accustomed to do the leading business, that does not include low comedy. Suggests that Mr. Coppin should be called in, as his "make up" is as good as that of Mr. Haines.
- 27**—Foundation stone laid of an Italian Opera House at Beechworth.
- 28**—The *Age* sold to the author of "Orion," who "makes an experiment on the mind of a nation," and publishes the journal on a sheet of letter paper, price one farthing.
- 31**—Official returns shew the exportation of gold for the last three months of the current year to have been 1,954,735,821,659 oz. 8 dwts.
- APRIL 1**—Inauguration of the statue erected to the Mayor of Melbourne in Cremorne Gardens. Seven hundred thousand

persons witness the spectacle. The public fountains in the Carlton Gardens and Fitzroy Square run wine all day. General suspension of business.

- 3**—The experiment on the mind of a nation does not answer—the *Age* goes out imperceptibly.
- 4**—Major Hodgson, V. V. R. C., gasetted a Field Marshal.
- 10**—Public curiosity powerfully excited by the exhibition of a mosquito, at the Melbourne Museum; it being the only known instance of the insect having been found in this Colony.
- 15**—The inhabitants of Castlemaine memorialize the Legislative Council to transfer the seat of government from Melbourne to that town.
- 19**—Foundation-stone laid of the new Cathedral at Footscray. Anniversary of the opening of the docks.
- 22**—Every attempt to form an administration having failed, *Melbourne Punch* is applied to, and, considering the gravity of the juncture, obligingly consents to organize a Government. Remembering the illustrious precedent of F.M., the Duke of Wellington, in 1835, and in order to secure harmony of purpose, consistency of policy, and unity of action, *M. P.* nominates himself to the whole of the official appointments.
- 30**—(And during the remainder of the year), unexampled prosperity and universal contentment, in consequence of the aforesaid.

A CARD.

O'SHANASSY & CO. Cabinetmakers and Undertakers, respectfully invite public attention to their designs for Cabinets in every style, of Colonial materials and workmanship.

O'S. and Co. are tenderers for the Treasury benches, and have prepared plans for the chairs of the New Houses of Assembly. Their designs are uniformly original, and cannot fail to give satisfaction.

A Patriotic Protest.

BLUR-AN-AGERS, Mither Punch, and what is to become of us all! Wid thim ay vil-minded Sassenachs in the Ministry, I'd be glad to know where we'll look for justice to Oireland, and our ayquill rights as Oirishmen! Whin thim ould Executives was in office, the divil a mother's son of us that warn't cock-sure of a berth (and moighty comfortable berths some of them was), the moment we open'd our mouths to ask for it. There's meself in the Post-office, (and plisant rayding I find in your publication, Mr. Punch), and Larry, (a decent b'y is Larry, and understands horse-doctorin' for all the wurld like a member of the Collidge of Fisishuns), well, Larry's in the escort, and Tim in the police, and Barney, (which banga Banagher in regard to figgers), is in the Custhoms; and Mick, (which is the very moral of the Liberator's rest his soul!—only Micky has lost his left eye, poor b'y), is in the Sintral Board office. Thin, it's only nathural, you see, that me and the rest of us, should send for the b'ys at home, more betoken times is moighty hard there, and all the Christmas dinner they're gettin in Tipperary is pittaytees and point, or may be nothing better than what the Connaughtman shot at,—more power to his elbow. So I sint thim a remittance for Terence O'Flinn, which is Biddy's (maning my wife if you please)—which is Biddy's sister's husband's father's second cousin; and for Phelim O'Dogherty, which is Tim Houlligan's mother's brother's father-in-law, and Dennis O'Hara, which is no relation at all at all, but a great frind of the family entiorely; and they'll all be sitting fut on these golden shores next fall, plase the pigs, and what's to bekum of thim I know no more nor the man in the moon. The divil burn the Constatishun and the Ballet and thim as turned out the Oirishmen's best frinds, say I. There was plases galore in Mither Foster's time: but thim narrow-minded Sassenachs will be showin us all the could shoulder, now, Ohone!

Couldn't ye spake a good word for Terry, and Phelim, and Tim, and Dennis, whin they come, Mr. *Punch*? Fair, I'll be gratefully obliged to you, and maybe ye'll be wanting a favor yourself one day from

Yours to command,

PATRICK MAHONY.



REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

(THE MODEL BULLOCK DRIVER.)

He is ambiguously designated as an "old chum," and is affluent in "colonial experience." He describes the geographical divisions of Australia geometrically, by a reference to its "sides." Thus he will speak of the *Adelaide* "side," and the *Sydney* "side," and the other "side," by which vague expression he is understood to refer to Tasmania. He is the conductor of a team of bullocks, ostensibly his property and one or two great gaunt spectral looking animals, possessing countenances as weather-worn and cunning as his own, are certainly tattooed with sundry cabalistic hieroglyphics, which bear an indistinct resemblance to the initial letters of his own (assumed) name. But

these quadrupeds, from their superior sagacity, are placed in the team more for the instruction of the younger yoke-fellows, than for the sake of their own labour. The junior and more vigorous cattle bear the "blotch brand,"—a distinctive mark for which the Model Bullock Driver seems to have an affectionate predilection. Occasionally, however, it happens that some unreasonable or demented individual, claims one of these blotch-branded animals as his own, and pertinaciously maintains that the "blotch" is simply the result of an erasure of the original brand, effected by a process known only to old colonists like the Model Bullock Driver, but half-a-dozen mates are prepared to offer their disinterested and unimpeachable testimony, on oath, to his right of ownership. His bullocks he designates by names strictly appertinent to the objects which are dearest to his heart; such as "Damper" and "Doughboy," "Strawberry," and "Whisky," "Punch," and "Brandy." To this portion of the animal creation he is uniformly kind and considerate, speaking to and of them with affectionate tenderness, and only subjecting them to a flagellation where there is any discord in the teams, which naturally necessitates what he calls—a "toonin."

It is generally admitted, that in the use (and abuse) of expletives, and opprobrious epithets, the Model Bullock Driver defies all competition. In the number, variety, and intensity of his oaths and maledictions, from the most childish imprecations, to the most daring and appalling blasphemy, it may be with truth affirmed, that "none but himself can be his parallel."

As regards attire, our bullock-driver envelopes his upper limbs in a weather-beaten (sky-blue) serge shirt, his head being shingled by a cabbage-tree hat, and his lower limbs cased in a pair of greasy and shiny trousers. Armed with his weapon, the most flexible of whipsticks, to which is attached a whip of the toughest of bullock hides, terminating in a triple cord, of the best spun silk, he is capable of sustaining the character of Jupiter Tonans, the detonations of his whip making the silent *bust* reverberate with the echoes of its thunder. Thus equipped, he will wend his way through ranges, traverse bogs, and cross creeks, the bare sight of which would appal the soul of the *conducteur* of a Swiss diligence, and drive within an inch of gigantic fallen gum trees and dismal crab holes with alarming precision.

But it is while "double banking," (i. e. hooking on one or more additional teams to assist in crossing a bog, &c.,) that the Model Bullock Driver is seen to greatest advantage. There, with some eight or ten of his compeers—each heading his own company of volunteers, enfiled before him, he gives the signal for the *coup des bœufs*. Then high above the creaking and groaning of the lumbering dray, the creaking of bows and yokes, and the yelling, howling, cursing, imploring, and encouraging shouts of a dozen infuriated drovers arises the awful diapason, the vehement and sonorous blasphemy of the Model Bullock Driver. Should he reach the opposite bank in safety, he pursues his journey with phlegmatic composure. Should his pole snap, or the obdurate dray remain engulfed, he resigns himself to the disaster with equally phlegmatic indifference. On Sundays our model driver gives his bullocks "a spell," and employs himself in the pious recreations of cutting whip sticks, repairing tackling, smoking, drinking and "yarning." From the "name and address painted in legible

letters on the off side of his dray," according to the act, one might infer that the Model Bullock Driver possessed a "local habitation and a name." His *locale*, however, is simply a favorite camping spot, and his *name*, a random selection from an indefinite number of aliases.

Though grave and even taciturn to strangers and new chum "mates," he is wonderfully demonstrative with an old hand, to whom he will "babble of green plains in the interior, of *bullocks*, *brandy* and *baccor*." His greatest story is that of himself and Bill Smith having "knocked down" £100 note each, before rising, (at a bush public-house), after a long campaign of splitting up in the new country. His best and standing joke is, that "Damper" and "Doughboy" are good bullocks, but "Moonlight" is a better—a metaphorical indication of his predilection for the hour of rest. The only roof under which he is known to seat himself is that of a public house in town, or a wayside *grog shanty* in the bush, where he wrangles with brother bullock drivers as to the merits of their respective teams.

Though rugged in aspect and uncouth in manner, there is a vein of almost childish simplicity and heart warm kindness running through his character. His hospitality of spirit is undeniable, and his sympathy with he reverses of a "mate," active and beneficent. Nor, if death should happen to bereave him of a friend, does his rough nature fail to soften, or his grief to express itself in terms as homely and as earnest as those in which he utters his maledictions upon a refractory bullock. Hence, as he stood upon one occasion with a spade in his hand and a tear in his eye, above the lonely grave of a boon companion, he was heard to ejaculate:—"Well, good bye, Jem, old man! We a't got no book to say prayers over you, so you must do without—*this time!*"

THE YOUNG MEMBER OF COUNCIL.

He has been returned for the district of Dunnoware, let us say. His face is hirsute, his manner free, and his bearing careless, as become the representative of seventeen thousand hirsute and free-spoken miners. As an ingenious cook concentrates into a table-spoonful of "tea," the nutritious properties of a quarter of a hundred weight of beef, so does the hon member for Dunnoware concentrate and compress within his own breast the independent and defiant spirit of the whole of his seventeen thousand constituents. It makes his step ponderous on the pavement of Collins-street, his voice shrilly in the Council Club, and his body restless in St. Patrick's Hall. It exaggerates his natural sense of self-importance, so that the individual absorbs, as it were, the community he represents, and "fusing all the skirts of self," he ceases to be Mr. Rowdy and becomes the grand and imposing embodiment of Dunnoware. The indignant light that burns in the eyes of the seventeen thousand Dunnowarians is brought to a focus in, and flashes forth from, those of Mr. Rowdy, while haranguing the House on a pet grievance; and the exasperation which points the moustachios of the aforesaid seventeen thousand, communicates a horizontal elevation to his own, as he hurls a succession of wrathful periods at the head of the Speaker (and the reporters above him.)

At first, and while his legislative honors have the gloss of novelty upon them, the satisfaction he derives from contemplating the superscription of his letters is immense. He may be seen walking down Bourke-street with a bundle of Council papers under his arm, and when a friend accosts and detains him for a gossip, the member for Dunnoware casually turns the direction uppermost so that "he who runs may read" upon it—

"JOEL ROWDY, ESQ., M.L.C."

He speaks of the other members by their surnames only, and talks familiarly of "shutting up" those who possess any reputation for oratory. He is privately of opinion that the shorthand writers in the gallery curtailed his maiden speech very unmercifully, and therefore he sends an expanded report of it (including what he meant to say and didn't), to the Dunnoware *Sentinel*, in which he reads it over three times in order to assure himself of its correctness, and then buys five and twenty copies for transmission to his friends in England, who will be rather astonished to hear of Joel Rowdy making a figure in the Victorian Parliament.

His industry in giving notices of motion, and in moving for various returns, is perfectly unwearying; and considering that he is a great stickler for retrenchment in the administration of the affairs of

Government, the outlay he occasions in the establishment of Mr. John Ferris is inexcusably extensive.

Identifying himself with the political opinions entertained by the gentlemen on the representative side of the House, Mr. Rowdy occasionally volunteers to expound those opinions authoritatively, in the name, and on behalf of those with whom he acts, and to pronounce a judicial and injudicious decision upon questions of form, usage, etiquette and precedent, to the manifest astonishment and annoyance of senior members.

His style of oratory savours too strongly of the stump, and the vehemence of his language does not operate to disguise the crudity of his ideas. His theory of government is composed of stranger materials than any that were contained in the pack of Autolycus; for, like the Bohemian pedlar, the young member has been "a snapper up of unconsidered trifles" from books, newspapers, taverns, and debating-clubs; and, many of the premises from which he reasons being contradictory, he would, if he were to substitute logic for declamation, arrive at irreconcilable conclusions. The young member is positive and dogmatic. He has convinced himself of the soundness of his opinions by the force of his belief in the infallibility of his own judgment, and he is amazed at the dense blindness and stupidity of those who differ from him. He neither suspects the validity of his own arguments, nor respects the conscientious objections of those who dissent from them.

In fine he has as much to unlearn as to learn; and must needs barter a portion of his superabundant self-reliance for a little salutary self-distrust. With more thought and less speech; more study and less desultory effort; more veneration for what is excellent in others and less overweening admiration of himself, the young member may become useful in the House, and gratefully conscious of the value of the advice he received from *Melbourne Punch*.

IMPORTANT TO SHEEP STEALERS.

THE police at Ballarat, like the watchmen at Messina, have "comprehended two aspicious persons," and like those reverend guardians of the night, they desired to have them "examined before his worship" Captain Vignolles, for certes, he was "thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the office of Stipendiary Magistrate at Ballarat." Mary Osborne, one of these "aspicious persons," had transgressed the laws of temperance, and, with a foolish purpose to do honor to the incoming of the new year, had muddled her senses with liquor, walked deviously, talked dubiously, and otherwise degraded womanhood, by the eccentricities of speech and manner, which spring from drunkenness. Whereupon the Dogberry of Ballarat, severely virtuous as my Lord Angelo, when he confirmed the death warrant of the offending Viennese, sentences the inebriate Mary Osborne to six months' imprisonment. "A weighty punishment for so light an offence," exclaim the concurring voices of the press and people of Ballarat. In the abstract, yes; in the concrete, no: for behold how Dogberry applies the Divine law of compensation to the administration of justice and the equalization of the punishments which it inflicts on crime. One Francis, the other "aspicious person" is brought before the worshipful stipendiary on a charge of horse-stealing;—an offence, unfortunately, rife and universal. There appears to be neither moral doubt nor want of legal proof of the man Francis's having obtained unlawful possession of the horse; but, subsequently to the commission of the felonious act, the animal dies, and Dogberry dismisses the case, for, quoth he, death has rendered the charge untenable, and to accuse Francis of having stolen a horse (now defunct) would be equivalent to charging him with having "murdered a ghost." Justice, be it observed, is logical as well as just. Minos can reason like Whately. It was not the material frame of the horse, that Francis stole, but its vital principle, and this having vanished, what proof remains that it ever existed, or that it was ever feloniously appropriated. *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus, eadem ratio est.* Doubtless all those who bestow a greedy eye upon the sheep and oxen of their neighbours will profit by the study of Dogberry's logic. To appropriate a bullock or a wether is felonious; but if the stolen animals be forthwith converted into beef and mutton, the law can take no retrospective cognizance of the offence, seeing that it has ceased to be an offence, for, saith the stipendiary administrator of justice at Ballarat, the animal being defunct, to prosecute its appropriator would be equivalent to charging him with having "murdered a ghost!"

"O wise and upright judge
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!"

Good Old English Sports. (BY GRIMES'S BOY.)



DURING the festive Christmas season the good old English sports have been kept up with considerable spirit at the Harp of Erin, in Bourke-street. The St. Patrick's Hall Assembly Rooms of this well-known house were crowded to witness a fibbing match between Bill Haines the Barrabool Pet, and Nicholson the Champion of the Heavy Weights. The Pet was very confident, but got his gruel and went out of the ring much disconcerted. Out of door sports were then the order of the day, and a tall well-greased pole was erected with a leg of mutton at the top adorned with ribbons and devices. There were lots of cocky ones, who declared they could easily climb if the thing were worth their while, but not a soul of 'em could get near the top when they tried.

Bill Nicholson, in spite of his weight, managed to swarm up a good way, but just when everybody thought he had grabbed the mutton, down he came again like a thousand of bricks. Many people said he would have got up if "Old Slowgo" (Chapman) hadn't baulked him. In the end the Barrabool Pet pulled the meat down with a string. There were loud cries of "shame" and "not fair," but the umpires declared for the pet, who stuck to the prize accordingly.

Insolvent Court.

IN RE — JONES.

This was the third meeting.

The Official Assignee announced that no trouble whatever having been taken, not a penny would be realised in this estate. In the course of a mutual cigar, smoked by him and insolvent, he had ascertained that the greater part of his assets lay in pickles.

The Commissioner was not aware how far his powers extended under the act. He thought the profession should bear in mind that really too much time was wasted by allusions, and he therefore thought that he might close the meeting with a warning to the insolvent not to repeat his conduct.

The meeting then closed.

Melbourne Punch, Esq., to Sir William
Molesworth,

MY DEAR MOLESWORTH,—

I have always wished to see you in your present office and regret very much that you were not in it long ago, when we were more at the mercy of Downing-street than I am happy to say, is the case now. Not, indeed, that I would have the Australian colonies made puppets again in order that we might see the strings pulled by you somewhat more judiciously than they used to be by your predecessors. The performance must necessarily be awkward when the wires of communication are twelve or fourteen thousand miles long and not electric. But there are some occasions when you must act for us, if we are to remain part and parcel of the British empire, which most people here wish, except when Mr. Mothercountry maddens us by some of his mischievous bungling. Let us keep up the ties of nationality and affection; but to ensure this you must untie all those red tape fetters that he is so fond of twisting about our necks till we are almost black in the face.

To the point, however. You have got to pick and choose a Governor for us, and I want to give you a hint or two upon the subject. In the first place, by the way, I must tell you that I have positively resolved not to take the office myself. *Remember this decision is final*, so don't send me out the commission, for I won't accept it, and we are too far apart to waste time by bandying the document backwards and forwards. You should, indeed, be unofficially expeditious in the present matter, for we have got for acting governor an old general who graduated in the Peninsular war, and who, I fear, will make somewhat of a mess of his new civil functions. I doubt not he means as well as his old comrades did, who have been bungling in the Crimea, but the chances of his being fit for the place and time are even smaller than theirs.

It is a vast mistake of English official *foginess* to appoint such men, but I verily believe if you had got a Harry Jenkins of a general that had fought at the battle of Blenheim you would think him all the riper, and send him out to command your armies. I never knew an instance of more mistaken kindness than that which the English government displays towards these unfortunate old gentlemen. When they ought to be enjoying well won honor and ease, and wagging their brave old heads in the windows of the United Service, with every one respecting them for the part they have played in history—of which they will so soon be only a part themselves—you send them and their gouts and ailments into the field, that when they go to their graves the recollection of their earlier triumphs may be tarnished by the unhonored accompaniments of their decline. But if old Peninsular generals are a failure in the field, they are certain to be still more unfit for civil service, and particularly for inaugurating the reformed system of colonial government. I don't want to say a word against General Macarthur, or to embarrass him by opposition at the outset of his career, but you will easily understand that he gives me good cause for anxiety, and that I am anxious he should be released from his present charge as soon as possible.

Now, touching the sort of man we want. We don't want a man with his head stuffed full of red tape; nor an old soldier whose brains have become converted into pipe-clay in the course of years or centuries; nor a crochety genius who will want to measure off the colony into a Utopia with his peculiar and favorite rules and compasses; nor any uneasy meddler who thinks no pie can be well made unless he has a finger in it. We don't want a man to set us to rights, but one that will let us set ourselves to rights. Hang your old country assurance; I know this will be hard to beat into your head, but it is a most important truth. Believe me, that in this part of the world, men are of the same size as at home. You Colonial Ministers always seem to think that by becoming colonists men become children again, and that any man you may send is fit to teach us and birch us. We decidedly object to being birched; and, though we may want teaching badly enough in some things, desire to learn in the manful school of experience and exertion; and distrust the educational powers of your model schoolmasters. Why don't you send out a schoolmistress at the same time to look after our morals and washing?

Talking of that, I wish we were not under the dominion of a Salique law, that forbids you to send a lady to preside over us. I beg to assure you on my personal veracity, that though we are only colonists,

we shouldn't murder her, or insult her, or get into drunken rows at her parties. The prime minister would not blow smoke in her face, or spit about the drawing-room carpet. If you have been told, as is probably the case, that at the opening of Council, the members sit in their shirt sleeves with short black pipes in their mouths—let me tell you that you have been quite misinformed. I know the current British idea would lead to the supposition, that such things are; but they are not. Accordingly I say, that a lady might come here with perfect safety, and she would no doubt be perfectly contented, quietly to assume a position—which one would think ought to be good enough for most people—analagous to that of the Queen in England. Any one you send us, must by hook or by crook, be made to take that ground, but pray let your choice be such that we shall not be subjected to the irritation and ill consequences of a fight to gain this point.

Send us a good Prince Albert kind of man, (I speak of him as he was when I knew him, and hope that those stories about his Austrian intriguing are quite unfounded). A man who will get fat upon good living and good nature himself, and make prize oxen fat upon oil cake. A man who will get up exhibitions and make himself useful and agreeable and ornamental, without dabbling in politics, that he has necessarily got to learn the A. B. C. of, and that it is inappropriate to his position for him to meddle with at all. We shall be quite contented to give a well educated friendly gentleman ten or fifteen thousand a-year and to make much of him, for merely behaving naturally and following the bent of his inclination, provided he will only let our politics alone. Considering the scorn you people always profess for Colonial politics this should be no such great privation; but I suppose the children of Adam will always hanker after any forbidden fruit, no matter how distasteful to them it's flavour may be. Well then you must find us a gentleman who can conquer that hankering—a man prepared to take the pledge of total abstinence from politics—and all will go right with him. We will pay him well and treat him well.

Give my kind regards to the Queen when you see her, and tell the Prince I wish he and I could spend an evening together again, over a bottle of Metternich's best vintage, and a box of his own particular Havanahs.

Yours very truly,

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

Important Announcement.

In the midst of political confusion, dulness of trade, and all the ills and botherations with which we are surrounded, Mr. Punch has the inexpressible gratification of being able to make an important announcement that will thrill the hearts of his readers with delight. Prepare then to lift up your voices in rejoicing for—the fact must have a line to itself:—

JOHN THOMAS HAS CONSENTED TO REMAIN AMONG US.

He announced it to-day when laying the foundation stone of the Western Market. Clowes smiled approval, and Kerr—you should have seen him! glorious in a blue coat and brass buttons! with a yellow waistcoat of the period!—quivered with emotion. In spite of our "sneaking" conduct—in spite of the ballot, John will not withdraw from us the light of his countenance—Thomas will not leave us to flounder in the dark without his guidance—Smith will remain among his loved though erring people. Let us hope that his patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit may be duly appreciated while he lives, and that after his death he may be canonised by the name of St. John. In memory alike of his virtues and of that pure shrine on which his earliest offerings were laid.

JUST Published, and may be obtained from Mr. Wekey, Secretary of the Philosophical Institute,

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,"
With Copious and Practical Illustrations.

The author begs to return his thanks to those gentlemen, members of the late Philosophical Society, who have rendered him such signal assistance in bringing to perfection the above work. He also begs to acknowledge the very flattering testimonials received from Dr. Maund, W. S. (Gibbons, Esq., W. (Clarson, Esq., and other members of the late Victorian Institute.



TRUE PATRIOTISM.

ELDERLY LADY : Bless the boy ; what keeps him moping in doors all day. I don't believe you been out of the house these two days.

AUGUSTUS : In the present state of the country, mother, and till Nicholson overcomes his difficulties, I've determined not to be out of the way. I have it on the best authority that he must send for me.

Ode to Haines.

Triumphant Haines!—like to the King of France,
That whilome with his twenty thousand men
Up a steep hill led them a pretty dance,
Then led them down again—
Who could have thought when you resigned your seat,
That we your Premier's face so soon again should meet.

Greater than Humpty-Dumpty, for when he
Fell from the well—thus doth the poet sing—
Not all the men and horses of the king,
Could make him round again as he was wont to be.

Prythee my gentle Haines—be so instructive
As to disclose
By what peculiar artifice seductive
Both friends and foes
Have so been brought to bend beneath your will,
Two resignations leave you premier still.

By what ingenious wiles did you contrive
Thus to persuade
The simple Council that no man alive,
Saving yourself, has knowledge of the trade,
That you so lately
Have shone in greatly.

Before you reigned was Foster also sole
Possessor of the knowledge and the skill,
Needful in him who would sustain the role,
Which you so aptly fill.

Or should the credit not alone be given
To you, but shared among the wondrous seven,
Whereof you're one.
Oh, say what should be done,
If these seven golden lights should be put out,
And we were left in darkness and in doubt,
To feel our way,
Certain to go astray.

Seven were the champions who in days of old,
Doughty and bold,
Overcame dragons, giants—divers dangers,
To which we now are strangers.
Seven are the hills of Rome. The week contains,
Seven days ; and in the vault
Beneath the lake—subject of Byron's strains—
To seven pillars were linked the seven chains,
That bound seven prisoners. For the robber's fault
Seven years of lagging must he undergo—
Apprenticeships last seven years we know.

The magic of the numer must explain
The else inexplicable fact,
That you and your colleagues to-day remain,
A ministry intact,
Able to chaunt in your official heaven,
The sweet and simple stanzas " we are seven."

THEATRE ROYAL,

ST. PATRICK'S.

RE-ENGAGEMENT OF MONS. HAINES AND HIS CELEBRATED TROUPE OF MARIONETTES.

The Managers of the above Establishment have much pleasure in announcing, that, through the kind mediation of

COL. MACARTHUR,

Mr. Haines and his troupe of Marionettes, whose performances excited so much astonishment last season, have accepted a re-engagement for a limited period, and will have the honor of appearing this evening in an

OPERA BUFFA,

New to a Colonial or any other audience, entitled

IL CONSIGLIO STOLTIFICATO;

OR

THE COUNCIL BAMBOOZLED.

Principal Characters by the Troupe, to be followed by the Laughable Burlesque of

IL CABINETTO RINOVATO;

OR

THE CABINET REFURBISHED.

The Management of the THEATRE ROYAL, ST. PATRICK'S, beg to intimate that

THE BALLOT,

will form an interesting feature in the programme of the Season,
and that

SIGNORA GRIMES

Has been Engaged as

PREMIERE FIGURANTE.

N.B.—An early application is recommended for places.

SCENE FROM A RECENT PANTOMIME.





INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A TEETOTALER.

TEETOTALER: Hullo! Fire! Thieves! Murder! Murder! Murder!
Police! Police!—Where are the Police!—Never at hand when wanted!

[ADVERTISEMENT].

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

MESSRS. W. C. HAINES and CO., beg to announce that they have recommenced business in the above old-established and well frequented premises.

W. C. H. and Co., while regretting the temporary stoppage of the firm, take this opportunity of apprising their friends and patrons, that they will be prepared to take up their dishonored bills forthwith. Having secured the distinguished patronage and support of Col. Macarthur and the *Geelong Advertiser*, W. C. H. and Co. will conduct their future business operations in conformity with the enlightened rules of policy so lucidly laid down by that able and powerful journal, and in exact accordance with the liberal views entertained by that eminent and distinguished officer.

W. C. H. and Co. have a number of unredeemed pledges on hand, which they will be happy to dispose of at an alarming sacrifice.

Notwithstanding the aspersions cast upon them by a corrupt and ignorant press, for once unanimous in their malignant hostility to the dearest interests of W. C. H. and Co., the firm throw themselves with confidence upon the support of a generous and discerning public. The laws manufactured by W. C. H. and Co. are of the best material, and warranted to wear well: and the firm feel much pride in mentioning that they have secured a continuance of the services of their foreman, Mr. W. F. Stowell.

N.B.—Tenders are invited for the supply of four hundred ballot-boxes. Samples to be sent into the office of Mr. W. C. Haines, not later than the 1st of April next.

[A CARD.]

W. NICHOLSON being compelled, in consequence of unforeseen difficulties, to relinquish the business of Cabinet-making, is willing to dispose of the whole of the stock-in-trade, tools, raw material, &c., at a valuation.

His stock of useful and ornamental woods will be found to comprise some most singularly cross-grained blocks imported from Tasmania and elsewhere, veneers, a richly gilt cornice, executed in Scotland, (or worthy to have been so,) and all the miscellaneous materials, incident to a cabinet-maker's work-shop.

Much of the timber is in the rough, but W. N. believes that it would be susceptible of considerable polish.

An early application is recommended, as the advertiser is about to sail for England.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Q. F. X. V. L. FOSTER.—As you lost the flood in the affairs of the colony when you navigated the ship of state, you will have to wait till the next tide. A tide-waiter's post might perhaps do for you.

BOWLS.—A player at bowls is said to have made a "string" when he has got all the balls in a line.

CREMORNE.—The batteries at Cremorne Gardens, with which Sebastopol is nightly bombarded to the satisfaction of assembled millions, were planned by Major Hodgson, who is in direct communication with his brother officers of the Crimean staff.

CRICKET.—The expression "stumped out" is of varied signification, and means anything from the adjective "impecunious" to the verb "abequatulate."

STUDENT.—There are now studying at the Melbourne University no fewer than three hundred colonial youths, mostly destined for the liberal professions. Of these as many as forty-two were recommended for honors at the recent examination. The income of the institution derived from fees, &c., already more than covers the expenses of management, and the endowment is therefore applied to purposes of public utility in the support of scientific and literary institutions. The Council has liberally transmitted to the Philosophical Society a cheque for the amount of the latter's printer's bill.

MEDICUS.—We have analysed the box of vegetable pills purchased in Bourke-street, and find them to be composed of bread crumbs, treacle, glue, and bitter extract. This composition makes them good for hunger, insanity, and broken legs; though their cost will prevent them from being extensively used for the former malady. We believe that the chief consumption is by patients afflicted with mental weakness.

TWO MECHANICUS.—You are right in stating that gravity is a principle supposed to be inherent in all bodies, but there are some bodies whose movements destroy the gravity of the observer—the Legislative Council to wit.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE DISINTERESTED.

PERSONS who do not mind sacrificing £150 to rescue the literature of the Colony from ineffable disgrace, by enabling the proprietors of the *Melbourne Monthly Magazine* to continue the publication of those highly delicate tales, "The Autobiography of a Flea," and the adventures of George Temple," are requested to address (enclosing the money) Mr. Casey, M. M. Office.

APPROPRIATE ARRANGEMENT.—In the civic procession, yesterday, the Mayor walked immediately in front of some inspectors of nuisances, who, in the discharge of their duty, kept their eyes constantly fixed upon His Worship.

To the clerks in the Dead Letter Office every day in the calendar is a read-letter day.

The driver of the *Age* having uphill work, has hooked on a *Leader*. We suppose that now the driver considers himself "a whole team and a horse to spare."



GAS IN MELBOURNE.

FIRST SON OF THE SOIL : That's a precious rum kind of a lamp that is, my word!
 SECOND SON OF THE SOIL : My oath, it is so! Where the ——— do they put the *hills*.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

The most brilliant light for domestic purposes, may be made by mixing gunpowder with treacle and exposing it to a red heat in a close vessel, the gas should be collected in a sieve, and may be preserved in paper bags.

The decoration of the roof of Coppin's Olympic is from a design by Inigo Jones. The paintings round the box tier are by Vandyke.

Rowland's Kalydor is an excellent fish sauce.

The fortifications of Sebastopol were executed from a design sent to the Emperor of Russia by Mr. Myles, with the modest anonym "Anti-Saxon"

Plans are in progress for the drainage of the city by means of sewers running up the Eastern Hill and emptying themselves into the Fitzroy Square gully, where Dr. Wilkie's new evaporating apparatus is to be stationed. The solid residue remaining will be manufactured into biscuits.

The police are instructed to arrest any person who, on Sunday, sits on the sharp point of Dr. Cairns' Church.

A PATENT SLIP.—We understand that the weaker vessels may now be accommodated with this desideratum. Smith, Robinson, Jones and Co., of the Arcade, have, at considerable expense to themselves, produced a slip composed of galvanised horsehair and electro-plate, which is considered equal to every purpose. In order to meet the anticipated exigency, the Mayor has recommended to the Public Works Committee the immediate widening of the foot ways.

The Demonstrative Herald.

BEING that our garrulous contemporary is every day becoming more confidential, communicative, and auto-biographically demonstrative,—that we are not only made acquainted with every fact in the history of its editor, with every circumstance connected with its financial position, but that we are also apprized of the movements past, present, and to come of its critical manager or managerial critic, *Punch* respectfully suggests to his demonstrative contemporary the desirability of one column of the *Herald* being specially apportioned to chronicle its deeds, recollections, intentions, and confidential revelations of the foresaid critical manager or managerial critic. The public would be thereby spared the trouble of picking out of leading articles, local paragraphs, literary notices, and dramatic criticisms, those intensely interesting allusions to his private history and personal peculiarities which impart such a charm to the lucubrations of our contemporary. The proposed record might take the "endurable form" of a

COURT CIRCULAR.

(Ex. gr.) The Managerial Critic of the *Herald* took his customary ring yesterday in Flinders-street.

This evening the M. C. has graciously signified his intention of sitting Coppin's Olympic and the Queen's Theatre (simultaneously.)

Yesterday, the M. C. partitioned off a turkey with his allies, in a way that Russia would envy, and, feeling particularly pugnacious in consequence, experienced great difficulty in fighting his way into a box at the Theatre Royal, in spite of the polite attention of the box-seper, whose wife, he was subsequently heard to remark, has recently reminded him of Mrs. Glover.

By a graceful act of condescension the M. C. partook of an excellent inner in company with a little brigade of "children of the night," at St. Kilda; towards whom he manifested the utmost affability of

demeanor. The M. C. and his august friends retired shortly before twelve o'clock, but the festivities were kept up by the operative staff for some hours afterwards.

The M. C. has issued an imperial edict, by which he has constituted himself sole dictator in all questions of criticism, musical, dramatic, literary, artistic, or otherwise. Presumptuous individuals are, by the terms of this decree, warned against differing from the M. C., under pain of incurring his signal displeasure.

The M. C. had an interview last night with the leading bookseller in this city, on the subject of publishing a work of considerable magnitude, and profound interest, to be entitled "Personal Recollections of the British and French Stage, from the year 1643, until the year 1852 inclusive." The work is expected to excite a profound sensation.

Owing to a slight head-ache, the M. C. did not honor any of the theatres with a visit on Saturday evening, and it was the subject of general remark, that the performances were dull and spiritless in consequence.

Etc. Etc. Etc.

BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET.—Mr. Fyfe, M.L.C., expressed his regret yesterday that the proper man had not been called upon to form a ministry, or the thing might have been easily done. If a good big drum had been found for Colonel Macarthur's new military band, a *fife* was open to an engagement.

ANOTHER BLOCK-SHIP. The Maitland steamer, which was burnt a few weeks since, is still lying in the pool blocking up the already too narrow river. It seems that the owners, Messrs. Cole and Co., do not think her worth the cost of removal, and so leave her to be removed at the public expense by the Harbor-master.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Even the most conceited man considers himself overrated by the City Assessors.

Representative Men.

THE MINOR ACTOR.

He is a man of dubious antecedents. He may have been an itinerant preacher, or a prodigal son; a disappointed politician, or an ambitious waiter; a collegian who has been rusticated, or a cabman who has relinquished the reins of power. Darkness and mystery have settled down upon the earliest period of his, as of almost every other, history. His more enthusiastic admirers are impressed with the belief that he is a young nobleman who has been crossed in love, and who satisfies the yearnings of disappointed affection by simulating the tender passion on the stage.

His professional career commenced about four years ago, in a wooden theatre upon one of the gold-fields. Histrionic aspirants were few; and his application to the manager for an engagement was at once acceded to. He was ambitious of making his first appearance as Hamlet, but was cast for Guildenstern. Conforming to the custom of colonial actors he rolled his *r's*, expunged his *h's*, intoned many of his words with that beautiful nasal accent, adopted by the inhabitants of the United States in speaking the English language, and achieved a fair amount of popularity. Transplanted to one of the metropolitan theatres of Victoria, he would have distinguished himself in the leading walks of the drama, if an envious stage manager, or an apathetic or hostile press were not bent upon suppressing or extinguishing the flame of his genius.

"Puddle has cast Wobbles for Claude Melnotte and me for First Officer!" indignantly exclaimed our actor one morning as he returned from rehearsal, "I should like to know what chance there is for talent where Puddle is Stage-Manager. If the papers knew anything of acting and actors, they would write him down, and encourage native talent by noticing the hit I made the other night in Cateby."

Our actor is, in fact, an ill-used man. He could and would create a sensation, if the opportunity were only afforded to him. He could and would occupy the niches vacated by the death of Edmund Kean, and the retirement of William Macready; but an evasive management and a purblind press combine to impede his progress towards the temple of renown. Nevertheless, he is fully convinced that his day will come, and that his long-deferred triumph will overwhelm his jealous rivals with shame and remorse. In this belief, he is strengthened by the earnest assurances of a little coterie of admirers, who swear by him, quote his sayings, imitate his wink, his comic snuffle, his style of taking snuff, and the jaunty cock of his hat; and who sometimes succeed in getting up a small demonstration of applause in the pit, when our actor has just delivered himself of a sounding moral sentiment, before making his exit at the wings. This knot of eulogists may be seen, occasionally, at the bar of the tavern adjoining the theatre, about mid-day, "shouting" a brandy-spider for the object of their admiration, and listening to the gossip of the green-room, and to a narrative of the novelties in preparation for the evening, with remarkable interest and attention. How, in the preceding night, he was "cut out" of a "bit," that would have "brought down" the house; how Fipkins ought to have been "goosed" in consequence; how Wobbles had sworn till he was black in the face, because the foils weren't ready at the wings, in the fencing scene; how Carmine, the second walking gentleman was supposed to be "rather sweet upon" Miss Haresfoot, the young lady who plays the chamber-maids; and how he meant to "kick" the manager for another pound a week on Saturday afternoon; constitute a portion of the small-talk with which he regales his admirers during the gradual disappearance of the spider; and the intelligence, heightened by such embellishments as may serve to render it more piquant, will be retailed at night, or on the morrow, in a dozen public-house parlors, and thence trickle forth in refreshing rills to feed the great stream of city gossip.

Our actor's world is bounded by the four walls of the theatre; the "float-lights" are its sun; the fictions of the stage its realities; the realities of daily life its fictions. He is not an actor, but the people who talk frothy nonsense in Legislative Councils, and pass resolutions in Halls of Commerce, and buy and sell, and borrow and steal, and are fined forty shillings and are taken away from Police Courts, and declare themselves insolvent, and harangue public meetings, and institute law suits, and figure at fancy balls,—these are the players in the estimation of the histrionist.

He criticises their "make-up," their speech, the ease or awkwardness with which they sustain their parts, and their familiarity or

otherwise with the business of the piece in which they are engaged. The action of life is merely acted, and its actors are little better than amateurs.

How poorly, in the critical judgment of our actor, does John O'Shanassy, addressing the Council, figure in contrast with Rummus, as Othello, telling his story to the Signory of Venice. "If you want to see life as it is, or as it ought to be," saith the actor, "come to the theatre; if you want to see clumsy imitations of low comedy and broad farce, walk about the city and study what is going on."

The history, biography and chronology of the actor's studies, are those of the stage. National wars are as nothing compared with managerial rivalries: the sudden appearance of a theatrical star is of greater moment than the accession of a monarch to a many-centuried throne: fire, famine, pestilence and the sword, are less terrible than a bad season, an impoverished treasury, and closed doors. He devoutly believes that the drama is the greatest triumph of civilization, the theatre the most sacred and important institution of society, and it is furthermore his private opinion that the drama has never found an actor better capable of realizing the greatest and best conceptions of the greatest and best dramatic writers, than —himself!

CLOWES FOR SHAME.

"MR. ALDERMAN CLOWES then advanced towards the Mayor and presented him with a golden trowel manufactured for the purpose, and said it was a great pride to him to be deputed by the members and senior officers of the Corporation of the city of Melbourne, to present to the Right Worshipful the Mayor of Melbourne a small testimonial of their esteem and regard for him."—ARGUS report of the laying of the foundation stone of the Western Market.

What! you, Clowes! venture to declare
The joy you feel—the pride you share,
In giving trowels to the Mayor—
You're much to blame.

Who has not heard your scornful jest—
The old-time tales you tell with zest,
Of him your flattering tongue addressed—
Clowes for shame.

You feel "esteem," you feel "regard,"
You, Smith with unctuous phrases lard;
You, who with comment harsh and hard
Have linked the name
Of him who now with softest phrase,
You make subject of your praise,
While wondering townfolk stand and gaze—
Clowes for shame.

Not three months yet have passed away,
Since on one fine November day
You took your place and stand, to play
A certain game.
Was that which then you told untrue
Of him you played and lost with too,
Did you a slanderous course pursue—
Clowes for shame.

Or was it simple truth you told,
Of one who vice had bought and sold,
And bartered principle for gold—
'Tis all the same,
So far, at least, as you're concerned,
The deep reproach you've fairly earned
Of flattering him whom then you spurned—
Clowes for shame.

I leave, oh, Clowes the task to you,
To make election of the two—
Which tale was false and which was true.
But your fair fame
Must meet this charge as best it can;
You slandered then an injured man,
Or now you're leading humbug's van—
Clowes for shame.

ELECTION OF THE GOVERNOR.

THE agitation, for permission to elect our own governor, being of considerable public interest, Mr. Punch feels anxious to acquaint his fellow colonists with the probable result. He has accordingly directed his clairvoyant reporter to look ahead, and that gentleman reports, that the following passage will appear in the letter of the *Aryus* English correspondent about a year hence :—

"Although the English Government does not at present seem prepared to concede the principle that the colonists of Victoria should have the uncontrolled right of electing their own governor, it gives me great pleasure to inform you, that the present Colonial Minister has resolved to be mainly guided in his selection of your governor, by the consideration of whom you would choose, if the matter were entirely left to your decision. He has therefore set the laudable example of appointing as your governor, the man amongst yourselves who has enjoyed the most signal marks of public esteem and confidence, and has conferred the Governorship and the honor of knighthood and the civil order of the Bath upon John Thomas Smith, your worthy Mayor. As far as one can judge at a distance, I think I may safely assume, that a better choice and one more calculated to give universal satisfaction to the colonists could not have been made. To be elected Mayor of the metropolis four times successively, is so unprecedented an honor, and indicates so unequivocally the great and widely spread respect felt for the happy subject, that I feel no better selection could possibly have been made.

As it is somewhat of an experiment to choose a colonist to rule the colony in which he has long resided, I am very much pleased to think that the present choice is one which will demonstrate how unnecessary is the alarm sometimes expressed that such an appointment could never satisfy more than a section of the people, and that it would always offend one party as much as it gratified another. In the case of John Thomas Smith, it is obvious even at this distance, that the respect he enjoys, is not that of a section of the population but of the entire community.

We are not so ill informed in England on Colonial topics as you sometimes appear to think. Among those who make Victorian politics their study, the name of John Thomas Smith has long been familiar, and besides knowing that he has been four times elected mayor, which would of itself be ample evidence of the estimation in which he is held we are better informed about his antecedents than you may suppose.

When his appointment to the governorship of Victoria became known, that truly astonishing periodical the *Illustrated London News* immediately published a memoir and portrait of Sir John. You will probably see both as soon as this reaches you, but lest you should not, I may as well mention to you that the likeness does ample justice to your new governor's noble form, and admirably chiseled Grecian features. In looking at the engraving, I was forcibly reminded of the magnificent lines in Hamlet:—

Hyperion's curls—the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the Herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven rising hill," &c., &c.

The memoir does him equal justice, and describes the admirable exertions he has made, even years ago, to promote the physical, and still more the moral, welfare of the city of his adoption. Due praise is given to him for the part he took in founding the admirable charity of "St. John's." The succour that he rendered was not meted out in the pharisaical spirit which ignores the claims of even the sinner upon



christian charity and forgiveness. His spirit warmed and comforted even the most depraved of his species, and he extended his helping hand to those whom your fine gentleman moralists would never have aided.

I think it is particularly to his credit that his devotion to the cause of philanthropy did not (as it is apt to do in less completely balanced minds) sour his disposition, and render him regardless of the beneficial influence of art, and particularly of the legitimate drama. His exertions to reform the stage—his thorough conception that "the purpose of playing is as it were to hold a mirror up to nature," are beyond all praise. Mankind owes a heavy debt to any one who like Sir John Thomas Smith, rescues the theatre from its debasing associations with the public-house and worse places, and maintains it in all its purity.

I am glad to think that the emoluments of the Victorian governorship are high. It is satisfactory to think that a man who has impoverished himself like Sir John in the cause of patriotism and benevolence, should not be left in indigent circumstances, but should receive, along with well won honors, the means of personal independence, and of prosecuting his schemes of public good. You see that people in England are not so ignorant of your local leaders and circumstances as you sometimes seem to suppose.

Precepts for Young Men on Behaviour in Church.

1.—Always attend church in good time, as you thus acquire a character for regularity and piety, and obtain an excellent opportunity for criticising your friends' dress and staring at girls coming down the aisle.

2.—Reading the maker's name in the crown of your hat twice will give the correct pause on entering church, but leaning your head on your hands is very effective with light colored gloves.

3.—Nothing is worse taste than joining in the responses; the clerk is paid for his services, and your assistance is unnecessary.

4.—If the girl next you is pretty, conceal your hymn-book, and she will offer you half her own; a judicious pressure of the hand may occur in turning the page.

5.—If an unpleasant neighbor bores you by offering half his book or an obtrusive reference to texts, plead short sight, or look at it upside down.

6.—As a general rule, betray no emotion during the service; but if an allusion be made to the anxiety entertained by many in the congregation for friends or relatives in the Crimea, you may obtain credit for high military connexion by burying your face in your handkerchief and sobbing convulsively, this is an opportunity which often occurs at present.

7.—When the plate is handed round, and you have forgotten your purse, you may avoid expense in several ways, by sudden devotion putting in the fly-leaf of a prayer-book, folded like a cheque or note, or by taking a piece of money out and dropping it in again; the last expedient, however, requires quickness and care.



A JOLLY GAME.

IMITATIVE INNOCENT: Here's a lark, Jemmy. This here ship's the Schomberg, and that there gas pipe's a nice berg. Now you see how close I can go without touching.

M E T E O R S .

TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ.

SIR,—

Perceiving that several correspondents of the *Argus* have recently been describing various remarkable meteoric phenomena that they have witnessed, I think I shall be aiding the cause of science, by giving you an account of what I saw myself while passing through Richmond Paddock at about ten o'clock on Monday night last. I was walking from Richmond towards Melbourne, when I was startled by a loud report, much resembling that of a small field-piece; I turned round and perceived that the sky, in the direction whence the noise had proceeded, was rapidly becoming luminous. Presently, two very vivid meteors resembling tall columns of fire rose almost simultaneously. When they had reached an altitude, subtending, as nearly as I could guess, about seventy degrees of the meridian, they exploded with a remarkable detonating noise, scattering about a great number of variously coloured stars. This phenomenon occurred repeatedly, and during the intervals smaller meteors continually flashed about in all directions, so as to illuminate a large portion of the sky. Loud reports and detonating and crackling sounds were frequent during the whole time of this extraordinary meteoric exhibition, which lasted—I should guess—about ten minutes. I never before witnessed such beautiful and vivid meteors in any part of the world, though I have been an extensive traveller and a close scientific observer of natural phenomena. To heighten the effect, there chanced to be a band playing at a distance while I was watching the meteors, and I can readily fancy that a man of poetic and imaginative temperament (which I am not—the intellectual faculties predominating in my cerebral organism), might have surprised himself witnessing some great festival among the Gods on Mount Olympus, while listening to the fabled music of the spheres, provided he could have overcome the preliminary difficulty of supposing the music of the spheres to consist of Rule Britannia, and Pop goes the Weasel.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,

ARAGO HUMBOLDT GREENGUSE,

Member of the Philosophical Institute, Corresponding Member
of the Mudfog Association, &c., &c.

P. S. Perhaps in candour, I should mention, that a friend to whom I communicated the above circumstances, ascribed the phenomena to a display of fireworks at Cremorne Gardens, but I need scarcely point out to you or your readers, the absurdity of this attempted explanation.

Punch's Advice to Lodging-house Keepers.

It is an ascertained fact—a fact of the most venerable antiquity and indisputable authority, that little fishes were specially created for the sustenance of great fishes. Behold, in this lesson from natural history, the rule and motive of your conduct. The world is nothing better than a huge fish pond; lodgers are the innocent gudgeons, cleaving its waters in innocence and security—and lodging-house keepers the pikes which await, in their weedy covert, the toothsome meal which the simple gudgeons will supply them with. Bear this in mind and act accordingly. Do not be scrupulous, diffident, or indifferent to gain. You give your lodgers food and shelter, continue to demand from them the equivalent you formerly obtained when food was at famine prices, and the rental of a hovel exceeded the income of a German duke. If your lodgers affect surprise be it your part to assume the language and demeanor of wounded dignity. Possibly you are a widow, in that case, lay the heaviest stress upon your bereavement and your unprotected condition, "Hundreds of gentlemen have occupied your apartments, and this is the first occasion upon which any complaint has been made of the price or the quality of the accommodation afforded by your establishment." Where words fail to soften, hysterics will usually succeed. Try them.

Wines, spirits and liqueurs, procured, and paid for by your lodgers, are undoubtedly designed for your delectation as well as theirs. Try them, also. Daily exhausting yourself in the performance of household studies connected with their comfort, they could never be mean enough to begrudge you the needful stimulus or solace of a glass of wine—or let us speak of them mildly—spirituous liquors.

You have marriageable daughters, madam?—Good. What impulse so natural or so laudable as that which determines you to assist them in their choice of husbands, and their future husbands in the choice of them? You will, of course, select from the younger and more eligible of your lodgers, him who is innocent of a latch key, segars, late hours, equivocal jokes, and a dirty beard; and who pays you, with praiseworthy regularity, by a cheque. If he corresponds regularly with his sisters in England; and is careful of the neatly hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs which arrive by every other mail, it will be an additional recommendation in his favor.

Remembering your own early experiences, you will hold it sufficient that he should have taken Arabella once to a Fancy Ball, twice to the Opera, and as often to the Botanical Gardens, to render the engagement *un fait accompli*. The sooner he is brought to book, or, let us say, conveyed to church, the better. You may lose, in Arabella, the undivided affection of a daughter, but you will gain a lodger. If it should prove to be what the vulgar call "a great catch," you may possibly retire from the performance of those arduous duties which devolve upon you in a lodging-house, to the combined ease and dignity appropriate to the position of general supervisor of your son-in-law's household. You can never want for occasional opportunities of enjoying a little excitement; for your wife's husband is only a lodger, and a lodger *par excellence*. His fare may be foul; his slippers inscrutable; the buttons upon his wristbands in a state of perpetual exile; and yet he is forbidden, by reason of his conjugal tie, from giving notice, and setting out in quest of other lodgings.

NOTICE.

THOSE Patriots who desire to welcome by a triumphal procession the auspicious advent to these shores of Mr. Phelim Boru Duffy O'Toole, are requested to communicate with Mr. O'Donknowho, 65 Blankstreet.

A WANT.—The peaceful population of the Avoca is so ennuye of its dull and literally lawless condition, that a meeting is notified for the purpose of offering a premium for the introduction of a colony of lawyers. An "Anonymous Scribbler" writes that "the Justice's justice is very unsatisfactory; this may be a ground of complaint, but after late occurrences, it is refreshing to hear of diggings Justices dispensing justice of any kind—never mind the quality.

DEFINITION.—A bailiff is a charitable person who is always ready to serve a friend in distress, but strange to say whatever misfortunes he may witness he never distresses himself, but always acts on summer's else's account.



ICE IN MELBOURNE.

SETTLER (from the *Upper Darling*): Now then, Billy, give us a lump of that.

BILLY (picking up a lump or two and dropping them incontinently): Ow! Ow! Too much plenty burn 'em that one. No good. Ow! Ow!

I Poetical Wait.

The following Lines were accidentally found a few days since in the neighbourhood of the TOWN HALL:—

Alas, my Queen's—alas, my Queen's!
Where twelve months since Miss Hayes first sung;

Where, gazing on the mimic scenes,
Wellaughed with Hyde or cried with Young:
They linger in my memory yet,
Bright days, whose suns for ever set.

Then Bacchus did with Thespis share
The drama's home that there I raised;
And those who patronized me there,
If not my plays my nobblers praised:
But they were fickle ones at best,
Lorn is the temple of the west.

Brooke struts his hour on Coppin's stage—
Miss Catherine Hayes prefers the Royal;
My pit is empty, once the rage,
A very mine of wealth ere' while;
E'en Astley's promenades still take,
But all my dear old crib forsake.

When Starke as Melnotte raved and tore
His hair ere he set out to fight,
What crowds of happy diggers swore
He served that tother Frenchman right.
No orders then we gave away,
But of those patrons, where are they!

Colonial Consolidation.

WITH a touch of refined cruelty to the Home Government, certain of *Punch's* fellow colonists are agitating the consolidation, confederation, conglomeration, or amalgamation of the four southern provinces of the Australian continent. Imagine the hopeless perplexity and bewilderment of Westminster politicians on learning that it is proposed to melt down South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, and New South Wales, and to fuse them into one homogeneous empire!

Are not—it will be asked—South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales synonymous? And is not Tasmania a geographical fiction? As well talk of consolidating Great Britain and the United Kingdom, and the British Islands.

Punch is convinced that, as viewed from the English "stand-point" the movements will assume the character of a stupendous joke,—a sequel to the Croon's Correspondence, the ten tons nugget at Tar-rangower, the awful destitution in Collingwood, the Irish rebellion at Maryborough, and the other lively romances which have been manufactured in Victoria for the supply of the *gobe-monches* in Great Britain.

Consolidation, forsooth! What consolidation do we require? Is not Melbourne the metropolis of South Australia? Is not New South Wales one of its suburbs, and Adelaide its out-port?

If this be so, consolidation is surely superfluous: and if it be not so, which of Her Majesty's ministers can determine what or where the South Australian metropolis really is?

Who is Alsop?

"Who is Alsop?" Mr. Punch knows one Alsopp of Burton-on-Trent—may his shadow never be less—whose delightful works are too extensively known to need comment, and in which Mr. Liebig is unable to detect any deleterious ingredient. But that Alsopp is not the Alsop Mr. Punch enquires about "W. H. Alsop Secretary," but to whom or what he is secretary, no man hath yet declared.

When crowds of eager politicians had assembled on Monday evening round the door of Astleys, to discuss whether governors were best home made or imported—when hundreds of citizens were hoping to look again upon the face of their beloved Mayor, who had convened the meeting, in compliance with a numerously signed requisition, W. H. Alsop was thrown in their faces. They asked for a meeting and were given—Alsop. Who is Alsop we ask again, that he is thus to step in between Englishmen and their right of meeting? What was the nature of that undivulged council, that resolved, after the Mayor had convened a meeting that it ought not to be held, and issued a ukase to that effect, signed W. H. Alsop, Secretary. He is the only man we know—and the worst of it is, we do not know him. On behalf of the Public, we ask Alsop to disclose his principals. Otherwise Alsop may start up at any juncture, and forbid the banns in all manner of transactions.

Swift says that "Education begins a gentleman, conversation finishes him." The conversations to be heard in the City Council would finish him altogether, and Swift seems to have been hasty in describing the beginning.



THE RIVAL JEHOAS.

BUCKSWORTH, JERRY MOUNTING THE BOX : Yer thought yer could drive this here coach, did yer ? I knew how it ud b e.
SPOOKY JERRY : Why, any fool could drive a lot of old snags like that. They been and give me a team as had never been in harness afore.
The fust time they has a new lot o' horses, I shall have to show yer how to drive yer.



A NEW ILLUSTRATION OF THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO CAPTAIN VIGNOLLES).

The Sebastopol Fete.

THE great idea put forth by His Worship the Mayor for a monster Ball Masque Champetre, to celebrate the taking of Sebastopol, is worthy of its author, and shows his familiarity with the custom of ancient nations to manifest their joy in a like manner on the occasion of great victories, and other events of public interest. His Worship's known familiarity with classic lore would seem to indicate that the following passage of Juvenal has suggested the present proceeding:—

“————— Ipsa dierum
Festorum herboso collitur si quando theatro
Majestas, tandemque redit ad pulpita notum
Exodium, cum personæ pallentis hiatum
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans.”
Æquales habitus illic, similesque videbis
Orchestram, et populum.”

With an eye to the sixteen students of the Melbourne University, Mr. Punch has requested his Classical Contributor to furnish a translation of the above: viz:—

“On a public holiday His Worship holds his state in a turfy saloon, and in the course of the fete a favourite farce is performed upon a stage, with the grotesque grimaces of a goblin-like masquerade, at which the colonial children kick in their mothers' arms. Here you may see everybody, from the orchestra to the “colonists on foot,” all in similarly fantastic costume, and all mixing on the same footing.”

Laying the Foundation Stone.

There was a sound as from a motley crowd,
For Melbourne's idle ones had gathered where
The music of a German band aloud
Sent forth its tuneful notes upon the air.
In Swanston-street, some scores were waiting there
The coming of the Council, who that day
Would follow up their leader, Smith, the Mayor,
As to the western hill he took his way,
The first stone of the Market-place in state to lay.

Did you not see it? Gracefully was flung
The Masons' silken banner on the wind,
Now bellying out—now droopingly it hung,
As hangs before some window-blind,
Or sail of ship becalmed—I call to mind,
And showed the picture to the crowd around
Then toppling with the breeze; to those behind;
It threatened danger of a serious wound,
By hurling its long pole and them upon the ground.

On high, above the crowd, one cried, they come!
Who long before the rest such news could boast;
It seemed almost prophetic or a hum,
From that small urnain on the tall lamp-post,
Where he had climbed and hung, with legs tight-crossed;
But it was not, The Mayor, cocked-hat in hand,
Came with the Council—the Town-clerk, a host
Himself, led forth the rest, obedient to command,
And calmly in the ranks take up their destined stand.

Ah then the crowd 'gan swaying to and fro,
And screams were heard from women in distress:
Now Sairey prayed they would not “squeeze” her so,
Now Sal “be off you're treadin on my dress.”
With many more, I shall not stop't express.
For all to catch a glimpse with streaming eyes,
Forth to the corner of the pavement press,
In spite of draymen's oaths and women's cries
And shouts “that fat one” Kerr's from twenty throats arise.

And then there was the marshalling in haste,
The sound as of a hundred shuffling feet—
Policemen ran, their hats with white encased,
Clearing a passage down to Collins-street.
The band was patriotic as was meet,
And played a tune that filled our hearts with woe,
For as we heard them twenty times repeat—
“Lets off to Syria,” without meaning—so
Thought we—Smith lately said—but does he mean to go.

Still high and loud from trump and drum arose,
The air of France, that every Frenchman fills
With dreams of triumph over Russian foes—
Though heard mid gay salons or Crimean hill,
But soft the tuneful streams of music stills,
And 'neath the banners waving overhead,
As per the programme printed in the bill,
Walk up the Aldermen. But this the *Argus* said—
The stone they lowered to its place and then 'twas laid.

QUERY.—How many Myles are there to a Furlong? Six of one just equal to half-a-dozen of the other.

POLICE REPORT.—When a policeman's choler is raised, it becomes apparent that he is a man of letters; the number of policemen is difficult to ascertain, for like Glendower's spirit, the more you call the more they wont come. Some of them are navigators, and in winter time you may see them doubling the cape. To season them to their work, and to the risk of a-salt, they are mustered at a certain thyme every morning.

“Not to offend is the first step towards pleasing.”—BLAIR. (Recommended to the notice of his namesake).



A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.
 "'Aon' cannot wither him, nor CUSTOMS stale his infinite variety."

Early Closing.

MR. PUNCH,—

If you feel disposed to help in putting down a ridiculous popular cry, now is your chance. The shopkeepers' assistants, never satisfied, are calling out for early closing, and what in the name of conscience do they want? Wouldn't they like to come on Saturday for their salary, and play all the rest of the week! During the twelve years I have been in the colony—ten of them a shopkeeper on my own account—I never took a holiday; and when I was a youngster I was at it early and late; swept the shop at six in the morning, had a quarter of an hour each for breakfast and tea, and half an hour for dinner, and put up the shutters at eleven o'clock regularly; an hour's work afterwards straightening stock finished the day. No idleness, no running off to theatre or the club, no spouting societies, no temptations to spend money or time over the new-fangled fooleries that people call rational amusements. My young men (I have nine besides lads and porters) are as comfortable as they need be; they have enough to eat and drink, and more leisure than I ever had or have now: My shop is not opened till eight, and the shutters are up again at seven; so that if they are smart at straightening up they can get done by nine; and then what do they do? Why, they run off to the Mechanics' Institution, to read about things they don't understand, or go to a debating society to spout politics (we all know how politics spoil a man's head for business; look at Mr. Miller or Mr. Nicholson), or else they get away to the Philwhatsitname Institute and fill their heads with scientific nonsense that they are thinking about when they ought to be attending to my business. Besides, I should like to know what I pay them for; I don't suppose they will consent to have their salaries reduced if they shut up, sooner. Oh no; they don't mind their agreements, not they. Improve their minds, indeed! Precious improvement if that's all the good it does them. Why don't they stick to their work, or rather my work! They don't want learning; and as for amusement, they ought to take pleasure in what they have to do. Book learning never did any man good: I've done without it and made twenty thousand pound, and I'd like to see any of your science men that ever done as much.

Give us a help to keep right right, and bring these idlers to their senses, and oblige

AN OLD COLONIAL SHOPKEEPER.

Warming Government Officers.

THE industrious and indefatigable Greeves declared, on Friday last, with a voice that as usual was almost choked with emotion, that, in examining the estimates of last year, he had unearthed the following statistical facts:—

The average cost of warming and lighting officers in the customs department, per head per annum, is ...	£2 0 0
Do. do. do. Register's department, ...	6 4 0
Do. do. do. Col. Sec.'s office, ...	18 0 0.

This discrepancy does not appear so startling on close examination as at the first glance. The Commissioner of Trade and Customs, while the statement was being made, glowed and shone again till he looked quite competent to warm all the indoor Customs officers himself, and with respect to the various varieties of guagers, and other out-of-door functionaries, they have many opportunities of making themselves comfortable without consumption of fuel.

A large increase in the cost of warming the Custom House may be looked for next year, as we are informed that the chief commissioner now occupies a separate building.

We can conceive that the cost of warming clerks in the Registrar General's department is moderate, because those gentlemen have a good deal of exercise in running up and down long lines of figures, but we must protest against the extravagance of the Estimates for fuel in the Colonial Secretary's Office. We know indeed that the inmates of that office are apt to be in hot water, but we did not know that the cost of heating it was such a burden upon the public finances as now appears. Nothing else can account for the disproportionate charge for warming and lighting Colonial Secretaries and their clerks.

WASTE PAPER.

TENDERS will be received at the *Punch* office for the purchase of large quantity of waste paper, consisting of communications, original and select, which are unsuited to the columns of *Punch*, but may do very well for the ordinary journals. The stock (about 27 tons more or less) includes many second-hand jokes and bad puns, adapted to the wants of the *Herald*; gems of eloquence and mares' nests for the *Age*; and pseudo-political economical disquisitions that may suit the *Argus*. The attention of the Philosophical Society is directed to a voluminous file of bills receipted, and to a number of unpaid accounts which will be sold with them.

Artists and playwrights are recommended to inspect the extensive collection of sketches of character and costume.

These sales of rejected communications will in future be held quarterly; and tenders will be received for the whole or for any of the above-mentioned assortments.

The lowest tender will certainly not be accepted.

Address, TOBY, at this Office.

Judge Barry is expected to lecture the Gentlemen of the Bar, and Kane the boys of the National School.

SOMETHING UNCOMMON.—A number of the *Age* without some extravagant laudation of John O'Shaneasy in one of its leading articles.



THE FASHIONS.

ELIZA: Oh, Harrabellar, you wicked, bad gal, to be so proud. I wouldn't pass you so if I had a 'at twice as big as yours.

Hints for Fashionable Young Men in Melbourne.

It is difficult to find a perfectly unexceptionable model for you among the inferior animals, but of them all, perhaps the department of the oyster is that which the truly fashionable young gentleman should most closely imitate. It is true that the oyster has not any great name for being "fast," and it is desirable that you should have the reputation of being somewhat dissipated and so far animated "behind the scenes." But you should always, though very gently, disown the soft impeachment. If you cultivate a *blase* and generally used up manner and appearance, you will get credit for a fashionable amount of immorality. In disavowing many peccadillos, you will be most esteemed if you are supposed not to be telling the truth. Indeed as your professions will be interpreted inversely, the truth in the present state of society would not be recognised, and therefore veracity itself enjoins upon you the propriety of—not deceiving by speaking it.

"In society" your great aim should be to seem perfectly void of any kind of emotion. If you should unfortunately be strongly attached to any person or principle, don't let the fatal truth be suspected and conquer the prepossession as much as you can. You must never explicitly own yourself guided by any kind of philosophy whatever, but you should let it appear that you own no higher principle than that of pure selfishness. This will most likely not tax your powers of acting greatly, but if it should do so at first, use will soon become a second nature, and you will speedily both appear and be as heartless as the first gentleman in Europe. Some young men, indeed, experience a great deal of difficulty in this respect at first. They think of home, and sisters, and early friends in a way that it would be fatal to reveal, and it is only by keeping a constant watch over themselves that they can maintain their position in society, and seem, while walking up and down Collins-street to care for nothing except the movements of young ladies who carry their bonnets particularly far off the back of their heads. If you have a friend whom, during your noviciate you would make great sacrifices to serve, you must always meet him and treat him as if it were a perfect matter of indifference to you whether he were living or dead. It may be necessary for him to force himself to adopt the same manner towards yourself, but by rigorous exclusion of any appearance of pleasure at meeting of

pain at parting, and by confining your conversation to small talk and questionable anecdotes you may hope soon to seem quite indifferent to each other without any effort. The best plan is never to ask him anything about himself, but narrate or invent some anecdote about your intimacy with Jane, Julia, or Jemima, and then you can ask him who made his trousers, and so slide into a kind of conversation not likely to betray you into any display of unfashionable warmth of feeling.

You should have no distinct political convictions, though in Victoria a leaning towards the squatters may be evinced without ill consequences; but you must be careful to let it appear that your views are not the consequence of investigation and enquiry, but are the result of your associating in the "best society," in which these opinions prevail. While studiously cultivating the "best society," however, you should always express your profound contempt for it, as compared with that to which you have been accustomed at home. In making your way into "the set," with which you should alone associate, you will find that the more you disparage it in this sort of comparison the better you will be received in it. But you must take care to gratify the *amour propre* of the person to whom you are talking, by assuming tacitly that he or she, like yourself, looks down on the people with whom you associate. The humbug of this may be partly seen through, but as you will each know secretly that you are humbugs yourselves, this will not at all reduce your confidence in one another below the fashionable standard.

In displaying your education, a very nice line has to be hit, but by careful observance of a single principle, you can keep in the right path. The principle is this—What you have learned or read is of no value in itself, but to have learned and read certain things in certain places, may show that your family occupied a good position. This is the sole advantage of a college education. It speaks well for you in this respect to have been at college, but it is strictly incumbent on you, to show that you derived no benefit from being there. Thus you may occasionally make a classical quotation, but it is as well (and as easy) to make a mistake in it, and that gives you an opportunity to say what an idle dog you were at Trinity, and to put in an anecdote or two, illustrative of the very expensive manner in which you wasted your time. A lively picture of the wrath of "the governor" when some of your bills went home comes in particularly well here. N.B. All this can be done without your ever having been at a university, but in either case when speaking of college days, you should carefully consider your audience.

You should profess immense admiration for the fair sex, but among your own class this should be done in such a manner as to imply a real perfect contempt for women, and the more you can make out that you have been "deceived" in a widely extended personal intercourse with them the better. Physical beauty is the only quality of which you should take any cognisance, and in talking of that, be very precise and detailed, as you would be in talking of the points of a horse, of which by the way, you must have, or affect to have a great knowledge.

Be critical as to wine and French cooking; your acquaintance with the latter you must of course have derived while reading on the Continent. This fable is very easily kept up, because it would be quite out of place for you to refer to any passages in your continental experience that are not of a "fast" kind, and the essentials of a "fast" life, are the same all over Europe.

Other valuable pieces of advice might be given to you, but if you follow these carefully, are not given to blushing, and dress well, you will be quite fit to occupy that place in the "best society," in which it is presumed you desire to shine.

Representative Men.

THE WAITER.

He is either a States-man or a German. If a States-man, he has eaten his terms and been called to the bar in San Francisco. In that case you may know him by his accent,—by the beard, which fringes his chin like a hearth-brush,—by his propensity to decorate his red and "podgy" fingers with jewellery,—by a certain boisterousness of speech and manner, and by the rapidity and dexterity with which he compounds those ingeniously diversified and singularly designated "drinks," for which we are indebted to the inventive genius of American tavern keepers.

It is more than probable, however, that he is a German and a refugee; compromised in some of the insurrectionary movements of

1849, a fugitive in London, and a voluntary exile in Victoria; whither he may have worked his way out as ship's steward, passenger's cook, cook's mate, or in a still more laborious and insufficiently remunerated capacity.

He is conspicuous, like the greater part of his countrymen, for his intelligence, fidelity, probity, and good humour. It is currently believed that he never lies down; but, stationing himself in the dimmest and coolest corner of the restaurant steals a snatch of sleep, erect and alert, during the brief interval between the departure of the last guest at night and the arrival of the earliest comer in the morning. He eats and drinks furtively, and appears to derive the greater part of his sustenance by inhaling the steam of the dishes which pass through his hands. In the lull which occurs in his duties on Sundays he is observed to grow melancholy, and to affect the Sorrows of Werter, the *Argus* of the previous day, and similar dismal productions.

He is supposed never to have had a surname, and is therefore only known by his baptismal prefix. He speaks three or four languages; and his habitual discourse is a curious mosaic of the whole. Not being gifted with the imposing stupidity of an English waiter, he is competent to discuss the politics of Europe with his com-patriots, and to form and express an opinion of his own about art and music. Once in a fortnight, or it may be, not so often, he may be seen in the pit of the Theatre Royal—third seat from the stalls—complacently listening to the Opera. It is very well, he says, as a souvenir, but it is nothing else. Rossini and Bellini were respectable men, no doubt, but they stole all their best airs from Beethoven and Mozart. "Ah! but that *Fidelio* and that *Zauberflote* are very much magnificent; but *Norma* and *Il Barbieri*—Ouf!"

He tells you that, as he sits opposite to you at breakfast time (for he is not at all proud, but on the contrary, as affable and condescending as ———, *Punch* being at a loss for a parallel, fills in the blank with himself,) and he flourishes his napkin by way of giving emphasis to his criticism, and would become quite æsthetic, if he were not called away by a peremptory demand for "coffee, toast, and eggs," on the part of the gentleman at the next table.

It is the peculiar property of our waiter, as of all waiters, never to grow older. Sometimes this immutability of feature and figure suggests a sort of uneasy apprehension of his being affined to the wandering Jew;—a morbid fancy which is dispelled upon reflection. There is nothing Hebrew in his countenance, nor errant in his habits. The range of his wanderings is as limited as that of Bonnard at Chillon, or Fellico at Spielberg, or the Dauphin in the Temple.

Some day our waiter will quit the narrow bounds of his voluntary prison, and will expend the thrifty accumulations of his years of servitude in the purchase of a farm or a vineyard: but not in the old country. Europe, he affirms, is used up. The big people devour the little ones; and he will not go back to be shot or imprisoned. Therefore he anchors here, a waiter on fortune as well as a waiter on men; and when fortune waits upon him, he will cease to wait upon his fellows. Possibly he will discover his surname then; and having discovered it, possibly he will barter it away for a household ornament imported direct from Fatherland.

Those Horrid Flies.

Those horrid flies, those horrid flies,
To what annoyance they give rise;
The ceaseless pest of summer time,
The nuisance of our sultry clime.

Their heavy buzz throughout the day,
Comes droning loud and dies away;
They tickle nose, and lips, and eyes,
In vain we curse those horrid flies.

And so 'twill be when we are gone;
Those horrid flies will still buzz on;
From other lips will curses rise,
In anger at those horrid flies.

PASTORAL SECRETIVENESS.—The squatters, if not altogether wise should at least be credited with prudence, inasmuch as they "keep their own counsel," viz., Mr. Fellowes.



UNDISTURBED HAPPINESS.

GENTLE CRAFTSMAN (*sol.*): Now, this is really enjoyable.

GENTLEMAN IN THE BACK GROUND (*sotto voce*): All right, Bill; I can hit him on the 'ed from here quite convenient.

Reviews.

VICTORIA. BY MUNCHAUSEN JONES, 2 VOLS.: MILLBOARD & Co., LONDON, 1855.

MR. PUNCH has been favored with a copy of this work, which though certainly not strictly accurate in some of its details, is at least more reliable than many sources of information respecting Victoria, on which English readers are accustomed to repose confidence. We learn from the introduction to his work, that Mr. Jones was in Victoria nearly five weeks, the greater part of which he spent in a boarding-house at East Collingwood, so that he enjoyed a better and longer opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the climate, customs, natural history, scenery, and institutions of Victoria than the majority of writers on the subject. Mr. Jones also possessed other advantages, being the bearer of letters of introduction to Mr. Smith, of the Police. Mr. Brown of the Customs Department, and Mr. Robinson of the Road Board. Mr. Jones's namesake and cousin John Jones was also down from Bendigo during one of the five weeks of our author's Victorian Reai-

dence, and he has thus been enabled to give a very complete account of the Gold Fields, and of the mode of life prevailing there. Mr. Jones was also fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Messrs. Moses and Aaron, general dealers and gold brokers of Elizabeth-street, from whom he obtained much of statistical information, and a thorough insight into the mercantile laws, usages, and system of the colony. Having thus established that, Mr. Jones may fairly claim to be no mean authority, we will make a few extracts from his valuable work. As Anglo-Saxons all the world over begin an interview with observations upon the weather, we will first give Mr. Jones's account of the—

CLIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

"The climate of Australia resembles in most respects, that of Madeira though to some extent, it is also like that of Timbuctoo or Baffin's Bay. Its great charm is that it is perfectly equable, the range of the thermometer during most years not exceeding ten degrees from summer to winter. The rainy season sets in with the regularity of clock work, commencing on the 3rd November, and lasting till the 9th May. During this period, according to the calculations of Dr. Wilkie (an eminent meteorologist), the average rainfall amounts to 37.0659 inches per diem. As rain rarely falls except during an hour before sunrise, and an hour after sunset, it may be supposed that at these times the showers are rather heavy. No inconvenience is sustained in consequence however, as the extreme regularity of the climate enables people to predict with tolerable certainty at what hour it will begin to rain on any given day for weeks in advance, and to make their arrangements accordingly. The admirable system of drainage in the towns and of irrigation in the country, moreover, entirely prevents any inconvenient accumulation of water, as may be supposed from the fact, that on the muddiest days in winter a lady might walk in white satin shoes without soiling them, from one end of Melbourne to the other. This fact speaks volumes for the merits and assiduity of the Melbourne Corporation—but of this, more in it's proper place.

"The extreme general equability of the climate gives place every two or three years to days marked by extraordinary heat and cold. More than one instance has occurred in which the heat (in the shade) has exceeded 700 degrees, measured by Wedgwood's pyrometer—a temperature as may be imagined extremely trying to delicate constitutions. "Black Thursday," was a day of this kind, and what made it the more remarkable was the fact that it occurred in the middle of winter. The wind blew a perfect hurricane from the south, accompanied by a tremendous hail-storm. Many of the hail stones were measured, and found to be upwards of eight inches in diameter, and along with them the force of the blast bore showers of fragments of auriferous quartz from the size of a walnut, to that of a hen's egg. As these were carried along with the velocity of cannon balls, it may be conceived that an umbrella afforded but a poor protection against the "pelting of the pitiless storm," and that green house windows suffered considerably. Many competent judges attributed the extraordinary temperature to the friction of the pebbles and hailstones in the air.

"The coldest day on record was the 3rd of January, 1852.—On this day it is recorded that a digger placed a pint of brandy on the fire to boil for his breakfast (strong stimulants of this kind being much used in Australia), but before he could carry the spirit from the fire to his lips, it was converted into a solid lump of ice. Several persons were frozen in the streets; but owing to the speedy return of genial weather, they sustained no permanent injury beyond the loss of their lives."

Our author gives the following graphic account of the

APPEARANCE OF MELBOURNE :

"Melbourne presents very different aspects to the stranger according to the direction from which he approaches it. Sailing up the Yarra—a noble river, much resembling the Indus—the anchor is usually let go at the foot of Mount Macedon—about two miles from the Post-office. Aboriginal guides abound, who for a trifle will furnish the tourist with a richly caparisoned specimen of the well-known marsupial mule of Australia; and on the back of one of these hardy and sure-footed animals, he may ascend to the summit of the mount with ease and expedition. *The view thence is magnificent; and I shall never sufficiently regret that I reached Melbourne by another route—viz. by rail from Sandridge—and never afterwards had an opportunity of riding to the top of Mount Macedon on a marsupial mule. The*

view extends nearly from the Pacific Ocean on the north to the Gulf of Carpentaria on the south. To the westward, the Australian Alps intercept the view with their rocky slopes, barely allowing a glimpse of Portland Bay, through an opening in their majestic scenery. To the eastward, on a clear day, the spires of Adelaide (the capital of New South Wales) may be distinctly seen, glittering in the sun, on the extreme verge of the horizon. Melbourne lies in the centre of this magnificent natural basin, and (as seen from this point of view) is probably the most splendid city in the world. The streets are of great width and beauty, and the parks and squares are kept in the most perfect order—their emerald lawns gemmed with floral jewels, and their numerous fountains seeming to fling showers of living crystal into the air.

Though the churches, public buildings, and many of the principal merchants' stores are built of hardwood and galvanised iron; they are so beautifully colored (with a preparation of tapioca, I am informed), as to resemble the finest marble. The appearance of the older portions of the town, however, most impresses the stranger. Here, the houses having been built before the existence of gold in Australia was known, are constructed entirely of auriferous quartz, the bright streaks of gold showing out broadly against the snow-white mineral in which they are imbedded. My friends, Messrs. Moses and Aaron, estimate that upwards of seven tons of the precious metal are in this way locked up in the walls of their store, but the enormously high rentals prevailing in Australia forbid them to think of turning this latent wealth to account.

"The prevalent style of architecture in Melbourne is remarkably pure and chaste, the florid composite order being entirely excluded, and the Grecian gothic being most general and conspicuous. Here and there, however, among the pure forms sanctioned by classic taste, may be seen examples of oriental barbarism and magnificence due to the wealth and spirit of the Chinese immigrants. The most remarkable examples of this kind are to be met with in little Bourke-street (a leading thoroughfare until recently chiefly occupied by the clergy), where dome and minaret rise in frequent succession, reminding one of the Porcelain tower at Nankin and the Pavilion at Brighton."

We are unable to-day to find room for any more extracts from Mr. Jones's remarkable work, but will shortly return to it again.

Fanny Cathcart.

Ah, broken is the golden charm—the grace has fled for ever,
Although the play may Cathcart pay, unthanked must be the giver.
The benefit turned out a hit, but Brooks must ever-more
Accept the blame that to his shame now lies against his door.
Oh, Coppin, Coppin, hang your head and let your heart be wrung,
For she you lately sought to wed—for she, so fair and young,
Has never earned or merited the slights you both have flung.

Heartless—ye prized her for her skill—you'd bound her with your
bond;
And when one day she went away and Royal livery donned;
Intent on gain you drew the chain, you made her feel her yoke,
Till pressed and poor her recent wooer compelled the words she
spoke,—
Compelled the utterance of the words, the abject words she spoke.

"Peccavimus, but rave not thus, nor let your angry song
Fail to declare that Richard Heir was faithless, false, and wrong.
When he disclosed what we supposed was ne'er to be revealed;
The price, we thought, at which he bought our aid would be
concealed,
We greatly erred, but honour still, our fault had kept concealed."

Avant G. V., though that may be, 'tis no excuse for you;
The part you played—the plot you laid was mean and cruel too,
To wring, perforce, a feigned remorse and fulsome flattering speech:
With studied art you bruised her heart, this painful truth to teach
That she was wholly in your power—that she could only choose
To yield subjection absolute, or starve if she refuse;
Your name to praise with abject phrase—or starve if she refuse.



JUST CONFIDENCE.

STONY PARTY IN THE WATER: Sharks, man! Nonsense! all a fable! Why don't they come and bite 'me! Do you think if there were any—but there isn't such a thing in the Ba — (interruption and sensation.)

The Rights of the Squatters.

"He did not want to infringe upon the powers of the Legislature, but he merely wished to put the matter in a train to be properly investigated. It was a mere question of law, and they might talk from morning to night about it, without being any nearer a settlement than at the present moment. He merely asked that this question, like all others involving points of law, should be determined by the Supreme Court."—*Mr. Fellows' Speech in Council, Jan. 18th.*

"Baa, baa, baa, baa,
See how meek and how modest we are,
Harmless as lambs and modest as sheep,
Guileless as so many calves asleep,
Only say you'll allow us our claims to try
In a court of law, and then bye and bye,
If you don't approve of the legal decision,
It's subject of course to your own revision.

II.

Bar, bar, bar, bar;
Let the lawyers say what our real claims are;
We only ask leave to ascertain
The state of a case that again and again
We've made up our own small minds about;
But we'd like to see it relieved of doubt.
To grant us so much can't injure you,
So—there's a good Council—grant it, do."

III.

"Bah, bah, bah, bah;
You come it too strong, and you go it too far,
You can use your simple legal powers,
Without any license or leave of ours;
If that's all you want why come at all,
To ask for a vote in St. Patrick's Hall,
Do what you can with your legal case,
But for us to support you were quite out of place."

New Appointments.

Mr. EDDEN who has lately returned to the Colony, is about to establish a Bank for the exclusive purpose of conducting the government exchanges.

Mr. DISHER has merely been removed from the magistracy as a preparatory step to his appointment to the office of Chief Commissioner of Insolvent Estates, *vice* Mr. WILKINSON raised to the Bench.

After the withdrawal of the Olympic Pantomime, Mr. CHARLES YOUNG intends to study for the Bar.

Mr. S. WERRY is talked of as the probable successor of Mr. SLADEN, in the office of Colonial-Treasurer.

Dr. MILTON to be Colonial-Surgeon and Chaplain to the Forces.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISCUSSION.—If you have no arguments to refute those of your opponent, offer to bet with him on the subject: If that does not convince him, call him a fool; if these reasoning processes fail, you have no course left but to knock him down.

OBSERVER.—Mr. Myles is by no means the shallow person that you would imagine from his speeches; but he has the tact to adapt his discourse to the comprehension of his auditory.

VIATOR.—The storekeepers of Swanston and other streets pay a heavy rent to the Corporation for the privilege of storing their goods upon the pathway; their case therefore is essentially different to that of the barrow-hawkers, who pay no rate for their casual occupation of the gutters, and have consequently no *locus standi*.

JOHN.—You are right in assuming that the rule of the road is for carriages to keep the near side; but by Common Law usage and precedent reverse this rule on the St. Kilda road, when the omnibuses have the option of either driving on the off side or taking their half out of the middle.

POOL.—In playing at billiards, you are entitled to all you can make, and the more you can pocket the greater will be your winnings.

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OR, THE MODEL CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCH.**



GRIEF WHICH "PASSETH SHOW."

FANNY: My dearest Louisa, it grieves me to find you in such wretched spirits. Hide nothing from me, I implore you.

LOUISA: Well, love, is it not enough to make my life miserable! Charles brought me home the sweetest opera cloak on Saturday you ever saw; and on the very next Monday, they shut up the Theatre Royal.

Jenkins in Melbourne.

YES! Jenkins has turned his back upon the *beau monde*, the wedding breakfasts, routs, and receptions of the British aristocracy, the five shilling gallery at the Italian Opera House, the horticultural *fetes* at Chiswick, the butlers' pantries in Belgravia, the ices of Gunter, the band of Weippert, and the office of the *Morning Post*! London mourns over the loss, and Victoria should rejoice in the gain of—Jenkins. There is only one Jenkins in the world, and, having secured him, let us make much of him. The illustrious stranger landed upon our shores a few days ago, quietly and unostentatiously, with a carpet bag, but without a deputation to receive him, an address to welcome him, a procession or a triumphal arch. He travelled from Sandridge to Flinders-street in one of the carriages of the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway Company; and the activity of his elegant and enquiring mind, found agreeable exercise in studying the occupations and listening to the conversation of his fellow passengers. Men and women—fashionable men and women—are the study and delight of Jenkins. What he observes, he communicates, in his own piquant and delightful style;—it is, in fact, his mission to enlighten and instruct mankind by the dissemination of the information he acquires. Listen to Jenkins, in the character of the Muse of History, recording contemporary events in the columns of the *Geelong Advertiser*. He is speaking of that same journey from Sandridge to Melbourne, and it seems that the Auditor-General, and the wife of a gentleman who formerly occupied the office of Colonial-Treasurer, were occupants of the same carriage with the illustrious Jenkins:—how little did they dream of the enviable distinction they enjoyed!—

"Let us 'revenge a mouton,' (Jenkins was always fond of French slip-slop, and never could quote correctly, but no matter,) it was quite amusing to listen to *old Grimes dilly-dallying* with a baby on his knee, (quite an artistic touch, that! but couldn't you have told us something of the baby's dress, Jenkins? the pattern of the embroidery on its mantle, the quantity and pattern of the lace in its cap, and the number of teeth it had cut!) discouraging to Mrs. Ebden during the journey by

MELBOURNE PUNCH'S ALMANACK. — This admirable work has been transmitted to Mr. Punch (from below stairs), and although for obvious reasons he must decline expressing any opinion upon its literary merits and the gems of fine art with which it is profusely adorned, he may be permitted to say without egotism that it is the most remarkably brilliant production of any age or country.

A CON. —What public agitators in America do some of our legislators resemble! The Know-nothing States-men.

ANOTHER.—How do foxhounds shew their sagacity! By the wonderful scents they display.

The columns of the *Geelong Advertiser* have been occupied for some days with a belligerent correspondence between a Mr. George Wright, and the Rev. A. P. Dunne. It appears that the reason why Mr. Wright writes, is that a wrong has been Dunne.

EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.—The columns of the daily papers, are crammed with letters from the advocates of the Early Closing Movement. We should strongly advise those who seem so interested in the matter to "Shut-up," and the earlier the better.

rail, and pointing out to her that "that was Emerald Hill," a place where the Irishmen reside, and "that the Gas Works," a dirty jobbing office, and that, pointing to a very prominent erection in the centre of the town, "that is St. James' Cathedral," but afterwards recollecting himself, adding, "but by-the-bye that was built when you were here last." Whether it was or not, the lady was not disposed to check the volubility of the Auditor-General, whom she called simply "Grimes," without the slightest tincture of pride or affectation; (how that simplicity and absence of pride or affectation must have won upon the heart of the unconventional and unaffected Jenkins! *Punch* wonders if he sat, note-book in hand, jotting down the discourse of his voluble travelling companion;) and she committed a similar indiscretion in not disabusing his recollection, when her attention was drawn to the very pretty bridge with one arch thrown across the Yarra by one Mr. Lennox. But who would quarrel with such amiable faults! (not Jenkins, we may be sure, for are not all the faults of Jenkins amiable ones! What is it but an amiable weakness, which induces him to retail, for the information of the world—Jenkins's little world of readers at Geelong—the private conversation of a lady and gentleman in a railway carriage?) Grimes *though* an Auditor-General, is a Benedict, and in this little railway episode betrayed the feelings of a man and a parent, and shewed that whatever errors his head may commit, his heart is in the right place. (The assurance is as satisfactory as the reasoning is logical. Jenkins is ready at a moment's notice to act as bridegroom's best friend, to the Auditor-General. That gentleman will, no doubt profit by the hint). "I (Jenkins) heard Mrs. Ebden tell Grimes (observe the easy familiarity of Jenkins) that it gave her greater pleasure to witness the sand of Hobson's Bay than any she experienced during her absence from the colony." (Jenkins was always negligent in regard to his grammar, and therefore *Punch* will not be guilty of the impertinence of asking to what "any" refers!—the Bay, the sand, or the pleasure!) They were both happy (delightful subjects of contemplation to a man like Jenkins) and, knowing this, who will dare to take odds, that Mr. Ebden is not the Colonial Treasurer!

Punch does not perceive the connection between the happiness of Jenkins' fellow-passengers and the Colonial Treasurership, but let that pass. *Punch* simply desires to offer his tribute of admiration to the



EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.—SCENE CARLTON GARDENS.
 AGILE YOUTH (*springing over*): You'll never get through that way, old gentleman. Take a good run and jump it.

patient eaves-dropping, the ingenuous communicativeness, and the unexceptionable good taste of the man Jenkins. Let the Auditor-General present him with a testimonial, and let the husband of the gentlewoman, whose private conversation is made to form the staple of a newspaper paragraph, offer to Jenkins a fitting acknowledgment of the publicity conferred. *Punch* respectfully suggests the presentation of—an ear-trumpet!

ATTIC VENOM.

If an obscene bird should defile the grave of a great and good man, with what penalty should the offence be visited! Should we not impale the malefactor, and nail the carcass of the offending bird to the nearest barn-door, as a terror to all evil-doers for the time to come! Even such an ugly, obscene, ill-omened bird of prey has planted its ravening claws upon the grave of Sydney Smith, irreverently laid bare the features, composed in death, and lacerated with its angry talons, the lineaments of one of the wisest humorists that ever gladdened, while he improved, his fellow men.

Thus saith the London Correspondent of the *Melbourne Age*, *ARRICUS* by name:—

“What was Sydney Smith but a clever worldly, clerical buffoon! And what is Tennyson but a minor poet, who once wrote pretty verses, and who now scrawls unmitigated rubbish!”

Punch leaves the living poet to take care of himself. The author of *In Memoriam*, and the *Lotos Eaters*, of *Locksley Hall* and the *Gardener's Daughter* can find champions, numberless; but against the profanation of the dead,—against an impious libel upon a name so honored and so spotless as that of the Canon of St. Pauls,—against this malignant squirting of poison in the cold ear of one, for whom, *ARRICUS* might have felt honored in performing a menial's office, *Punch* feels it to be his imperative duty to protest, in terms of indignation and disgust.

“Clever!” *Punch* rather thinks so; and believes upon the whole that, out of one such a luminary as Sydney Smith, ten thousand nebulous corpusculæ might be cut, like *ARRICUS*, and still leave the planet as brilliant as before.

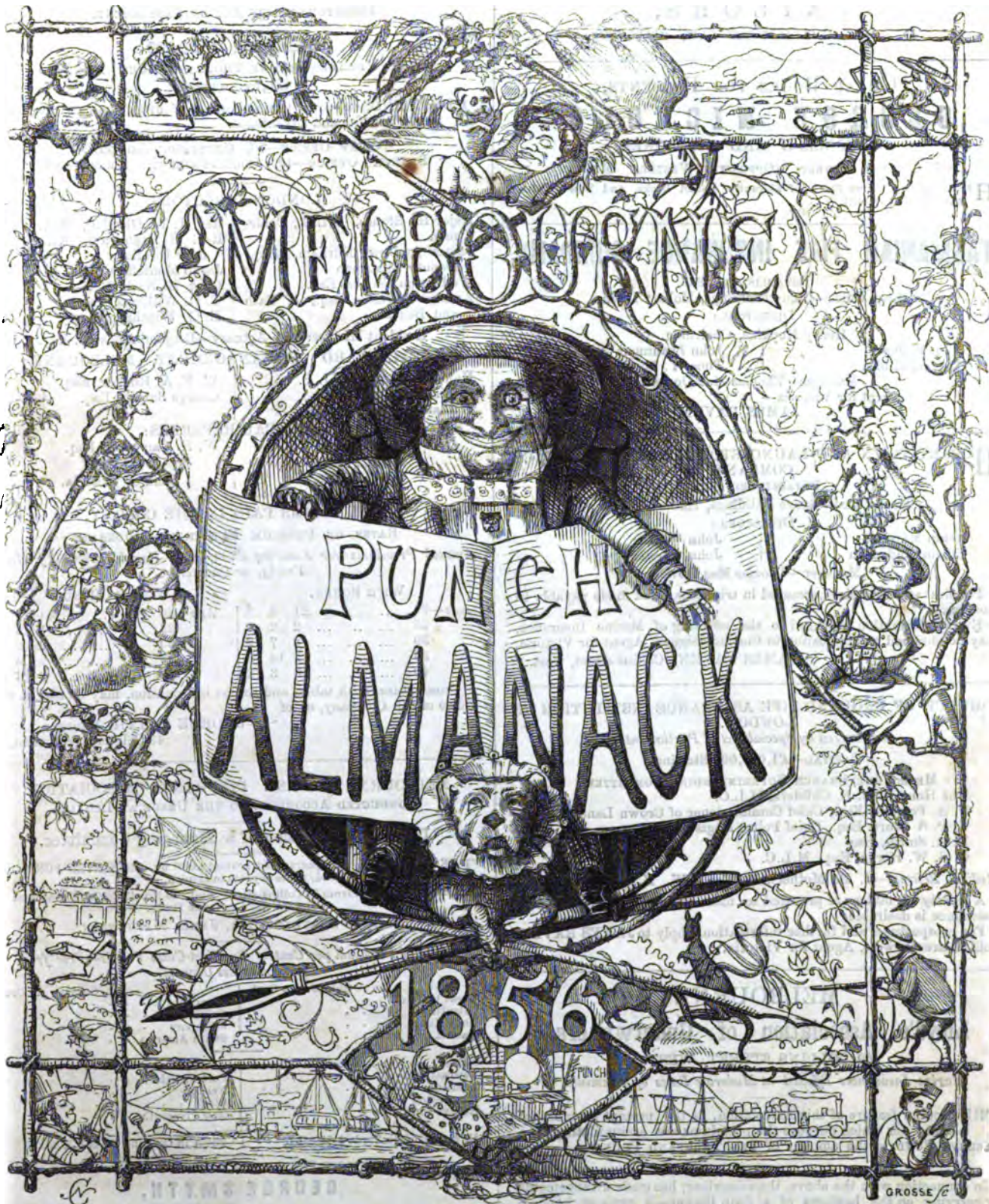
“Worldly!” The parish priest of Foston-le-Clay and Combe-Florey,—the patient, zealous, strenuous, benevolent and beneficent village-pastor; who was also village-doctor; village-counsellor, village-educator and village-friend; whose cheerful philosophy was never subdued by poverty; whose kindly nature was never soured by neglect; whose great heart was touched by the sorrows of the humblest, and whose expansive mind would unbend itself and occupy its powers with the concerns of the meanest of his parishioners who sought his aid; the man who never importuned his friends for preferment, nor murmured at the obscurity of his lot, was doubtless very worldly.

“A Clerical Buffoon?” And this is said in cold blood, and with malice prepense, of such a wit and humorist as the world has rarely seen. “A Clerical Buffoon!” Shame, *ARRICUS*. Take calomel and purge thy liver of its redundant bile; or do penance for the past iniquities of thy grey goose-quill, by a voluntary renunciation of the craft of authorship, for evermore.

PUNCH believes it is a physiological fact that the perils of infancy are mainly incidental to the first six months of our existence. *PUNCH* is proud to declare that the infant giant upon which he has bestowed his honored name, has survived them all. A healthier little Hercules, he flatters himself, never crowed;—a handsomer child never gladdened the eyes of a proud and prosperous parent. Next week will commence a new epoch in the infant's history; and, as every incident connected with its early career must interest the world for all time to come, *PUNCH* announces his intention of issuing an INDEX, so perfect and complete, that no one incident shall be deprived of its specific reference; while he believes that the frontispiece—the outward features of the infant—will exhibit evidences both of growth and improvement.

END OF VOL. I.

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RATES OF PREMIUM EXTREMELY MODERATE.

Annual Premiums for Assuring £100, viz.—Payable Annually, Half-Yearly, or Quarterly:

WITH BONUS.				WITHOUT BONUS.			
Age—20	£1 8 3	Age—20	£1 13 0
25	2 2 6	25	1 16 11
30	2 7 9	30	2 2 0
35	2 14 5	35	2 8 4
40	3 3 2	40	2 16 6

Prospectuses with tables and fullest information, may be had at the Office of the Company, or of

GEORGE SMYTH, Manager,
49 Collins street, west.

MELBOURNE MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

CONDUCTED ACCORDING TO THE USAGE AT LLOYD'S.

Under the Direction of a Managing Committee.

THE Public in all cases guaranteed against LOSS by a RESERVED FUND, and Claims, when required, made payable in London.

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Ships in Foreign Trade 6 Months. | Ships in Coasting Trade 6 Months.

FIVE PER CENT ALLOWED FOR PROMPT PAYMENT.

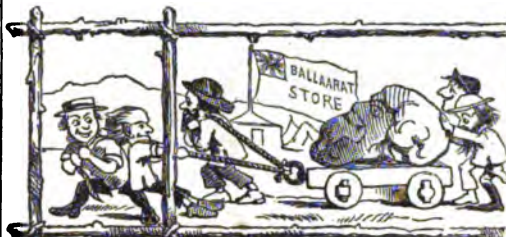
GEORGE SMYTH,

GENERAL INSURANCE BROKER,

Manager for Victoria of the PROFESSIONAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, of London,

49 COLLINS-STREET WEST.

Opposite the Criterion Hotel, Melbourne.



THE MONSTER BALLAARAT NUGGET.

METEOROLOGICAL.
In consequence of the number of bills falling due this month, a large number of debtors will be *mi-t*, having evaporated during the moonlight evenings.

THE GARDEN.

Tailors' may now sow their cabbage. Fruit growers should be careful lest the birds get a peck into their crops before the cultivator. Do not forget to make hay while the sun shines. Pinks, carnations, bread crumbs, and chopped hair may be planted in beds. Tobacco may be cut during the whole month. Hand-some widows should clear away their weeds. Give succour to the young trees by cutting off all the suckers from the roots.

ENGRAVING ON WOOD BLOCKS—making an impression on the City Council.



In helping cheese with a knife generally used for cutting tobacco, the custom of society requires you to job the blade into the ground several times first in order to clean it. In carving a fowl it is considered rude to tear the bird in pieces with your hands. When you hand a pipe, that you have just been smoking, to a friend, politeness enjoins upon you to wipe the mouth piece upon your trousers in the first place.



MR. PUNCH HOLDS A LEVEE.

ASTRONOMICAL.
In this month Uncle Sol, who has only succeeded in getting rid of the Goat nuisance by starting the diggings, as he travels northward is slightly hot on Kellor Plains, and has recourse to Aquarius, with the success shewn in our hieroglyphic. It will be seen, that, since Phaeton got bogged and broke the pole against a comet, Sol has taken to drive his dray himself, and in the words of Tyke-o-Brahe, his faithful dog doth bear him company.

Several of the stars that were lately visible at the theatres have now set to observers in the latitude of Melbourne, and have departed for the provinces. There being a "tide in the affairs of men," Brooke, who was tied to time, has ebbed and flowed away.



New Moon, Jan. 8,
3.57 a.m.

EXCHANGE NO: ROBBERY.

It has been said that exchange is no robbery, but *Punch* would like to know how an Exchange building worth £25,000 is to be erected if the company be without funds, as was stated some time since.

DEAD LETTERS are usually buried in oblivion.

ETIMLOGY.—The best authority on the distinctions of races is the Turf Club.

In eating meat the use of the fork is obsolete in good society: take up the piece with your knife, close your teeth firmly upon it, shut your eyes, and draw away the blade with a lateral motion.



INTERRUPTION OF A PLEASANT TETE-A-TETE BY IMPERTINENT INTRUDERS.

Sow now that you may reap by and by.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Wild dogs go about in troops after nightfall, and are very mischievous. This is the right month in which to begin teaching the wombat and native bear to speak. You must be very patient if you would hope to succeed. Close observers occasionally see specimens of the common rat about the Melbourne streets, but the animal is very scarce in Victoria, and has commanded a high price in the market since the influx of the Chinese.

Mr. GRIMES, being told that there were no multiplication tables in the Audit Office, immediately sent to Chuck's for a supply. Also some chairs in addition.

January.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 Tu	NEW YEAR'S DAY: Time for making good resolutions, the most enduring of which may perhaps last till Twelfth Night.	17 Th	One W. Kerr bolted: Not the Town Clerk, worse luck.
2 W	EXHIBITION BALL.	18 F	Collection of Ballaarat Defence Fund. The defence carried on by a liberal grant.
3 Th	78 charges in the City Court and no Magistrate.	19 S	Dismissed Government Officers meet to demand compensation; being in a huff at the treatment they have received, the put Mr. Hough in the chair.
4 F	Printers struck for more quoinis, tried to impose, and set up a case which was not justified.	20 S	Septuagesima.
5 S	Steeple Chase won by Sultan, who a-spired to success from the first, nor was his effort vane.	21 M	An American firm proposes to import supplies of ice; rather a cool idea.
6 S	Epiphany. TWELFTH DAY. Children indulge in cakes and all.	22 Tu	Mr. Seekamp convicted of sedition. "Rolls of Ours" forbidden by the Government; it hit too hard.
7 M	Judge Barry composed the well known "Pop goes the Weasel."	23 W	Great seal caught at St. Kilda; the NET proceeds divided.
8 Tu	Gold Fields Commission returned from Diggings wiser than they went.	24 T	Mr. Sturt, having been victimized by the Corporation, declines to adjudicate under the Building Act.
9 W	Sherry being scarce, the English took the Cape, 1806, and it has disagreed with them ever since.	25 F	HOTHAM WARD INAUGURATED.
10 Th	GRANT EMBROID. H. S. Wills returned almost as soon as he started: People like to qualify their own wills. First public water supply in Melbourne.	26 S	The "Weekly Times" published—a very weakly periodical.
11 F	Mr. Smith, of London, married.	27 S	Sexagesima. 28th act passed in South Australia for making gold into in-gots as fast as it is got in 1852.
12 S	Dr. Lang held forth at Mechanics' Institute on the land question in general, and his own grievances in particular, and made a few MISTAKES.	28 M	Mr. Grimes begins the study of simple addition.
13 S	1st Sunday after Epiph. Sun rises at 5, does not like the look of the morning, and turns in again.	29 T	English laws digested by Glanville, 1181. O! Dura Glanville ill!
14 M	Open Air Meeting to discuss State Trials. Dr. Laing arrested for libelling justice.	30 W	Charles I. played at cribbage for a crown, and after several rubs, lost by "his nob," 1649.
15 Tu	Early Clothing demonstration made by the drapers' assistants.	31 Th	134 lb. nugget found at Ballaarat, 1853, the finders having picked a pocket.



MEETING OF THE CATTLE EXHIBITORS OF CREMORNE.

THE GARDEN.
Mind your peas and queues. Cut cucumbers and improper acquaintances, if you desire to get a rise of salary, now is your time to sow the seed, that it may come up by quarter day. Some gardeners recommend an active course of raking, and the advice will no doubt be extensively followed; but as the guardian of public morals, *Punch* cannot approve the proceeding. About the 14th twolips will be in perfection, and bachelors' buttons should be gathered while the crop is ripe; sweet Williams will go well in company with ladies' mantles, but John Quill will be cut. Get rid of dry sticks, and see that the wild slips are well pruned, and trained so as to prevent disorder in the nursery.

CLASSIC NOTE.

Græca fide mercari, to trade with Greek confidence, was the phrase anciently used for "no trust" and "lowest prices for ready money only," as the Greeks not being considered good marks were compelled to "plank the pewter" before they took their goods away. In modern times the Chinese pay their accounts in "cash."

NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

METEOROLOGICAL.
With a desire to make his Almanac as complete and authentic as possible on the subject of meteorology, *Punch* has entrusted this department to Dr. Wilkie, whose experience and accuracy are well known. He states that the maximum of evaporation occurs during this and the preceding month when, if you leave a bottle of wine on your table from overnight, or during a temporary absence, it will often be found to have escaped through the cork.

MATHEMATICAL GUIDE—*a sine post.*
A PRINTER who made nonsense of his author by bad punctuation pleaded as an excuse that he did it when he was in a comma-tose state.



Water Cucumbers after sun-set in the dry season.

- THINGS WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAPPEN IN THE NEXT 100 YEARS.**
Mr. Kerr retiring into respected life.
Mr. O'Shanassy becoming Protector of the Commonwealth of Victoria.
The construction of public Baths, on the Yarra.
The completion of the Yan Yean Water Works.
The construction of a railway to St. Klida.
Drainage of Melbourne.
Mr. Smith's refusal to be re-elected Mayor.
The adoption by Geelong of common interests with Melbourne.
Mr. Justice Barry at a loss for a hard word.
The squating question settled—satisfactorily to all parties.



WHAT RIDICULOUS NONSENSE TO BE SURE! I SHOULD JUST LIKE TO CATCH ANY IMPERTINENT FELLOW SENDING ME A VALENTINE.

Pull up the full-grown onions.

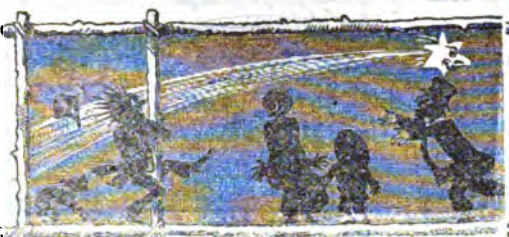
ASTRONOMICAL

Uncle Sol tramps on for many a weary degree till he reaches water; he is at last successful, and while his chariot, quast dray, is encamped by the river side, he does a little geometry, or takes his lines and angles. Having captured several monsters of the deep, he proceeds to his inn, and prays the cook to cook his prey. The rising of Mercury (in consequence of the demand for quartz in each net) will be an interesting object of observation. No doubt many speculations will be afloat to account for it, and various phenomena will result from his conjunction with Saturn.

February.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 F	Council opened. Public Disturbances Bill discussed. Myles and Furlonge went great lengths.	16 S	Battle of South Bourke; Ireland conquered by Chapman.
2 S	Attention first paid to a tale of a Comet, 1837. "Thereby hangs a tail."— <i>Othello</i> ,	17 S	2ND Sunday in Lent. First mail started for Mount Macedon, 1844. Females did not go till long after.
3 S	Quinquagesima. St. Blaise. Hottest day of the year.	18 M	Insurance Companies and the public demand inquests on fires: Attorney-General refused, and fired up at the idea.
4 M	Battle of the Standard, at the Theatre Royal Concert Room. Every nation objects to the other's colours; they end in being all black and blue.	19 Tu	27. University Term commences. Black Monday falls on a Wednesday, because we are at the antipodes.
5 Tu	Spirit dealers cordially unite in protesting against £100 licence. Good and bad spirits raised by the Collector of Customs. The new duties found to be enraging.	20 W	Dr. Lang, having tried to impugn Justice, was tried himself.
6 W	ASH WEDNESDAY. Fish rise, not to the fly, but to the purchaser. Severe hot wind and dust storm, 1851.	21 Th	The attention of the Fancy directed to Saturn's Ring, where a little affair is to come off; Jupiter is expected to have the belt.
7 Th	Amended estimates laid before Council, who estimated them at what they were worth.	22 F	Vane, without a compass, erected over Town Hall. Corporation vanity beyond all compass.
8 F	News arrived of the Battle of Inkermann. South Bourke nomination, or calling of names mutua'y by Ireland and Chapman.	23 S	State trials of Ballarat rioters. Customs Enquiry Commission. An innovation on the Customs of the Colony.
9 S	Civil Commissariat abolished in an unseivil way.	24 S	3RD Sunday in Lent. William Smith abdicated the French throne, 1848.
10 S	1ST Sunday in Lent. Mars and Venus set and <i>poussette</i> (at Fleury's) 9 a.m.	25 M	St. Peter's Cathedral, Eastern Hill, finished (perhaps), 1900.
11 M	Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway declared to be in difficulties: the undertaking straightened, till it took a turn and recovered.	26 Tu	West Wind burnt, 1854; became rather a hot wind.
12 Tu	Mr. Hargraves discovered gold in N.E.W., 1851: like the pointer, he pointed at a good game for the colony, but got none himself.	27 W	Consistent saints taking fright at the delicacy of the "Greek Slave," the Mayor forbids its exposure.
13 W	14. Cattle show without ostle at Cremorne.	28 Th	Industrial Society's Exhibition, at Cremorne: prizes given to all subscribers; price one guinea.
14 Th	VALENTINE. The billets doux new delivered by the postman will occasion much belle-raging.	29 F	NOBBER'S DAY. Gunpowder Plot, to blow up the Argus office, by "a few light shots," while blasting the rock in the street.
15 F	St. St. Valentine defends his temple, the Salle Valentino against the assaults of Dr. Turabull.		



THE COMET OF '53.

ASTRONOMICAL.
The fruits of Uncle Sol's fishing expedition lasts him till the 20th, when he approaches a squatting station and enters the region of mutton. Arriving at the homestead he encounters the ram, and—"but me no buts" says he, but in turning to avoid the infuriate animal, he crosses the line and trips over it.
Some people talk a good deal about a comet, but they come-it too strong, that nobody believes the tale. Mercury is both a morning and an evening star, being used by the diggers early and late.

SPIRITUAL.
Congenial spirits, which are generally cordial, frequently turn the tables on each other, and manifestations will follow. Undeveloped spirits may be defined as those in process of mixing for Punch.



THE GARDEN.

As the vines will by this time have left off shooting, you may clean your barrel in readiness for a new stock of wine, load it well with grape, and prime with brandy, if your aim is to make it keep. The blight now attacks the eyes of the gardener as well as his potatoes, and prompt measures should be used to get rid of it; an infusion of tobacco in rum is said to be a good eye lotion. Hydrochloric acid of extra strength may be used with equal advantage.



MELBOURNE DUST STORM.

METEOROLOGY.
The due points of this month are house rent and city taxes, both occurring on quarter day. The collection of over due bills is considered a somewhat difficult process, unless you have suitable instruments; the summary process is most approved, but the present season is unfavorable.

ANOMALY.

People who are tied to time are generally the most active in their movements.

The correct time at which to speak at dinner is when your mouth is full of meat and potatoes, but always take a drink at the same moment.



Apples and Pears begin to ripen.

WATER SUPPLY.
In consequence of the failure of the Yan Yean water scheme, recourse is had to Dr. Wilkie's patent for collecting the exhalations of Hatman's swamp, which, with the aid of the Elizabeth-street gully, will, he considers, be amply sufficient for the supply of the city with water.

CLASSIC USAGE.
It was the custom among the Romans to make presents to ladies on the first of March, which was thence called *Calendæ Fœminæ*, or Ladies' Day. The practice is now involuntarily kept up by those who are prevailed upon to walk down Collins-street with their wives and daughters on fine afternoons.



THE SEASON BEING VERY DRY, MR. B. TAKES PARTICULAR CARE WITH HIS DUCKS



Examine Vines and pluck superfluous leaves.

SOCIAL OBSERVATION.

Ladies, "Beware th' Ideas of March." Th' changeable temperatur and occasional cold winds demand car Those who use cosmetic (Punch does not know a single lady who need such things) may get Rowland for their Olive An interesting featu In a Scotchman is th' rough Loric; the charn of the ladies, on th' other hand, are not frequently Kaly-doric.

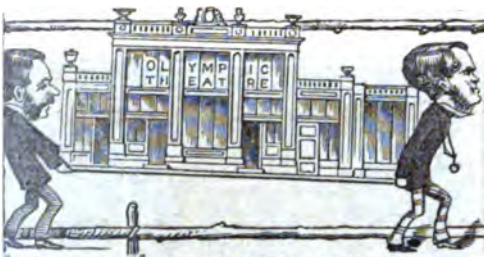
ETIQUETTE.

When you take your hat to a lady, a ways wink at her; vs particular persons wh tie at the same time.

March.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 S	St. DAVID. Tremendous dust storm and hot wind, 1853. Mr. Ballingall endeavours to stop the increase of leaks.	17 M	St. PATRICK. The last Donnybrook fair was the last.
2 S	4TH Sunday in Lent. Mr. Murphy, fearing the competition of a who'some beverage, opposes the continuance of the Yan Yean Water-works.	18 Tu	For the 19th time the <i>Geelong Advertiser</i> proclaims hypothetical diggings at th Anakies.
3 M	Great Comet seen in Melbourne, with a tail 30 degrees long: a body of no mean degree.	19 W	The Corporation adheres to its plans, and refuses to let the people of East Collinwood follow their own devices.
4 Tu	The M. C. C. invite the rest of the colony to a ball, and Bat-too; game abundant.	20 Th	Princes' Bridge founded, 1846: a bridge of size insulted to the crying wants of th community.
5 W	(2. Czar Nicholas died). First Port Phillip Patriot published, 1838; so far a patriot that it did not bear Government stamp.	21 F	GOOD FRIDAY. A bad day for buying tripe.
6 Th	A well-known comedian Hydes under a bushel at the Geelong Theatre.	22 S	The Planet Vesta souths, and therefore becomes a Son-Vester.
7 F	Manna fell in Anatolia in 1846; in what manner is not stated.	23 S	Easter Sunday. Rewards for Lalor and Black revoked: official opinio changes as to the value of the heads of the rebels.
8 S	Sheriff's sale at Cremorne. A bailiff buys a black trunk, with an elephant attached to it.	24 M	Jupiter sets, and Mars sets-to.
9 S	5TH Sunday in Lent. 1. Napoleon returned from Elba, 1815, being unable to find Elba-room there.	25 Tu	Mr. Grimes learns how to multiply by ten.
10 M	8. Governor Bourke stands godfather for Melbourne 1837. and, in place of the conventional mug, presents it with a set of spoons (for rulers).	26 W	LADY DAY. Ladies' ages adjusted for the current year.
11 Tu	Mr. Catherwood's proposal for an exploring expedition to gather laurels in the interior of Australia.	27 Th	Peace of Amiens, 1802. A means that failed to patch up the peace.
12 W	Great Anti-State Trial Meeting at St. Paul's. Only a mild hint to the juries.	28 F	Mrs. Chisholm proposes shelter-sheds on the digging roads, so that Mrs. Chisholm may take the immigrants in and do for them.
13 Th	Geelong Rifle Brigade turn out to get rid of their Kits.	29 S	Foster's claim for compensation thrown out by a majority of one, although fostered by the squatters.
14 F	Melbourne Races. <i>Mystery</i> , cutter, arrived from Penzance: the cutter appears to be also a clipper.	30 S	Gold Commission Report published. "I sat me down devised a new commission, wrote it fair."— <i>Herald</i> .
15 S	One story declared he had left 265 in an omnibus; a likely story.	31 M	Low Sunday. The sun, before going out, makes his twilight (toilette) at six o'clock,
16 S	Palm Sunday. Mr. Goodman moves that squatters be allowed to buy the cattle by impound. <i>Palma qui meruit</i> .		



FOUNDATION OF THE OLYMPIC, THE ARCHITECT'S MODEL.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Uncle Sol pursues his course northward, and travels on till the 20th, when he enters the sign of the Bull to moisten his clay: he then comes in conjunction with an old friend, in whose society he becomes obfuscated, in fact, totally eclipsed. He has a slight difference with Luna, but this is not revealed to the observer, as it occurs when the latter is in her own apartments; we regret to say, however, that Sol appears to have forgotten himself, as her face is darkened by the collision. The white star clippers come in view at monthly periods, and are often in opposition to the Black Ball Line. The moon gets her "horn full" on the 20th, and is lost in the clouds.



Partial Eclipse of Moon partly visible here.



THE GARDEN.

Sow your wild oats. If you have any inclination to a maize, lay it out before the rain sets in. Fence in your ground, but don't use stumps for posts, because a dead tree wont prop-a-gate. To make rose-tree standards, cut a foot off each tree, taking it off at the joint. The most agreeable and healthful gardening occupation that we know of for this month, is sitting under a shady tree, and eating the ripe fruit as it hangs within your reach.



EFFECTUAL BLOCADE OF THE P. P. HEADS BY THE LEVIATHAN.

METEOROLOGICAL.

A change of costume is now recommended. Zephyr coats may be laid aside, and sou'-westers will rule for the next three months. The staunchest republican will be glad of Napoleons or Imperials, and the man of peace will have recourse to his Wellingtons. A knowledge of the theory of great circle sailing and the common law of storms should be acquired, as it will be necessary to get safely across the flooded streets. Meteors do not, as of old, portend dire catastrophes, if they did you would of course meet your fate with resignation, like the ministry.

In cutting bread and butter, the etiquette is to put the butter on with a fork, and to smooth it over with your right thumb.



Partial Eclipse of the Moon.

CLASSIC NOTE.

The ancient Greeks and Romans used to place offerings of the first fruits of the season on the altars of their stellar deities, thus at Christmas they would make burnt offerings of roast beef, and in summer they brought olives and flowers, and her delicacies. Punch tends to introduce us very wholesome and laudable practice, and is in expectation at the altar of his temple, i.e., the counter in his office, will be ally laden with the choicest gifts of nature and his admiring public. For authorities see 'Arg. Geor. I, 342, An. 11, 21, &c.



THE PIC-NIC.—TOMKINS KNOWS WHERE THERE IS PLENTY OF GOOD WATER; LEAVE THAT TO HIM.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Young pigeons should be weaned this month, the supply of pigeons milk being rarely equal to the demand. The Bunyip may be frequently seen on the banks of streams about the 1st of the month. A capital clear soup, suitable to the season, may be made by boiling rhinoceros eggs in cold spring water, care being taken that the temperature shall not rise above the degree of bachelor of arts.

ETIQUETTE. Ladies who aspire to be leaders of *ton* should drink their gin neat.

April.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 Tu	ALL Fool's DAY. No relation to the Day of All-jeers. אָפּוֹלֵטֶס דִּי יוֹרְטֵן	16 W	A party of Alchemists detected making gold at Campbell's Creek.
2 W	1. Horticultural Society founded; a sort of amateur detective, associated for the purpose of springing pants.	17 Th	18. Olympic Theatre founded. Brooke finds sermons in stones!
3 Th	Gloves introduced into France, 1583. The innovation occasioned a good deal of sparring.	18 F	Abernethy d. 1831. Bequeathed the receipt for his biscuits to the nation!
4 F	An auctioneer imprisoned for duffing a ring. He essayed to cheat his customer, but the latter got the ring assayed, and found it—care!	19 S	Cook started on a voyage of discovery in his galley (N.S.W.), 1770; he went poking into every nook, and hunting up every cove he saw to get some good port.
5 S	Kangaroos always die game at this season.	20 S	4TH Sunday after Easter. Copper ore (e) something else, found at Macquarie Harbour, V.D.L., 1827.
6 S	2ND Sunday after Easter. OLD LADY DAY; and a very nice old lady too.	21 M	Cocker born; made a great figure in Society. Grimes put on a new choker in honour of the anniversary.
7 M	5. Total Eclipse of the Sun The Moon completely takes the shine out of him.	22 Tu	20. The sun attempts to retallate on the moon for his late eclipse, but signally fails.
8 Tu	The Scandinavian hero Too born. Hence Too's day corrupted into Tuesday.	23 W	Shakspeare b., 1564; d. 1616. St. George—"and write Shakspeare first."
9 W	Block ship ordered for Hobson's Bay: important to block-heads.	24 Th	Defoe died, 1731. 29. Captain Cook anchored in Botany Bay, and his crew hankered to go ashore. 1770.
10 Th	Ballan Gold Diggings (described by Strabo, B.C. 80).	25 F	An infatuate named Russell proclaims belief in Kerr's promises to improve Emerald Hill.
11 F	Remarkable as being but one day before the 12th.	26 S	Hume b., 1717. Who would have thought that old Joe was so old as that!
12 S	Remarkable as being but one day after the 11th.	27 S	Rogation Sunday. So called because about this time the tax gatherer asks you for the last time whether you intend to pay
13 S	3RD Sunday after Easter. 14th Testimonial presented to Mrs. Chisholm, by the bachelors of Sydney, 1816.	28 M	Cosmopollypnthekettison opened. Megaphonison made by people trying to pronounce the name.
14 M	Licensed Victualiers met to oppose Sunday closing. They objected to rob a poor man of his beer.	29 Tu	Terence died, 159; author of the celebrated farewell to Kathleen, Heautontimorumenos, and other pieces.
15 Tu	17. Execution at Theatre-Royal: Sentiment of creditors, "Hang be the heavens with Black."	30 W	First child christened in Port Phillip, 1837. What on earth has become of him!



FOUNDATION OF MELBOURNE, BY J. P. FAWKNER, ESQ.

ASTRONOMICAL

In consequence of Uncle Sol's extraordinary conduct while lodging at the Bull, Gemini (brothers of Coarse), the two local guardians of the peace, are sent for; their portraits, as above are taken as they appeared when Sol was in their custody. Sol is, however, by this time too far north to throw away the opportunity thus afforded him; he passes, however, a month in duration before he is able to effect his escape. The altitude of Venus (de Medicis) is about 5 ft. 2 in. Luna having taken an archery lesson in Sagittarius, lets fly at the Goat until stopped by the Waterman. Coppin is an evening star about this time.

CON.—What flower does a beggar prefer? Anymoney.

May 12.—First quarter of 3, 6.5 a.m.

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

TO CURE CHEEK—First get your cheek by disputing a cabman's fare—to cure it summon him to the police office.

TO MAKE RHUBARB PIE—Take of compound rhubarb pills, No. cxxxvj, syrup of squills, wild-achms, flour of plaster of paris and alum, lb. jss—flavor with gentian and sulphuric acid to taste.

TO CORRECT SOURNESS IN MILK—Whip it.

TO CURE WORMS—Make a powder of quicklime and salt, and administer in doses of a handful at a time as often as needful.

TO DRESS CARROTS—Take of botanic extract one ounce, rub it well into the carrots, brush well, and save up with Macassar Oil.



CLASSIC NOTE.

Mr. O'Brien and the other hon. members who "cannot give a silent vote," appear to be actuated by an emulation of the practice in the Roman Senate, where every man pronounced his decision aloud, and where the terms yea and no were synonymous. Mr. O'Brien's familiarity with classic history suggests this explanation.



THE MELBOURNE GOLD CASE AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE GARDEN.

The cultivator of breadstuffs should be especially careful of the grub or he will have no grub to be careful of. If flour is scarce, bread will eat short. Bakers who knead flour and mend their loaves in plaster, will be cast in penalties themselves, if detected. The new process of making bread of sawdust will enable economists to get their board very cheap for a good deal may be got out of a plank. Apropos, this is a good men h for felling timber, so that if you object to the staff of life here described, you can cut your stick.

A SOCIAL TURNPIKE—The bar of public opinion, which allows nothing to pass that is not the correct ticket.



Good season for felling and splitting-timber.



HOSTILITIES BETWEEN NEW COMERS AND AN ABORIGINAL INHABITANT.

A good park rider always has his trousers above his knees in trotting, and at every step of the horse raises his elbows to his ears, accompanying the motion with an internal sound like that made by a pavior when letting fall his rammer.

Nothing is so indicative of good breeding as ease of manner: it is for this reason that swearing before Ladies is considered to be in good taste, as it shows that you are not shy. For the same reason, in taking wine with a lady never absent yourself with a silent bow, but say either "my respects to you, marm," or, "I look towards you."

Mag.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 Th	Chummies' Day. Jack in the Green walks over the course for a Sweep's-stakes.	17 S	Battle of the Alma (Diggings) by the Mutual Protection Society.
2 F	Ceres rises in the (y)cast.	18 S	Trinity Sunday. Barry gave a benefit at Astley's for the Hospital—very much to His Honor,
3 S	A New Moon gives a panoramic entertainment at the Mechanics' Institution.	19 M	23. St. Dunstyn. Mr Coroner Campbell dismissed for being ignorant of the un dertaking business.
4 S	Sunday after Ascension. Mars visits Pallas. The Rifle Brigade sends a delegate to the Collingwood Young Men's Association.	20 Tu	Mr Horne, M.L.C., called upon to resign his seat for Portland.—Too old in the horn to comply.
5 M	Solicitors of City Court present the Mayor with a chain, in the hope of fettering his decisions.	21 W	American fire-engines arrived. Everything in Train to suppress arson.
6 Tu	Mr. Howden elected for Lonsdale Ward, an event bodin' improvement in the City Council.	22 Th	21. Tenders invited for Government Debentures.
7 W	Exhibition certificates issued. Hitherto regarded as uncertain certificates.	23 F	Mr Hull offers at Richmond to become a stipendary magistrate without a stipend Reflection—never do nothing for nothing for nobody.
8 Th	Dr Winkle attacks the Water Commission; repulsed after much inkshed.	24 S	Que n Victoria, born 1819. King John signed Magna Charter 1215. The Barons having presented a little bill for his acceptance.
9 F	Rumour of ten ton nugget found at Tarrangower. Too good to be true.	25 S	1st Sunday after Trinity. British American Dinner. Mon'on de Champignon issues his celebrated protest against the omission of his name from the levee St. Augustin. General Nicol died.
10 S	Beta Castoris said to be visible at midnight. Bet a castor it is not.	26 M	Blank sheet at District Court. Thieves too busy in the City to visit the Suburbs.
11 S	Whit Sunday.	27 Tu	Pitt born, 1759. A Pitt that many pitched into.
12 M	H. Lewis the equestrian in a nice mess, run foul of a nice Berg—heavy[damages] sustained.	28 W	Slight difference of opinion between the Corporation and the Gas Company. J. M. Smith in capacity of Moderator, pours oil on the flame.
13 Tu	Vienna taken, after being well shaken, by Bonaparte, 1809.	29 Th	Ploughing Match, Deep Creek Road; also in the Black Forest throughout the rainy season.
14 W	Report of the death of the Czar Nicholas reached Melbourne.	30 F	Mr Hull presented with a piece of (China) plate for resisting immigration from China
15 Th	Mercury stationary. No advance since our last quotations.	31 S	
16 F	21. Pope born, 1688. Came out in numbers.		



ICE FOUND IN MELBOURNE ONE INCH THICK.

METEOROLOGY.

There will be heavy rain on the 7th, 11th, and 23rd of this month, unless these days should be dry, in which case the rain will fall another time. The rainfall of the month will be from 1 to 12 inches. The evaporation (estimated by Dr. Wilkie's formula) will be about 72 feet. As a point has neither parts nor magnitude, it is difficult to state the dew point, and absolutely impossible to give the fractions of it. Mutton rises in price, owing to a scarcity of fine wether.

INGENUOUS ENQUIRY.—Why are landing nets needless in fishing for whales? A. Because you can draw them up—with a book.



ASTRONOMICAL.

Uncle Sol effects his escape from his guardian angels, the Twins and attains the end of his northward journey. He is at this time 96,375,000 and odd miles from Melbourne (or, in fact, from any other part of the earth). In commemoration of the event he treats himself extensively to crab suppers; while so engaged a singular phenomenon occurs.



VICTORIAN INSTITUTE FOUNDED 1854.

THE GARDEN.

This is a season of labour to the gardener, who has to make preparations for spring crops, and to protect them from floods. In the course of this hard work he will often find it necessary to have a drain. Gooseberries should be manured with sugar and milk, to make them produce gooseberry fool. Ice may, with similar advantage, be applied to strawberries. Potatoes are much improved in flavour by a top dressing of salt. Mr. Ballingall should be consulted about the springing of leaks.

CON.—Why may a non-testotaller beat his wife? Because he is at liberty to liquor whenever he likes.

THE STREAM OF TIME.—The Plenty aqueduct, and a very long time too.



Change all flowers that have been in pots for twelve months.

To prevent blight, wash your fruit-trees in a strong solution of soap and soda.

CLASSIC NOTE.

The performance of the minstrel at Backus, who whistles an imitation of Mike Hauser's solo, is nothing new. The classic reader will remember that Chero uses the expression *Fugites proclavus cecinit*. "He sang brilliantly on the fiddle." So the imitation would seem to have been invented before the reality, as far as literal interpretation goes.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATION.—Shooting the moon.



ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNER: AH HA, MEIN WORT, IT IS JUST SO COLD IN JUNE HERE AS IT IS IN EUROPE.

TIDE TABLE.

The tide in the affairs of men is at the flood in Collins Street about 4 p.m., daily; in Flinders Street it generally occurs about three hours earlier. Towards 6 p.m. the ebb commences, and the stream sets in toward Bourke Street, where it is at the greatest height about 8 o'clock, at which hour heavy swells may be seen in the neighbourhood of the Theatre Royal.

THE CENSUS PAPER has the largest circulation of all the Melbourne periodicals except Punch.

June.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 S	2ND Sunday after Trinity.	Str D. Wilkie died 1843. D. Wilkie scored by Mr. Griffith, the Yan Yean Champion.	16 M	A. V. Yeomanry started at Woodlands: all officers.
2 M	25 Reward offered for capture of convicts illegally at large.		17 Tu	Battle of Bunker's Hill, 1779.
3 Tu	1203 Chinese arrived in one day. Rise in opium and swearing saucers.		18 W	Battle of Waterloo.
4 W	MR. PUNCH ARRIVES IN VICTORIA, AND IS WELCOMED BY THE WHOLE POPULATION with a triumphant entry (in his subscription book). Council refused additional taxation, and desired Mr. Grimes to look over his sums again.		19 Th	21. Battle of Vittoria won by the Volunteer Rifle Regiment, 1813.
5 Th			20 F	Mr. Commissioner Mercer, the celebrated jurist, bars the examination of insolvents by the Bar at Geelong.
6 F	New Customs Duties Bill withdrawn, Childers' customs not being second nature.		21 S	
7 S	Reform Bill passed, 1830—"O reform it altogether." Ice one inch thick in Melbourne, 1853.		22 S	5TH Sunday after Trinity.
8 S	3RD Sunday after Trinity.	11. Troy des-Troy-ed by the Greeks. 1184, B.C.	23 M	22. Exchange Committee decides on building an Exchange to cost £28,000 without funds.
9 M	Commission of first Governor of Victoria arrived 1851. First Dictator in Rome, 493		24 Tu	23. Nugget 1060 oz. found at Maryboro. Wish we had it, and the finder had another double the weight.
10 Tu	Report of Crown Lands Commission published. Furlongs tears his hair.		25 W	Squatters meeting to oppose recommendations of the Commission. Great cry and little wool.
11 W	Olympic opened. First Collingwood Distress Relief Meeting. Bread needed and a stone of offence given.		26 Th	Grimes sees a ready reckoner—is charmed with the discovery, and buys the volume
12 Th	Council prorogued. 73 Bills initiated, and 51 passed, in the session. "History shall with full mouth speak freely of our acts."—K. Henry V.		27 F	Leave of absence (without salary) granted to Dr. Mueller, Government Botanist, to enable him to explore the leaves in the interior.
13 F	Proclamation of Miners' Rights, the major part of their wrongs thereby mitigated.		28 S	
14 S	15. Victorian Institute founded, 1854.		29 S	6TH Sunday after Trinity. St. Peter. Emerald Hill municipality inaugurated. Kerr breakfasts in bed.
15 S	4TH Sunday after Trinity. Nearly 400 cases disposed of in the County Court in two days.		30 M	Three Australian Bishops consecrated at Westminster Abbey 1847.



A CORRECT VIEW OF CARLTON AS IT PROBABLY WILL BE.

GARDEN, AS IT WAS, AND FOR A WHILE.

METEOROLOGICAL.
The rainy season is found to be fare weather for omnibus proprietors. Nature having come down with the dust, offers an example which it will be well to follow. The green suit furnished to the country in the spring being now worn out, the country is clothed in slope during the winter—

ASTRONOMICAL.
About this time, while Uncle Sol is enjoying his 'ot. cum diy., he goes to see the Lions, and finds in one of them a friend, who introduces him to the society of Young Australia. Some of the planets now appear to be stationary; some pencils of light occasionally reveal the position of the seal-sal bodies, but we know of no paper in which their motions are recorded, unless it be *papier brouillard*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The angler will be glad of instruction in the art of making flies for his favourite pastime; the fly which takes him to the spot is made by the coach-builder, and our friend had better have recourse to the stable-keeper than attempt to make it himself. The *Katchemalvo* (*Tristram Verlogue, Blandowski*) is very killing for that delicate fish the at-ang-ray, now in full season, and may

be thus easily made. For the body, take one of the wire-drawn arguments of Mr Colin Campbell, wrap it with wool from a fleecy cloud, take slips of the horns of the moon, or of a dilemma, for antennae, and clothe in feathers from the tail of a comet, making the wings with pinions cut from the wings of the wind; cover the lower part of the body with the hair of the dog that bit you, or, better still, you may get hairs ready split, in any quantity, from Mr. Stawell. When you have done, you will have a fly such as you never saw before. A 'squill of the fightful turpentine,' described by Shakespeare, is an excellent float. You can take your perch any wh re you please.



Commence the planting of potatoes.



Plant gooseberries and Currants in open rows.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

Given the breadth of design and the depth of reasoning, to find the height of an obit.
Given the Noah's Arc, and the chord of "A A" flia, to find the sines of the times.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

The English have been said to glory in their scars, and the Americans in their stripes, but Scotland is content to boast of her Burns, while the ancient Scandinavians were justly proud of their scalde.



SOME OF THE HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY BULLOCK-DRIVERS: THEY ARE EVEN OBLIGED TO BREAK INTO THEIR LOADING TO SATISFY THE CRAVINGS OF NATURE

CLASSIC NOTE

It is very clear that the ancients were smokers, and that Sir... could only have been an im-... and not the disc-... of tobacco. Many of the... writers are constantly calling for their "Bacche," and Virgil, in his second Georgic, line 549, speaks distinctly of the "bacca" crop... of its being rubbed... From the frequent knowledgments of Homer "O, Bacche, it would ap... that he was in the hab... of smol-... on tick.

ETIQUETI
At fashionable a ner parties wrinkles are helped with a pin. The correct dish at wedding breakfasts consists of beef steaks with lots of onions.

July.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 Tu	Battle of Nihill (Sue) St 1780.	17 Th	The New Holland blind raised, and the S.W. coast discovered, 1823.
2 W	FIRE BRIGADE DISPLAY. Being a fine day, they dance round the town, with their pumps and hose, The English Engines take the lead, and after them comes Neptune with the Deluge.	18 F	Dr Lang in Darlinghurst Gaol for six months for calling the Bank of N.S. convicts' bank. He is made to verify his assertion, but thinks the sentence Lang.
3 Th	3. South Australia opens her ports to let in the tide of immigration, 1845.	19 S	9TH Sunday after Trinity.
4 F	American Independence declared, 1796. Young America born. A considerable "tall" lad of his age.	20 S	Battle of the Pyramids 1798. The armies met to play a match, exchanged balls, and the winner pocketed a hazard.
5 S	Several Actions against Auctioneers for selling spurious jewellery. All hands on the watch to broach the studied question of responsibility.	21 M	
6 S	7TH Sunday after Trinity. Concert for the Collingwood Relief Fund; Miss Hayes receives with glee the overtures to concert diminuendo measures for the prevalent distress.	22 Tu	Gibraltar rock taken, 1701. Sold at sixpence an ounce by confectioners.
7 M	A gang of coliers detected at work by the Joys while smashing shillings to defraud the sovereign.	23 W	First Government Escort from Bendigo brought 20,937 oz. of gold, 1852. The Treasury in a state of siege next in riding.
8 Tu	6. Sir T. More beheaded, 1535. A great man during life and More still when his head was off.	24 Th	Taking of Nineveh by Layard and his allies, 606. Smuggling's about, so they fill their pockets with the marbles they find.
9 W	Foundation of Melbourne University and Public Library, 1854. Sixteen students in one, and no books in the other, 1856.	25 F	The Revd. Romaine invented his celebrated Punch, 1794.
10 Th	One Karna prosecuted for Joe-ing a police inspector. He shouted but the inspector would not stand.	26 S	10TH Sunday after Trinity. Almanac duties repealed, 1834; increased.
11 F	The Rides give a B.M for the Patriotic Fund: under the influence of the grape. the shot was shelled out freely.	27 S	Chusan, steamship first smoked in Hobson's Bay; people found to beek-her to any amount.
12 S	8TH Sunday after Trinity. French Revolution, 1789. After which things take a turn for the better.	28 M	MELBOURNE PUNCH holds a private reunion of his personal friends, to concert measures for his public appearance on the 2nd proximo.
13 S	Street shoeblackening introduced to polish the understandings of the people.	29 Tu	
14 M	Man apprehended for stealing papers from the Mechanics' Institution; the Committee objects to his plan for the dissemination of literature.	30 W	31. The poet Gray died, 1771. What color? His elegy has been red ever since.
15 Tu	16. Joan of Arc entered Rheims, 1429. Soon after she appeared in realms she was removed from the quire of the cathedral, and made to do penance in sheets, and bound.	31 Th	The Legislative Council petitions for a Mini. in course of thyme they would in the proceeding, if the Home Government were not sage enough to decline.



MR. PUNCH'S ARRIVAL IN HOBSON'S B.Y.



MR. PUNCH'S TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION.

CLASSIC NOTE.

Several passages which now form part of our vernacular have the weight of antiquity, and the fast man often quotes classic writers without knowing it, *ex gr.*:—The popular phrase, "Now then, git out, stoopid," is a quotation from Euripides, *Ἐπὶ Ὁ Μαραία* is the original passage. "Old Stick-in-the-mud" is from the Adelpbi of Terence, "in luto hares." "You're a nice young man, you are," has been rendered, *Tu es exquisitus, tu es*, but this is an incorrect reading, the real text is in Virg., *Ecl. II., 44: Huc ades, O formose puer!*



Aug. 23.—Last gn. of 3, 6.47 a.m.



Aug. 16.—Full moon, 8.3 p.m.

ASTRONOMICAL.
In this month Uncle Sol enters the house of Virgo, to whom he was introduced by his friend Leo. Being charmed with her society, he sets down and makes himself at home, until the 22nd of September, when he rises to take his leave; leaving Virgo like another Penelope in all save the multitude of suitors.

- TEN GOLDEN RULES OF CONDUCT.**
1. Never do to day what you can put off till to-morrow.
 2. Never trouble yourself to do what you can get another to do for you.
 3. Never want anything as long as you can get it.
 4. Never hesitate to buy what is cheap, whether you want it or not.
 5. Never scruple to gratify your inclination at the expense of others.
 6. Never be foolish enough to rise from table with an appetite—if you can help it.
 7. Nothing is agreeable that is done unwillingly, therefore do not do it.
 8. Never stick to truth if a lie will serve your purpose better.
 9. If you covet anything, take it; disappointment is apt to irritate, and should be avoided.
 10. Look well after number one, for if you don't take care of yourself, nobody else will.

METEOROLOGICAL.

The weather being cold get frequent nips of dogness to keep your own nose warm. The mesh ten per cent is that experienced in the house of angry people, who fill their sheep-cotes with colored paper instead of coals and wood. Men reading is using the Mechanic's In Titant without paying. This men reading requires correction. Men humidity is a refusal to stand tier in one's turn. The highest temperature is the excitement of error on being set at defiance by the Emeralds.



MR. PUNCH'S OFFICE ON THE 2ND AUGUST, 1856.

THE GARDEN.

The frequent rains which prevail at this season are very favourable to the growth of the boottree (*Calcium diripiens* Linn.); the spurs at the foot should be carefully taken off, as they may injure the bark. If you find a new crop of corn growing, cut it, harrow with a suitable corn rubber, and dress with poor man's plaster. Roman cement will not do; if you are nervous, and cannot operate yourself, you had better consult Junyan, whose skill greatly aided the pilgrim during his pedestrian progress.

August.

1 F	Separation Bill passed Brit. Parl. 1850. Unity turns out not to be always strength.	17 S	13TH Sunday after Trinity.
2 S	MELBOURNE PUNCH HOLDS HIS FIRST LEVER, at which the whole colony attends and brings tribute.	18 M	Lord John Russell born, 1792. Russell Square named after him in consequence.
3 S	11TH Sunday after Trinity. 1. An insolvent Publican committed to a libery with his license, and so lost both.	19 Tu	Grimes, after a night of meditation, solves the problem beginning "If a herring and a half cost three half pence."
4 M	People of Emerald Hill resist a Kerish attempt to tax their patience and property for any other service than their own.	20 W	Brooke falls out with his Heirs and assigns—they over to his lawyer.
5 Tu	Kerr dreams that he is crowned King of Barataria.	21 Th	29. Transportation to N. S. W. ceased, 1840. The colonists themselves are transported with joy.
6 W	Governor Young arrived in Adelaide, 1840. An experienced hand, although a Young Governor.	22 F	Mr H. Kemble, the greatest living tragedian, goes through seven and twenty of his great impersonations at a stretch.
7 Th	Mr Haines having commenced business as Colonial Secretary, does a little commercial travelling, and goes round the Diggings to collect orders for his new Spring patterns in the article of government.	23 S	Boys presented for selling newspapers at the Post Office. M'Cree being a judge of literature, determines that the sale of newspapers does not tend to the cultivation of letters.
8 F	Confucius founded the Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge.	24 S	14TH Sunday after Trinity. 34 miles of gas pipe laid down.
9 S	Dispute is the City Council on the conduct of the City Surveyor: Councillor Bennett says that having been bred a mason, and having been afterwards called to the bar (of the Globe), he considers himself competent to pronounce on questions of civil engineering.	25 M	First production of the Heir-at-law. Coppin's parting injunction to Miss Cathcart "Don't play at the Royal."
10 S	12TH Sunday after Trinity. <i>Coup de grace</i> of the squatters, who go round with the hat to raise funds for defending their modest claims against the encroachments of the government.	26 Tu	Prince Albert born, 1819. Grimes gets a headache trying to calculate his Royal Highness's age.
11 M	Murray says that on this day "Jub. on ces. of trans." Make the most of that.	27 W	250,000 oranges arrived from Tahiti. Hoighly Tahiti! Some are damaged on the Wharf and go to the juice; the owners make a-peel against the loss.
12 Tu	The Sun passes the meridian at solar noon.	28 Th	27. Battle of Dresden (? China), 1813. All the previous peaces having been broken.
13 W	15. The Gallic Cock entertains the British Lion at the Criterion.	29 F	5. Legislative Council increased in number, more brains being needed.
14 Th	First printed book published by Faust. Made a great impression: the book was bound in boards, and the printer in chains.	30 S	J. P. Fawcner first encamped on it: of Melbourne, 1835, and fell in love with the country at first sight.
15 F	Theatris founded the Garrick Club, 1819.	31 S	15TH Sunday after Trinity. Bunyan died 1688. Finished his Pilgrim's Progress.
16 S	French Bail for the Patriotic Fund. M. Monton de Champignon provides a Tombola-Luy-a-Tombola for the amusement of his guests.		



DR. MILTON'S PANIC AT LOLA MONTES' APPEARANCE.

ASTRONOMICAL.

The dissipation of society have so told upon Uncle Sol's purse that he has recourse, on the 2nd, to a respectable elderly gentleman who consents to buy his gold at "threepence an ounce more nor he gets for it himself." Sol keeps a sharp eye on the balance while the process is going on, but cannot clearly make out how it is done. If you are of a scientific turn of mind, and fond of observing natural phenomena you will be glad to hear that an annular eclipse of the sun takes place on the 9th. Procure a good telescope fitted with an eye-piece of dull colored glass, and have your seconds watch put in order, so that you may depend upon taking the time exactly. Ascertain the time at which the eclipse is expected to take place, and fix your telescope so as to



THE EARTHQUAKE. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

CLASSIC NOTE.

The Romans in manumitting a slave, commenced by shaving his head; Mr. Winkle reverses the proceeding, and crops his captives' heads when they first fall into his clutches.

COSTUME.

Jewellery marks the gent. If you aspire to that honorable position you will therefore wear many rings, &c., as you can procure; let them and your watch guard be as large and heavy as possible. An eye-glass is a special mark of refinement, and the constant use of it by no means exposes the wearer to the suspicion of being short-sighted.



LABOUR IN VEIS.—A digger working on a new pit



Graft Fruit-trees.

command the sun at that hour, being careful to prevent vibration. Get a friend to live the time while you observe. When all your preparations are complete, you will be gratified to learn that the eclipse is visible in Victoria.

REC REATION IN ASTRONOMY.—Shooting the moon.

FREE TRANSLATION.—Nimium ne crede color. Never you trust a digger.—Virgil.

ETIQUETTE.

At an evening party take your coat off, turn up your shirt sleeves and drink your tea out of a saucer, being particular to blow it well first. If you happen to be smoking at the time, you begin to dance the polka, take care to get your pipe well alight before you start off, as nothing looks worse than to stop to get a light after the music begins. In drinking a glass of beer in places where it is necessary to be particular, blow the froth off upon the carpet and rub it out with your foot. This rule is invariably observed at the Queen's drawing-room.



DAINGEROUS NAVIGATION—ELIZABETH-STREET ON A RAINY DAY.

Radishes in perfection.

The best coat for an evening party is a white one, with large mother of pearl buttons; it is so mark of good breeding to be careless about your dress—or how it fits that ladies of fashion always dine in their sonnets.

It is considered low to pick your teeth with your fork—the carving knife is the proper instrument.

At pic-nics you should drink out of the bottle, and the under the gurgling sound you produce the more will you be sought after as an ornament to such festive gatherings.

September.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 M	Melbourne Savings' Bank est., 1841. Money locked up in a tea-caddy and they key lost.	16 Tu	Burlesque on Corsican Brothers at the Salle Valentino stopped.
2 Tu	Fire of London, by Harrison Ainsworth, 1856. The Squatters make a Harrow-ing appeal to the Legislature.	17 W	The earth quakes and the peo-ple shakes as from sleep they wakes the crocker-breaks and ducks and drakes and everything makes a terrible row save heard till now, you may safely avow—tremendous alarm, but not any harm.
3 W	La Figlia Del Reggimento produced at the Theatre Royal.	18 Th	Escort Robbers committed, 1853.
4 Th	Mutual Fire and Life Insurance Company started. Smokers declared doubly hazardous.	19 F	Lola Montes, having had a spider, performs the Spider Dance in a way that those who spied-her objected to.
5 F	City Tax Collector visits Emerald Hill: when he knocks they ring the bell to shew him out.	20 S	First turf of Geelong Railway turned by Mr Foster, 1854. Being a sporting character he goes on the turf, and rather puts his foot in it, through his fondness for rallyery
6 S	Mr Grimes declares his conviction that the Corporation bonds are somewhere.	21 S	18TH Sunday after Trinity. St. MATTHEW. Mr. Punch would like to know why not.
7 S	16TH Sunday after Trinity. The Editor of the Argus hearing that there are larks at the Barrabool Hills, and being a lively bird himself, goes down to see.	22 M	Conversation of the Victorian Institute, 1854.
8 M	Bombardment of Sebastopol; the French take Malakhoff. The defenders take themselves-off.	23 Tu	First Public Turnpike in Victoria, 1854. The public did not at first understand the proceeding, and objected to pay when they were toll'd.
9 Tu	Complaint of the inefficiency of the City Lamps. They may make darkness visible, but they are hardly visible themselves.	24 W	St. BROWN.
10 W	Anniversary of this day last year.	25 Th	St. ROBINSON.
11 Th	The same.	26 F	The Municipality, Emerald Hill, commences operations by cleaning away all the rubbish. KEER weeps.
12 F	Manufacture of Curled Hair started, in consequence of the demand created by the Ethiopians.	27 S	19TH Sunday after Trinity. Fine feathers make fine birds. The old cock of the Bank quarrels with a fast young chick, for wearing similar plumage to his own.
13 S	Wolfe killed, 1759, and Fox died, 1800.	28 S	Hobson's choice of Anchorage off Williamstown, 18 6.
14 S	17TH Sunday after Trinity. Siege of Hampton (not caught) at Robert Town. The Comptroller unable to control himself.	29 M	Pen and Ink Stalls at the Post Office, for directing newspapers, Captain M. says that people do wrong when they do write by the office.
15 M	The Jury Panel found to be defective: requires to be taken to pieces and re-framed.	30 Tu	

OFFICE

REGISTRATION OF DOGS.

SCORPIO

KING KERR'S BALL TOILETTE.

METEOROLOGY.

If the owner of a barometer let it drop, the mercury will fall suddenly. An excellent thermometer for ordinary observations consists of a bottle of brandy, but, unlike ordinary thermometers, it will be found that the spirit sinks as the temperature rises.

CLASSIC NOTE.

The Yorkshire custom, of every man setting his own shot, is of great antiquity. Plantus, who, however well he played and sang, was unable to "shout," speaks especially of what he calls *collativa cona*, a social jollification, in which every man had what he liked, and paid for it himself.

ANALYSIS OF YARRA WATER.

One load of Yarra water (160 gallons) contains:—

Pure water	129.38 gals.
Dead dogs	1.62 number
Straw & stable refuse	8.79 lbs.
Cabbage stumps and other vegetable remains	7.54 bushels
Other putrid organic matter	9.36 lbs.
Chips and shavings	5.91 sup. feet
Old rags	4.83 yards
Sand and mud	.57 acres
Saline constituents	1.00 pecks
Requires in the consumers	0.000 scruples
Total	160.00 gals.

ASTRONOMICAL.

Cogitating on recent events, and especially on the way he was sold by that confided balance, Uncle Vol's rest is much broken; on the night of the 23rd he is alarmed by a noise as of some creeping object advancing; he starts, but, before he can escape, the creature bites him, and he is laid up for a month with the effect.

Oct. 14.—Full moon, 8.39 a.m.

Oct. 29.—New moon, 7.34 a.m.

Never chew tobacco in a ball-room without offering a quid to your partner. The gentler sex have a right to demand from us these little attentions. In waltzing with a heavy woman sing, *sotto voce*, "I'd be a but-ter-fly;" the hint is very likely to be taken, and, at the same time, its delicacy spares her sensibility.

Nothing is more rude than to express downright disbelief in a man's assertion; therefore, refinement of feeling should suggest to you rather to distend your fingers, put your thumb to your nose and say "Walker," or "Pickles."



VARIOUS ACCIDENTS ARISING FROM THE DUST AND WINDS IN THE STREETS OF MELBOURNE.

THE GARDEN.

During the intervals of your other labor, you can not without capers you please. The question of manure is a most important one, and the crop should receive a dressing suited to their wants—e.g. for potatoes, salt and butter; for strawberries, cream; salad, oil and mustard; for onions and bread crumbs, walnut trees, thyme, cucumber, pepper and vinegar. All these are not only top dressings, but tip top dressings for their several kinds.

ETIQUETTE

Only vulgar persons eat eggs with a spoon. Fashionable people suck them.

October.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1	W	St. Remigius founded the Leander Club. " <i>Flumine lembum Remigius subigit.</i> "—Virgil.	17	F	Victorian Exhibition opened, 1854. A hothouse for colonial industry.
2	Th	Judge Barry makes an order <i>de jure</i> for the revision of the jury lists.	18	S	Mr. J. T. Smith announced his intention of giving another ball, in time to let it be thoroughly understood at the civic election.
3	F	5. Mr. Murphy, M.L.C., resigns—his constituents present him with a vote of thanks.	19	S	22ND Sunday after Trinity. Meeting to promote model farms & muddle farms being now the order of the day.
4	S	Carved head found sixty feet deep at Creswick's Creek; being of wood, is sent as a compliment to the Corporation.	20	M	Sir C. Wren b., 1637. Though a small bird he built most magnificent nests.
5	S	20TH Sunday after Trinity. Old Parr d. 1635, having kept himself going for 152 years by the use of the celebrated pills.	21	Tu	Rush to Flery Creek in hot haste. Newspaper correspondents send down writs <i>fiery furies inventorem</i> .
6	M	Maskellyn b. 1782. An astronomer of masculine intellect and feminine modesty.	22	W	Napoleon evacuated Moscow, 1812. The Russians made the place too hot to hold him.
7	Tu	V. V. R. display of ball practice. Corporal Jones decorated for hitting a haystack at twenty yards.	23	Th	Meeting to sympathise with the people of V. D. L. against Sir H. Young. Cash sympathy bountifully dispensed.
8	W	5. Mirror of Beauty produced at the Theatre Royal. Seven persons in the pit.	24	F	Dan. Webster d., 1857. A Webster celebrated for the length and fineness of his yarns.
9	Th	7. Chalmers's Church opened. Cairns set up to mark ecclesiastical boundaries.	25	S	24. T. CRISPIN; ye day of snobbes. Solemn festival on the top of the chimney; libations and burnt offerings; all expected to end in smoke.
10	F	Wesleyan Bazaar, about an equal number of persons and things sold.	26	S	23RD Sunday after Trinity. The Emperor Germanicus poisoned (old) Platon, A.D., 19.
11	S	Sydney University inaugurated, 1858. Gunpowder first made in Australia, 1829; to teach the Colonial young idea how to shoot.	27	M	First pawnshop opened by Pompey the Great, who lends the Athenians 18 taels on a copy of Euripides. "Couldn't live you for penny more upon ma school."
12	S	21ST Sunday after Trinity.	28	Tu	Graian completed the Common Law after 24 year's labor. After 700 years of attempted exposition it is now more unintelligible than ever.
13	M	Riot at Fallarut, 1854. Mr. Labor created a Knight Banneret.	29	W	New Moon. The old one worn fairly out.
14	Tu	Moon full 8.17, a.m. What she is full of is not stated, perhaps darkness, as there is an eclipse: if so, what will make her darkness visible?	30	Th	31. Mayor's fancy Ball. A ball that hits its mark.
15	W	Union Bank opened at Melbourne, 1829. Strange to say, the Union soon produced a dividend.	31	F	Pleasant shooting begins at Western Port. The Kangaroos get pugnacious & fight shy.
16	Th	17. New Constitution arrived by Shalmar, with a supply of Russell's patent medicines.			



GENERAL POST-OFFICE

GEN. POST OFFICE AT THE EXHIBITION.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Corporation, like its humble prototype, takes to grubbing on thistles in the parlous of the town. As the hot season is approaching, the Dog Act is enforced, and Kerrs need to be muzzled.

LITERARY.

Mr. Grimes having completed his long-talked of mathematical novel, entitled "Surds and Absurds, or Reminiscences of the Councils of a Nation," waxes wroth with the reviewers for their comments on the same, and calls out "E. d. A." for detecting an erroneous calculation.



ETIQUETTE.

Always introduces to each other people who happen to meet in your company, each has a right to expect it, and it is not for you to entertain the question whether the acquaintance may be agreeable or otherwise to another party. The stranger in such a case is usually expected to "shout."



EXHIBITION OF A MOST WONDERFUL ANIMAL AT THE BAZAAR.

It is customary in musical society for every one present to join in the chorus of every song that is sung whether he knows it or not; and it is deemed an especial compliment to the singer if you follow him throughout, either by repeating the words or humming your own version of the air. If you are yourself a singer, recollect that repeated refusals will enhance the interest of your performance.

It is usual in the best society to wear the hat in places of public amusement, as Concerts, Theatres, and the like, even if you deviate from this practice, you need not uncover until you are seated, especially if you are escorting ladies: you are expected to keep your hands at liberty to assist them, and not to occupy one hand in trifling with your hat. Short pipes are indispensable at the opera.



Roses are in full bloom.

THE GARDEN.
Cut off ill weeds with a shilling. Geraniums and calves' heads may be potted. Gather chillies for cool diet or hot wind days.

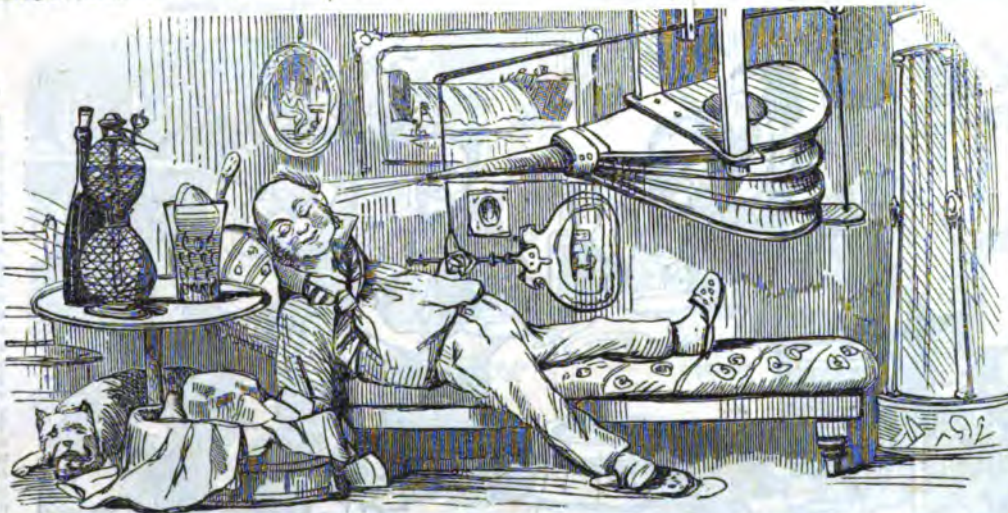
ETIQUETTE.
If you happen to meet an acquaintance walking with a lady, a familiar nod, with the addition of any jocose obsequiousness that may suggest itself is sufficient recognition; you are not supposed to know anything of the lady, and therefore there is no need to risk catching cold by taking off your hat as if to salute her.

THE STUPIDEST CONSUMPTION.—Why should squalling babies always be welcome at water parties? Because a child's call is said to give security against drowning.

Fix up branches of wall and Espalier trees.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Christmas tree (*Prutex bonboniensis Puresel*) is a tree of remarkably rapid growth. It is seldom planted until a few days before the crop is wanted, and appears in full blow immediately. It flourishes in drawing-rooms, and is in bloom all night. The extremities of the branches become, from a property peculiar to this tree, luminous on the night when the crop is gathered. The flowers and fruit are deciduous. The tree forms a class by itself, and you can give your own orders for it when wanted.



MR. BROWN'S APPLICATION OF SCIENCE TO THE PURSUITS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

November.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 S	ALL SAINTS Not kept in Victoria.	16 S	26TH Sunday after Trinity. Richmond Fire Brigade declares itself ready to throw cold water on anything.
2 S	24TH Sunday after Trinity. Mr Rae elected for city—a ray of hope dawns.	17 M	Great Bazaar for Hospital. Bachelor's Forlorn Hope Society, founded by Mr Chisholm; several applications made for licenses.
3 M	Civic elections characterised by the usual purity and freedom from jobbery and indirect influence.	18 Tu	Returns published of lands open for selection; the chief objection to which is that they require to be paid for.
4 Tu	Frost at the North Pole.	19 W	Exhibition post office open, several silly billets sold.
5 W	Parliament Houses blown up by Guido Fawkes, 1605; "That is he would have blown them up, &c." Vide Percy's Reliques passim.	20 Th	General Peace (by Brevet—afterwards confirmed), 1815.
6 Th	Masonic Ball for the War Fund. Slight differences of opinion (nothing more) in the Scotch Synod.	21 F	Great fall of snow, Hobart Town, 1849, (so the <i>Instructive</i> affirms; but don't you believe it).
7 F	Plaster of Paris found in flour at a baker's. Baker being found out, it is brought home to him.	22 S	Smith (of London) catches "the prevailing epidemic."
8 S	Census of P. P., 1836, 186 males, 38 females; 1855, 198,236 males, 105,291 females. Total, 303,527. "Oh what a host! what an infinite variety." Tol de rol, &c.	23 S	27TH Sunday after Trinity. General holiday. Procl. of Constitution. Opening of Council.
9 S	25TH Sunday after Trinity. J. T. Smith elected Mayor for the fourth time. Whittington completely shut up.	24 M	Great sea fight in the Bay. Defeated attempts to capture the James Baines.
10 M	Sun rises at 4-45 having a long journey to go.	25 Tu	30. ST. ANDREWS. Bank holiday in commemoration of his large balance and limited draughts.
11 Tu	Author of Orion crowned with green bays, 1476.	26 W	10. Milton died 1674, author of "L'Allegro," "Sam Ball," and other poems. Owing to the Governor having given the Executive Council a holiday upon political grounds, the country is without a government for one day, and gets on much better than usual.
12 W	Captain Vignoles fined several stars thirty shillings each, for shooting in the neighbourhood of the town.	27 Th	28. Great flood of Victoria, 1849. Pac, oc. dis., 1519. Vide <i>Argus</i> Almanac.
13 Th	Full Moon.	28 F	Mr. Haines deigns to take the pains and explains that having got quit of certain chains, he means to apply his brains to holding the reins of state.
14 F	First meeting Vict. Leg. Co., 1851. Query—What has five years talking produced? Rev. Mr. Curry, in a fine christian spirit, objects to theatrical entertainments for the Hospital—would rather the patients went without relief—on principle.	29 S	1ST Sunday in Advent. Ethiopian games at the Temple of Backus Olympus.
15 S		30 S	



NEWS OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

ASTRONOMICAL.

There is no place in town for poor Uncle Sol. The toxic hitlers shoot his poultry and break his windows, and goats get into his garden and destroy it. He borrows his neighbor's Sagittarius' weapon and shoots one, and gets killed for it, so he is obliged to stop down in the low latitudes for another month, until the case is disposed of, but he vows to leave for the diggings without delay. A though he may possibly reach the constellation Cetus he does not get so far south as New South Wales. The moon gives up her milk walk on the 19th. Venus is in the house of Copernic as an evening star.



METEOROLOGICAL.

In obedience to the general law of nature that bodies expand by heat, the days will now reach their greatest length. Several wandering stars will be in conjunction at the Olympic.



NICHOLSON'S ATTEMPT TO FORM A MINISTRY.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The ubiquitous mosquito row tunes his lively pipe, and commences his series of nocturnal serenades. Spiders of all kinds are conspicuous at the Criterion, Mrs. Fleury and the King tender for the supply of hope. No connection has yet been established between butterflies and the swarms of flies that get into your butter when it is liquified by the heat. Old ladies who want pets are recommended to procure water-monkeys.

THE GARDEN.

Let us take warning by the fate of the salad, which from remaining too long in its bed is found to be very seedy, even when washed and dressed.



Gather all sorts of Medicinal Plants.

UNIVERSITY TERMS.

The terms of the Melbourne University are unusually moderate, in fact it is a decidedly low plan of education. At present, the Institution is so little supported that the Professors are men of little performance. Hilary term commences on Christmas eve. Lent terms vary with the state of the money-market, and range from 10 to 25 per cent.

AQUATIC. — Crinoline makes an excellent life-buoy. A picnic party having been shipwrecked on the Yarra, the ladies sailed majestically down the stream like swans, while the gentlemen, not being buoys, only escaped with a ducking.



CHRISTMAS PUDDING IN THE BUSH.

Keep a sharp out for sharp grubs.

ETIQUETTE. Bear in mind that production is needed if you wish to dance. A lady at a public ball you bear a strong resemblance to, but do not be surprised if you see any of the matter a day or a right to feel if she declines. The fact of dancing a lady justifies you in summing the attitude familiar acquaintance any future time. Quadrille figures pastorie is in vogue, and is danced in Bel Mable. When a lady is carried a fowl, and asks if you have a preference, say, "Thank you, I don't know particular, but if might make so bold the liver wing."

December.

CALENDAR, AND HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

1 M	Great Fire at Ballarat. No joke. First civic election in Melbourne, 1842. Discovery of a mayor's nest.	17 W	One Duff cast in an action for insulting a Tutor. Duff has plenty of bell brass and tin, but the plaintiff being a man of different metal, kept cool lined and struck while the prize was hot.
2 Tu	Insurrection at Ballarat, 1854, caused the crusty ones to rise. Warm work also at the Ovens.	18 Th	Tournament of draughts at Kelly's Hotel. Being hot weather the combatants need draughts in earnest with their draughts in play.
3 W	Cobb and Co. announce the arrival of a shipment of ice. Provocative of intemperance among shoemakers, by causing a great number of cobblers to be drunk.	19 F	Ballot adopted by the Legislative Council. Those members whose seats depend upon personal and party influence, threaten to leave the country in disgust.
4 Th	Governor La Trobe raised the license fee, and the diggers raised an opposition, 1851.	20 S	Louis Napoleon made President, 1851. An event without precedent. Gallus died '84. And a gallus rum old Cock he was.
5 F	Anti-ministerial resolutions lost by casting vote. A balance of power. The Inspector of Weights and Measures wanted.	21 S	4TH Sunday in Advent. Shortest day in Northern Hemisphere shorter than the Day of Algiers, when the head was taken off by the knights. Rome built.
6 S	A placardly attack made on the member for Avoca by a public nuisance-inspector.	22 M	Mince pies invented by the philosopher Minicius Pisco, 347.
7 S	2ND Sunday in Advent.	23 Tu	CHRISTMAS DAY. Hecatombs immolated for burnt offerings. General Holly Day.
8 M	St. Nicholas the Elder, patron saint of Russia.	24 W	30. 35 Clerks sacked from the Post Office—with empty mail bags.
9 Tu	V. V. Rifle Regiment defined to be a body of irregular infantry.	25 Th	ST. JOHN BAPTIST. New Moon. The Masons in a state of great excitement.
10 W	Arion, a great public singer, gives an aquatic feat and performs to the dolphins, 604.	26 F	A well known M.L.C. makes himself ridiculous.
11 Th	Perhaps a wet day—perhaps not.	27 S	
12 F	Cromwell made Protector, 1653.	28 S	1ST Sunday after Christmas. Innocent's day. Holiday at the watchhouse.
13 S		29 M	Thomas a'Beckett murdered, 1171. Took his seat in West. Legis. Council, 1682.
14 S	3RD Sunday in Advent. Washington died, 1790: a man of versatile talents, but with more actions than professions.	30 Tu	Several private money bills read a first time
15 M	Franch sheds a tear annually for Washington.	31 W	So no more at present.
16 Tu	Linnaeus d. 1776. A cove as was up to all sorts of plants, and no-ways green himself.		



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